

America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

Joan
Crawford

JUNE
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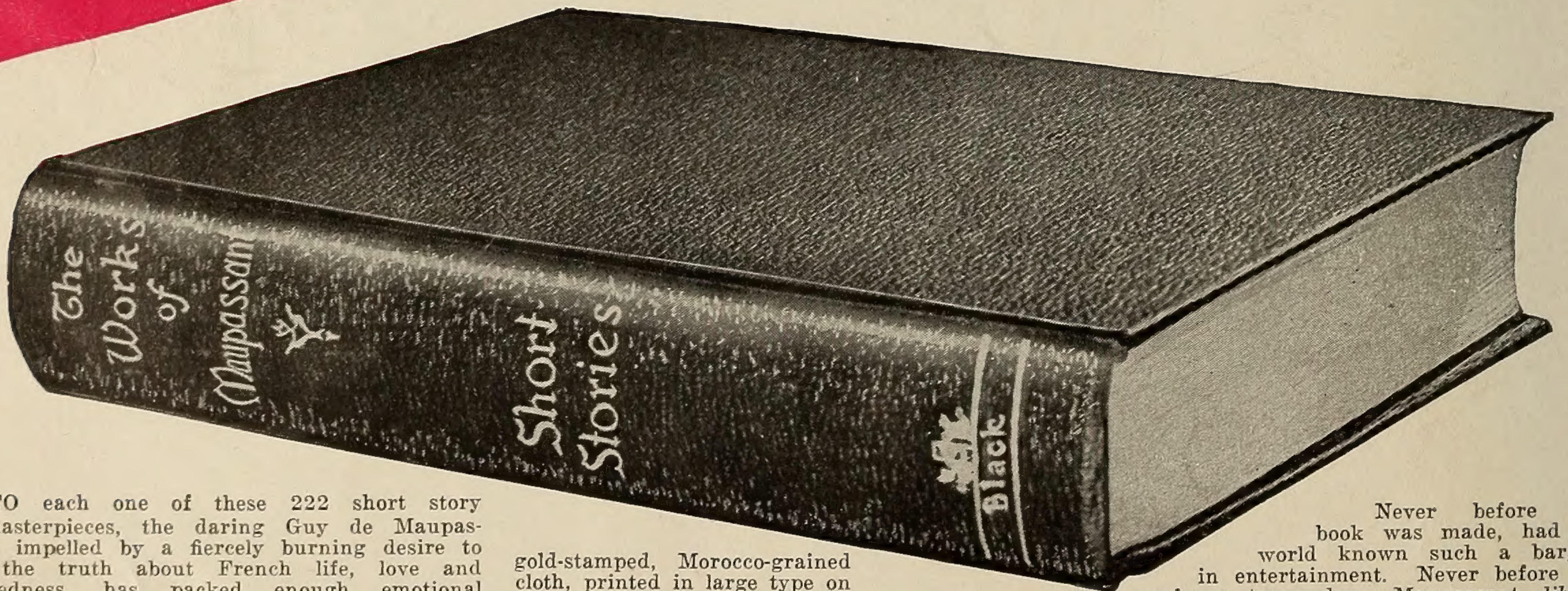
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SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

June, 1930

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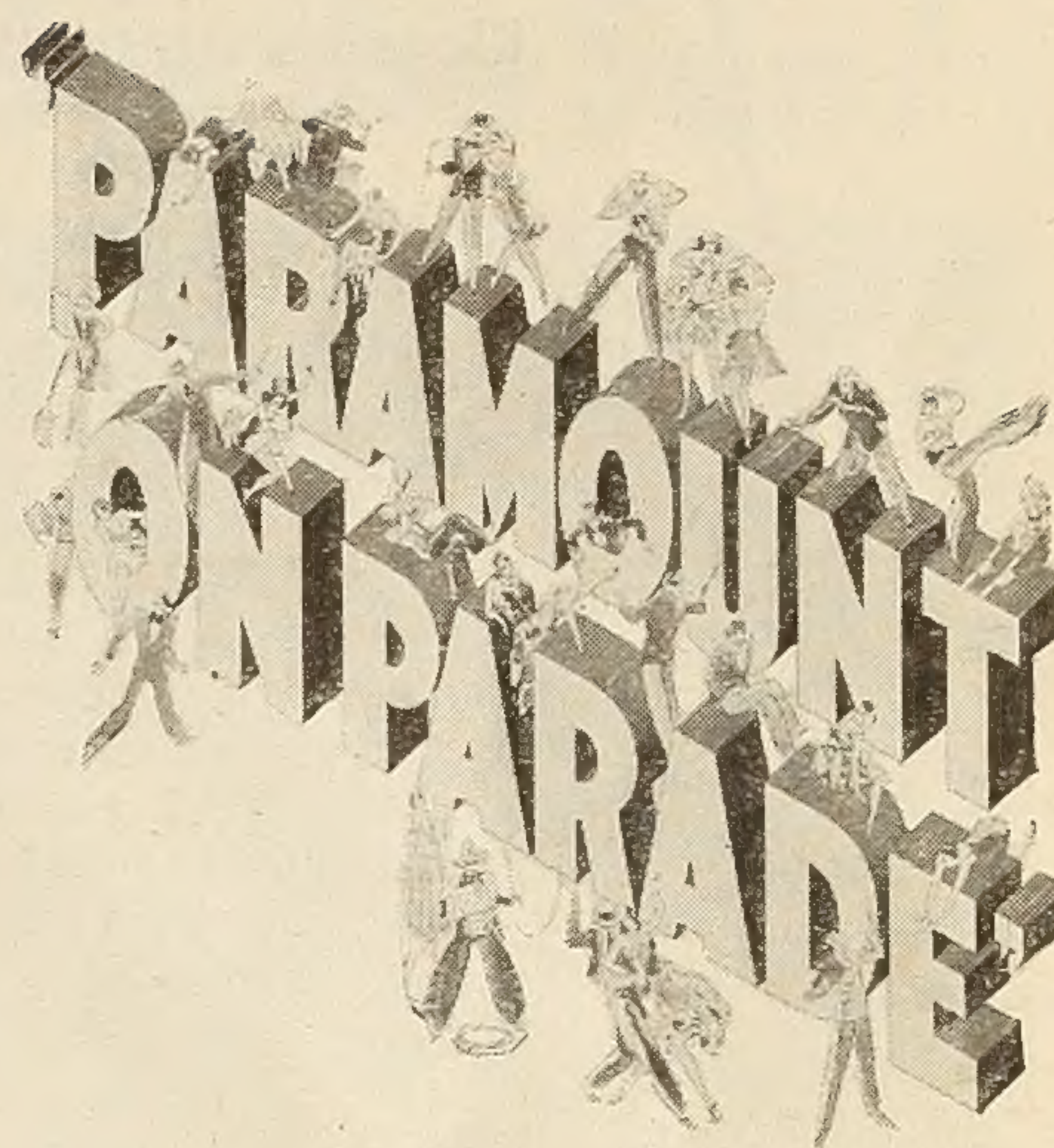


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Pictures

SOUND NEWS

By
Evelyn
Ballarine



Peering at Pictures in Production

I DON'T know whether the discovery of a new planet had anything to do with it or not but Columbia Pictures are on the hunt for a future star. The only difference is that Columbia already has a name for the future discovery (she's to be called Miss Columbia, of course!) and the planet was discovered first and is still to be named. Miss Columbia must have youth, beauty, and versatility. Come on, girls, don't be so modest—here's your chance to crash the studio gates!

Their ability to speak more than one language has put many screen players on the screen map again or should we say, put their maps on the screen again? You want proof? All right—Pauline Garon is grateful to her French ancestors; she has been given the feminine lead in the French version of "The Unholy Night." Because Gilbert Roland knows his Spanish, he has been given the male lead in the English and Spanish versions of "Monsieur Le Fox." This film is to be made in five languages; English, French, Spanish, Italian and German. Little Nina Quartero has the feminine lead in the English, French and Spanish transcriptions. Antonio Moreno and Barry Norton are profiting by their ability to speak Spanish. They are to play in the Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Paramount Pictures are forming stock companies to make films for the foreign trade and this is the first film to be made.

Marilyn Miller is back in Hollywood for her next talker. "Sally," her first, was a 'natural' and clicked. First National Pictures have large plans for Miss Miller. By the way, there's a diamond on the third finger of her left hand. Right! She's engaged. Michael Farmer, of Ireland, is the fortunate man. Young and wealthy, they say.

Have you heard of Greta Garbo's "Romance?" Sorry to disappoint you—it's just the title of her second talker. Greta plays an Italian opera singer who falls in love with a clergyman, played by Gavin Gordon. You've never heard of him? Allow me to introduce him—Mr. Gordon, may I present your public? He's young,

handsome, and—oh, see the picture!

I don't suppose it matters much but it seems to me that Zasu Pitts and Cliff Edwards have the most individual talkie voices—well, maybe I'm wrong.

Here's a picture for your Must list: "With Commander Byrd at the South Pole." It's a pictorial record of the explorer's recently finished trip. It will be shown with a lecture by Richard E. Byrd and will be released by Paramount.

Although the talkies have been in vogue for over two years the following players are only making their talking debuts now: Lon Chaney, Nils Asther, Molly O'Day, Lew Cody, Buster Keaton and Mary Astor.

Lon Chaney is making a talkie version of "The Unholy Three." He made the silent film some years ago with Victor McLaglen and Mae Busch in his support. Jack Conway will direct the first Chaney talker.

Nils Asther has been on a vaudeville tour and has been studying English. It is reported that he will play in "Eyes of the World," a Henry King Production. That is good news to Nils Asther's feminine fans who have been clamoring for his pictures.

Molly O'Day, reduced to sylph-like dimensions, is on the Columbia lot and working in "Sisters," with her sister, Sally O'Neil.

Lew Cody has been given an important rôle in Gloria Swanson's next film, "What a Widow!" Owen Moore, also, has a feature part. Gloria will probably wear such stunning gowns that we will all be going in for 'widow's weeds.'

Buster Keaton's first talker is "Free and Easy." Buster is also making a Spanish version of this comedy and Racquel Torres' sister, Renée, has the feminine lead.

Mary Astor speaks for the first time in "Ladies Love Brutes." (Oh, yeah?) This is a George Bancroft picture.

Eddie Cantor is out in Hollywood making "Whoopie." This film is to be produced by Samuel Goldwyn and Florenz Ziegfeld and will probably have some of the glorified femmes in it.



Blossom-white skin
—a bleach cream
is the secret

Nowadays the skin is "being worn." And the perfection of the ensemble depends, as every woman knows, on a blossom-white harmony of face, neck, back, arms, and hands.

There is only one way to achieve that harmony. Ordinary creams cannot whiten the skin. The present vogue requires Golden Peacock—solely a bleach cream—to wipe away the troubling stains, the unwanted tan, the summer's freckles, and leave the skin youthful, lovely, white.

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It was Ruth Etting's work as a radio and phonograph record star that made her a good bet for pictures.

IN THE infant months of the talkies when producers frantically sought everywhere for talent, not overlooking the phonograph business, many a contract took a warbler to Hollywood on the strength of his record sales. And now the singing heroes and heroines of the screen find one of the first tangible indications of their film popularity in the offers to make phonograph records for the big companies.

With the situation as it is today, radio, movies and the phonograph market are becoming a co-operative industry with a three-way remuneration for the featured players of the screen who possess or who are cultivating passable voices.

Nick Lucas was taken in by Warner Brothers because of the tremendous popularity of his music on the wax discs. It is true he is an old vaudeville artist but his years in variety didn't count half so much as the large number of his crooning records which have been selling over a period of several years. His parts in the Vitaphone revues have not interfered with his phonograph career because his recent recordings have proven more popular than before he faced west coast cameras.

Ruth Etting, who has been getting plenty of money for her short subjects for Paramount and Warner Brothers is essentially a phonograph artist who has been considered one of the biggest attractions on wax. Before the talkies, she was the rage with those who like insinuating rhythm warbled in a fascinating way, and while she has been active on the Broadway stage and in night clubs of Manhattan this past season it was her work as a phonograph girl and not her footlights career that made her material for the picture makers.

The latest of the Hollywood celebrities

Gloria Swanson and so made his entrance into the movies in "The Love of Sunya." But, in spite of his exceptional good looks, John was no sensation in celluloid until his voice brought him to the fore. It took a movie popularity to put him on the phonographs of the country. All the time he was in New York on the stage he never had a good chance to augment his income by recordings, but judging from the enthusiastic reports of the disc-makers he is making up for lost years this season.

If anyone had told Bebe Daniels three years ago that she would be working for the Victor Phonograph Company, neither the beautiful Bebe nor her most enthusiastic friends would believe it. It took a crisis in her own profession to bring to Miss Daniels a realization of her own vocal possibilities, a fact of which the Victor people soon took advantage with the result that she alternates her microphonic engagements with her recording dates, and makes a lot more money besides.

The whole entertainment field is so revolutionized that the films, broadcasting and the talking machine are all becoming one large circle with each field borrowing talent or technique from one or both of the others. The result is materially good for those who are fortunate enough to fit into the new scheme of things. Executives in the three branches of this great interwoven business admit that drawing power in one medium usually promises equal success, temporary at least, in one of the other fields. But the most accurate key to an artist's appeal may be found in the record sales. There is no tangible check-up to a radio broadcast reception. Many things may interfere with the exhibition of a talkie. A poor vehicle, an

MOVIES

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Movies, Radio, and Phonograph
are Allied Industries with Three-
Way Remuneration for Talent

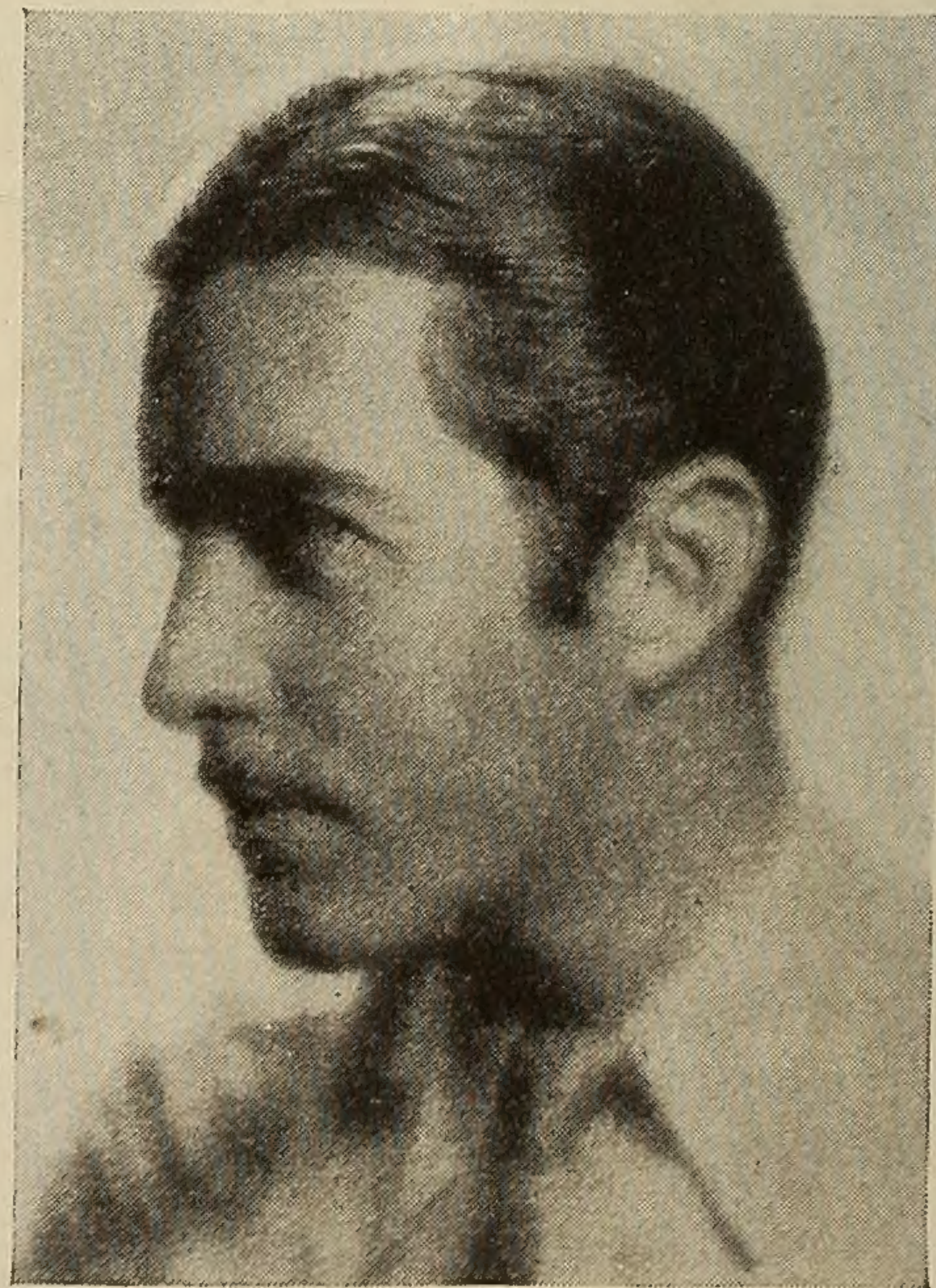
By Julia Sharwell

to sign with the Victor people are John Boles and Bebe Daniels. Boles, of course, has always possessed a wonderful voice and it was through his stage singing in "Kitty's Kisses" that he first attracted the attention of

unfortunate booking or a bad season may affect the film receipts. But the sales of phonograph records tell the story without any alibis.

That is why the amusement chiefs are curiously watching the sales of Rudy Vallee's records right now. There have been rumors, and, of course, there would be, that Vallee is no longer the national fetish he was a year ago, that the great feminine yen for this *Vagabond Lover* is not so keen as it was when his inimitable voice first sent its thrilling messages out on the ether. Some hold that his public appearances were not the best thing for him, that he should have remained cloaked in the mystery of the broadcast studio. Vallee is too good a business man not to have followed the right track. He got \$10,000 a week while the going was good and he still has his air contracts to bring

(Continued on page 117)



On the other hand, it took screen popularity to put John Boles' voice on the phonograph records of the country.

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Alice White
Jack Mulhall

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CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

I am one of the great army of uninteresting looking women you can see any day on any city street: last year's hat camouflaged under a bright new trimming; face a little too lined and tired-looking for her age; a mind that functions something like this: how to make five dollars, buy Mary a new hat, Bill a pair of trousers, and the Sunday roast—and wondering if her stocking has developed a run big enough to show.

But when romance seems to have completely faded, leaving an indigo atmosphere in its wake; when the pay check looks utterly inadequate and the children are more impish than usual, then my drab, middle-aged husband takes his drab, middle-aged wife to the movies.

Oh, glamorous screen folk, you bring back all the things we have lost. Again we are gay and young and every sacrifice worth-while. The better half swings my hand in his own work-worn one as we saunter up the quiet streets homeward, amiably discussing the whys and wherefores of the picture, and at peace with the world.

"A little work, a little play,

"A kindness done from day to day.

"A little joy, a little strife;

"And this is life."

Mrs. Mary Kempton,
14 Prospect Street,
Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

This is not so much of a confession as the solution to a very real problem—that of two 'young marrieds' in a large city.

Before we were married, we had been accustomed to going out a great deal. We knew and enjoyed the smart restaurants, the theaters, opera and symphony concerts. But when one income had to be stretched to cover the needs of two we found the cost of these things prohibitive.

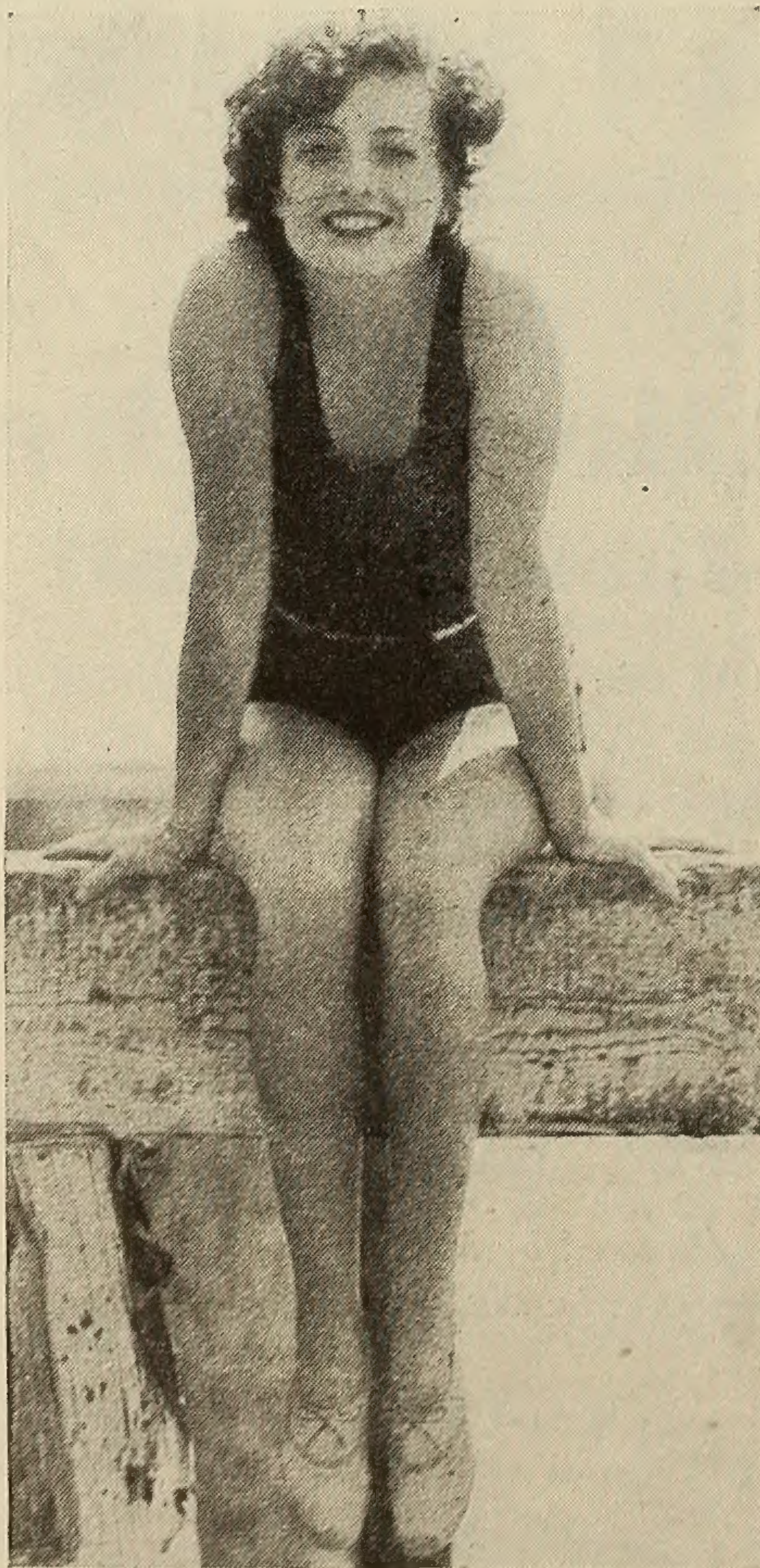
It is terrifyingly easy to grow restless and dissatisfied with everyone around you doing the things you would like to do but can't afford! So we turned to the movies for entertainment—and very good we have found it, too. We have seen and heard the best of the Broadway shows on the screen, often with the original cast. We can discuss them with our friends without feeling stale and 'out of things'—awful feeling! We hear excellent orchestras, classical and jazz, our favorite night club entertainers, some of the best operatic talent.

The talkies have played a leading rôle in helping us over the difficult adjustments of this first year, and we know others in our own circle of acquaintances who have worked out the same problem in this exceedingly satisfactory way.

Mrs. B. P. Steele,
360 E. 55th Street,
New York City.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes, First prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes June 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send your Confessions to the Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR



There are smiles that make us happy and Joan Crawford's is one of them. Joan is on our cover because the fans put her there.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

What's wrong with the movies? A perennial question, spiny as a cactus plant. Answer: Mimic-itis!

A certain picture sets a box-office record; within a few months, self-same picture is surrounded by cousins—yes, to the nth, degree! No face-lifting skill could quite eradicate that strong family resemblance. Interest subsides; the public becomes converted to the wisdom of the advertising dogma: 'Avoid Imitations.'

The chorine and "Broadway Melody" cousins are too much in evidence of late. This same holds good with doughboy and French bar-maid episodes. Considerably overworked, this latter is entitled to a nice long vacation and may be A.W.O.L. without fear of court-martial.

Hollywood spends thousands of dollars for the 'best stories.' There is either a paucity of 'best stories' or else their plots come in pairs, for lo! when flashed upon the screen we behold 'old familiar faces,' unfortunately not inviting. The public eye detects the carbon copy as an art connoisseur would a spurious old master. Better a picture, though mediocre, with a distinctive quality which does not have to rely upon relatives for success.

There may be nothing new under the sun; yet Emerson's advice on 'inventing a better mousetrap' holds good. The public will note—and appreciate.

Owen B. McCarthy,
1113 S. Sixth Street,
Louisville, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

They say 'Patronize your neighborhood store,' well, we patronize the neighborhood theater. Our neighborhood theater is crowded every night. It suits the working person's pocketbook and puts on the latest shows shortly after they are shown down town.

The modern age is imbued with the spirit of 'keeping up.' It has to. If a girl doesn't make the most of her good points and try to make herself normally attractive these days, she may as well take a back seat. Pictures accentuate and aid this idea. I often go to a show just to note the fashions in hair-dressing and costumes.

Studying the different characters and types in action on the screen is more interesting and beneficial, in my opinion, than reading a book. A study of the actor in action, then a study of yourself will reveal many defects and chances for improvement in character, manner and dress. The talkies emphasize the modern need for alert minds and happy dispositions. If more people realized this there would be a one hundred per cent happier, more enthusiastic generation than in the present or past.

E. Wyman,
585 Armory Street,
Springfield, Mass.

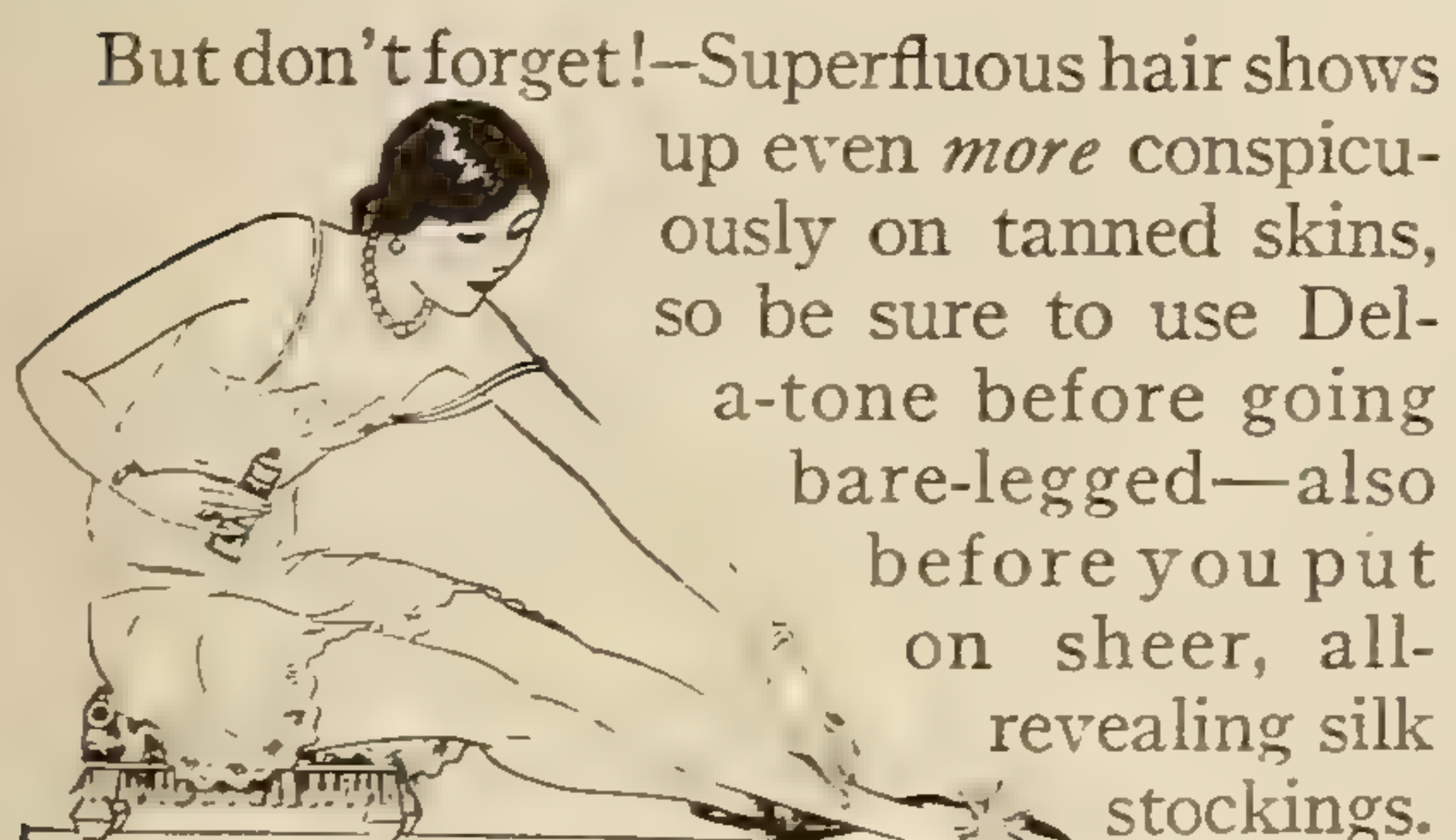


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City.....

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

Praise for "Anna Christie"

I have seen and heard Garbo in her first talking picture. What a joy and revelation to hear this glamorous girl speak so well. I sat spellbound through two entire performances, charmed and thrilled with her deep compelling voice and the exquisite artistry with which she portrayed "Anna Christie."

This spell lingered a long time after I had left the theater. Over and over, I lived through these scenes and heard again Miss Garbo's husky, melodious voice.

In this picture she revealed a new character, so human and poignant that one's heart went out to her. She is not only fascinating and subtle, she is an emotional actress of the highest caliber.

Miss Marie Dressler deserves a lot of praise for her natural and capable performance as *Martha*. The entire cast was superb.

Violette Schumacher,
4421 Pine Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch for "Montana Moon"

Joan Crawford deserves much praise for her wonderful acting in "Untamed." I had seen her in many silent films and admired her ability to portray joyous, light-hearted characters. But with the advent of the talkies, she was launched in a picture ideally suited to her type; in a rôle dramatic, pathetic and interesting.

Her voice is good and her singing carried us into realms of ecstasy. She seemed to be right there in person instead of only a 'talking phantom.' Her portrayal of the untamed girl was touching, realistic, human. May the talkies give her more dramatic parts wherein her talents may be revealed to us.

Mrs. Hazel M. Tucker,
Norway, Maine.,
R.F.D. No. 2.

You're Welcome!

Coming to a strange city, friendless and with a small baby, the lives of my husband and myself became almost movie-less. As we had been accustomed to seeing pictures any time, this seemed very odd. We had not realized how vital motion pictures were in our lives until it became necessary to choose our play hours with discrimination.

As we can only spend a few hours away from home each week, the screen magazines have proved the real solution to our problem. Not only do we eagerly devour each page, but we carefully study the reviews of the current pictures. By doing this we avoid wasting our precious time on a poor picture. We see only those that the reviewers rate the best. And even though we do have to miss a few good shows, we do not miss reading about them and of our picture friends.

Mrs. B. C. Smith,
288 Fargo Street,
Portland, Oregon.

A Much-Needed 'Menace'

We have heard a lot about the so-called 'menace' of the talking pictures to the stage. It seems to me that it's about time! What has the stage to offer? In New York, innumerable poor plays, with an occasional success the original high price of which is made exorbitant by the ticket scalpers. For the rest of us, two-year-old plays with dingy costumes and third rate cast, but near-Broadway prices.

On the other hand what do talking-sing-



Greta Garbo has many new fans since the talkers gave her vocal success with "Anna Christie." Her next will be "Romance."

ing pictures offer? Stars such as Ruth Chatterton, Lawrence Tibbett, George Arliss and a host of others equally great, in productions made worthy of them by the work of the best playwrights, composers and the technical genius of experts. In the smallest towns we see these plays in all their fineness for a nominal fee. All hail the talkies, the much-needed 'menace to the stage!'

Mrs. Louis M. Haas,
1021 Washington Avenue,
Racine, Wis.

From an English Fan

To countless thousands do pictures come, telling of all that is wonderful, beautiful in life; of laughter and tears, of romance and tragedy, of that blessed of all gifts—love.

From our own colorless surroundings we are spirited far away to a golden land of make-believe. I have wept with Al Jolson, I have laughed with Charlie Chaplin. I have followed Greta Garbo through the trials and triumphs of unselfish love. I have flown with those happy care free children, those music makers, away into the gay cosmopolitan life of Paris.

I have seen the sandy wastes of the Sahara, the frozen tracts of the north; the waving yellow of the prairie corn and the restless moving of the mighty deep. It is an unspeakable joy to wander with those perfect artists into unknown lands, onto

untrodden soils. So to the movies, talkie or silent—God bless 'em!

Phyllis Lyne,
Staplegrove House,
Woodburn Green,
Bucks, England.

Too Many Theme Songs?

Must we have a theme-song with every picture? We are passing through an era when an oft-recurring strain of music is of primary importance. A play that is a time-honored favorite may undergo such radical changes in its transition from speaking stage to screen as to be robbed of any semblance of motive or plot, and all connection with the story is lost. Is it not possible to cling to the original tale, enriching and enhancing it by sumptuous picturization? In most instances the theme-song adds nothing to the story value, therefore it may well be left to musical comedy where the haunting melody rightfully belongs. At present it would not surprise me at all to see H. B. Warner (than whom there is no finer actor) come sprinting on to the stage announcing: "Here I am folks; first I'll sing you a little song; hope you like it!"

In contrast "Madame X" stands strikingly apart as the most superb screen production to date, due in large measure to the intelligent direction of Lionel Barrymore. Throughout its entire filming Mr. Barrymore never lost sight of that almost eternal verity—"The play's the thing."

Katherine A. Nash,
The Toronto, 20th & P. Sts., N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Are Talkies Destroying Romance?

A sad thing has happened! In the old days (B.T.)—when that exquisite moment arrived for the handsome hero to clasp the lovely heroine to his manly chest, gaze into her beautiful eyes and whisper: "I love you," we held our breaths while the palpitation of our hearts nearly strangled us. Now, when the hero, no longer silent, declares his love, the audience shouts with laughter.

When little Annie wept real salty tears because her lover deserted her, we sniffed, blew our noses to hide our embarrassment and took Annie's grief to heart. Now her audible moans and gulping sobs fill the theater with snickers.

Apparently, there is nothing wrong with our sight, but there must be something radically wrong with our hearing! What is it?

Bernice C. Bowne,
890 Geary St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

The New School

The old school of laborious, palpable acting passes. Comes the new, gay, natural effervescent performance which requires real dramatic ability. Almost anyone can strike a tragic pose and hold it indefinitely. We have all played living statues. But it takes an artist to give the spontaneous performance which Maurice Chevalier achieved in "The Love Parade." Time was when actors' expressions were like poorly-made masks. An appropriate one was chosen, slipped on and held in place throughout the play. Now, we have artists with intelligence enough to make their expressions part of themselves. Long live the new school of artists!

Irene Woodruff,
26 Monument Square,
Charlestown, Mass.

**HER SIN WAS
NO GREATER
THAN HIS**

but

**SHE WAS A
WOMAN**



the Incomparable
**NORMA
SHEARER**

in THE

DIVORCÉE

with

Chester Morris
Conrad Nagel
Robt. Montgomery

Directed by
Robert Z. Leonard



IF the world permits the husband to philander—why not the wife? Here is a frank, outspoken and daring drama that exposes the hypocrisy of modern marriage. Norma Shearer again proves her genius in the most dazzling performance of her career. She was wonderful in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney". She was marvelous in "Their Own Desire". She is superb in "The Divorcée" which is destined to be one of the most talked of pictures in years.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



THANK you, John McCormack, for your voice, your smile, and your engaging modesty which first shine from the screen in "Song o' My Heart." You may be the world's most popular tenor, and we don't doubt it; but you came to pictures with the most charming humility, as if you were just a novice who had still to win his way. Only a great man could have been so humble. And it is nice to know that the success of your screen debut is so well deserved.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

A SMILE, a voice, a man! You have heard John McCormack in concert or on phonograph records; but it remained for the films to reveal the real charm of the Irish minstrel. "Song o' My Heart" is the best bargain on the motion picture screens today: a world-famous voice singing eleven—count 'em, eleven!—beautiful songs; a sweet story; droll humor—all woven around the endearing personality of a great artist. Welcome, John McCormack!



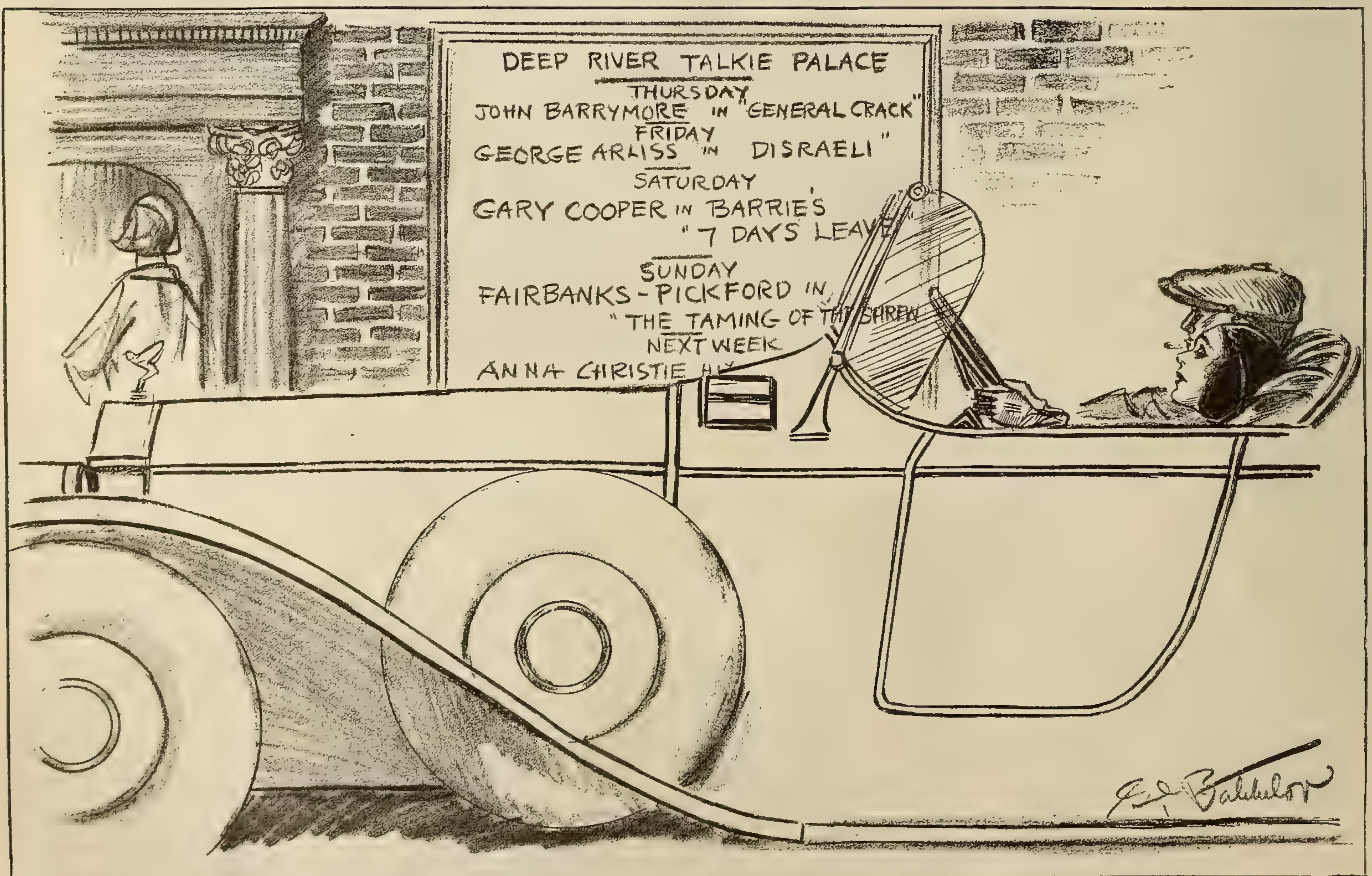
John McCormack and his daughter Gwen on the steps of his home in Ireland, where the family spends part of every year. Good news for film followers—the singer has purchased a huge estate in Beverly Hills, California, indicating that he will make other motion pictures to follow "Song o' My Heart." He can't make too many to suit us!

McCormack has been a famous singer for a long time now. But in spite of the years and the adulation and the material rewards, he has miraculously retained the spirit of youth. It is in his great voice and his big smile. When he sings, the oldest member of his audience grows young again with him.



Frank Borzage, the gifted young Italian director, has invested the simple story of "Song o' My Heart" with an all-embracing humanity. His characters are not puppets moving about the scenery of an Emerald Isle and mouthing dialect. They are warm, human, glowing. To the right is a scene from the picture with McCormack smiling at Effie Ellsler who plays his sister; and with Tommy Clifford, the delightful little boy discovered in Ireland and imported to Hollywood.





A Drawing by C. D. Batchelor

The World Do Move

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

SPEECH, speech! How's your voice today? Say "ah." Ah-ah-ah! That's enough. I didn't ask for a gargle. All I wanted to find out was whether you were in voice. It's very important, you know. The voice is everything—simply everything.

☞ You may have the face of a Dove and the figure of a Crawford and the dramatic talents of a Garbo; but if you haven't a Voice, you might just as well take up embroidery work. It's the voice that wins in motion pictures today—and they don't even care much about the smile. For the first time in the history of the world, women are not being frowned down for talking too much; they are actually being encouraged. Everybody in Hollywood is fighting for the last word. Of course, after you admit you have the Voice, then you must learn to use it. Just talking won't get you very far. You must speak with the right degree of *umph*. As J. M. Kerrigan says to John McCormack in "Song o' My Heart," you've got to put *umph* into it. If you don't know what *umph* is see the picture; or turn to Rudy Vallee on the radio. Chevalier's voice has *umph*, so has John Boles. Among the ladies, Miss Swanson and Bebe Daniels have it to the *nth* degree. Ann Harding has her share; and judging from the box-office receipts, Greta has more than hers. *Umph* is the vocal It; and you'd better cultivate it.

☞ It's a career in itself. You can't take lessons from Dr. Mario Marafioti, voice authority, because he is all tied up teaching the Metro stars—and by the way, I hear that since our article in this issue was written the learned Doctor has declared after a session with John Gilbert that there is no reason on earth or in Hollywood why our John can't talk with the best of them after a little expert practice. Great news! But the Doctor is so busy with John that we'll have to conduct our own voice lessons.



First I recommend you lease a house, or an apartment, with an oversize bath. This is a great place to let the old voice out. Then attend picture performances—go to dozens of shows; hear everybody from Ina Claire to Andy Clyde, and try a little of each. When you feel you have made some progress in some direction or other, begin calling up your friends. Like this: "Hello-hello-hello, I say, are you theah?" When the sputtering at the other end of the wire has somewhat subsided, you continue: "Guess who?—I mean to say, endeavor to ascertain the identity of the person at the other end of the wire, what-what?" About this time it might be well to change to a Swedish accent; or a German accent like that used by the star of "Sarah and Son." And then when you are forced to explain yourself you can always say: "If it's good enough for Garbo, (or Ruth Chatterton) it's good enough for me." There's no answer to that one.

☞ Of course, if you want to be sensible, and in spite of the ridicule of friends and acquaintances retain the voice of your native state with its nice comfortable accent and enunciation and what-nots, you can always defend your stand by calling upon the words of Dr. Frank H. Vizatelly, who, from the Fox Movietone screen, took up the question of "Which quality of English is going to be the standard—that spoken in Hollywood or that spoken in England? God forbid us," says Dr. Vizatelly, "from the standard spoken in London where they clip the g's and drop the h's and mumble-jumble many of their words. We have a distinction on this side, and that is the distinction of enunciating every one of the syllables of the words we utter. We do not mumble. I have lived in the United States and in New York City for thirty-nine years and proclaim the fact that English as spoken in the United States is far superior to that spoken in England."

☞ Hurrah for our side! Now we can be ourselves.

D. E.

The MOST FAMOUS Anita Loos



E. F. Foley, N. Y.

Anita Loos, the brilliant and beautiful girl who started out writing screen stories and sub-titles for Douglas Fairbanks' early films, and won international fame—and a fortune—with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," snapped on the steps of her Palm Beach villa.

"**T**ALKING pictures are the most thrilling medium that has ever been put into the hands of anybody who wants to work in the theater. And ever since I saw my first talkie, I have become a passionate movie fan."

Anita Loos speaking—America's most famous woman humorist, creator of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," former movie scenario and title writer, and author of a forthcoming book about Hollywood.

Anita Loos looks like a gorgeous imported doll. She's tiny and piquant, with short straight black hair and big dark brown eyes. Yet from that doll-like body of hers, there radiates an amazing mind, profounder than that possessed by most writing women in America, and equalled by few writing men. Her brain works with the rapidity of a meat-slicing machine in a delicatessen store.

She isn't flippant. She doesn't talk in wise cracks. She bears no mental or spiritual relationship to the yellow-haired gold diggers she delights to create. She is direct, businesslike, a decidedly cerebral type. True, with her soft, child-like body and beautiful, not-quite-satisfied face, she has a pictorial likeness to the modern American girl

A Little Girl who Grew Up in the Movies and Became a Great Author Tells You How the Talkies Made her a Fan

By Rosa Reilly

who uses her physical characteristics to get on in the world. But Anita Loos has never forged ahead because she is fair-favored. On her brains and on her brains alone, she has hoisted herself from middle-class obscurity to the top of the literary world, and to the top of an internationally prominent social group which is second to none in brains, breeding and creative artistry. She and her husband, John Emerson, are notable figures in the social and artistic circles of New York, London, Paris, Palm Beach. Yet this 'soubrette of satire,' still in her twenties, is more modest and unmoved than the latest Hollywood ingenue.

"Until talking pictures came along," Miss Loos continued, "the movies held few illusions for me. I was born in a stage family and had been writing for the screen since my thirteenth year.

"When I played on the stage, movies used to be shown between the acts. I knew nothing about them but figured out that there must be some sort of a story before they could be filmed. So I took the address off a Biograph Film can, wrote a story and sent it off.

"The scenario—if I can call it that—was bought immediately. And from then on D. W. Griffith took everything I wrote. But he didn't make my stories into pictures. He would read them and laugh, use parts of them, but when the film finally reached the screen nothing of the original story was left.

"But since this writing paid better than acting I kept up. If it hadn't been for John Emerson I would still be out in Hollywood—God forbid—working in some scenario department!

"John Emerson was called in to make pictures for Douglas Fairbanks. One day he was going through the scenario files and he shouted to Griffith who was sitting near: 'I think I have found just what I want for Fairbanks.' Griffith took one look at the manuscript and laughed: 'Oh,' he said, 'we buy that Loos stuff because it hands us a laugh in the office here but you couldn't use it on the screen.'

"Mr. Emerson thought differently. He went ahead and made the picture. Griffith felt that the climax was a title instead of action. But Mr. Emerson pointed out what they did not at that time realize—that the humor was not in the words but in the situation which led up to the words in the title.

"The picture went over and from then on I titled every picture they turned out. But titling other people's pictures did not get me anywhere so I started writing stories for

MOVIE FAN *in the World*

pictures which Mr. Emerson directed. They turned out well, but the strange part is I never had a successful picture which Mr. Emerson did not direct. And as he is much too lazy to do any more directing, I have finished my motion picture career.

"From then on I had little interest in films. Silent pictures had become monotonous. Things had gone stale. Technically, everything possible had been done. Nothing new was being created. But it was not the producer's fault. The fault lay in the fact that practically only one great pantomime artist is born every hundred years. Chaplin was our only one.

"Then came the talkies! And a tremendous breath of fresh air rushed into the industry. For the first time in my life I began to go to movies, not because it was my duty to see them but because they amused and thrilled me. My husband and I go as often as three times a week. I've seen everything that's worth taking in even when, because of what amounts to a French embargo on American films, I have to fly from Paris to London to do so during the months when I live in France. Those pictures I particularly like are both George Arliss' films, 'Disraeli,' 'The Green Goddess'; and 'The Love Parade' and 'The Rogue Song.'

"Talking pictures are much finer than silent pictures for a good talkie is infinitely better than a good silent film. And conversely, a bad talkie is infinitely worse than a bad silent movie.

"For the latter reason I am surprised that, excellent as the new American talking pictures are, our producers here in the United States have not yet been able to evolve as remarkable a talkie technique as the Germans.

"That surprises you? The only German talkies shown in this country, I understand, have been inferior ones which have not equalled at all the talkies made in Hollywood. However, in Germany I have seen two talkies: 'The Melody of Earth' and 'When Nelson Plays,' that are wonderful beyond words. And the reason they are wonderful is because they have not copied the technique of Hollywood. They have not even copied theater technique. They have worked out a way of making talking films which is fourth dimensional, resulting in talkies as imaginatively limitless as the Einstein theory, as poetic as Shakespeare or Goethe, and educationally more valuable than any philosophical treatise or any course of text books in existence.

"Take 'The Melody of Earth,' for instance. This film was made in Germany by Taubus. It takes the civilization of the entire world and divides it into four sections: one, Religion; two, Politics; three, Industry; four, Women's Work in the World.

"This is like a picture told in shorthand. None of the shots is of any length at all. Everything flashes before your eyes with such rapidity that for the first time in

Anita Loos Says:

"Talking pictures are much finer than silent films.

"My favorite American talkies so far have been 'Disraeli,' 'The Green Goddess,' 'The Love Parade' and 'The Rogue Song.'

"But Hollywood has not yet been able to evolve talkie technique as remarkable as that developed by the Germans. Two German talkers, 'The Melody of Earth' and 'When Nelson Plays' are wonderful. They have not copied the technique of Hollywood or the theater; they have worked out their own technique.

"Talkies may be as imaginatively limitless as the Einstein theory, as poetic as Shakespeare or Goethe, and educationally more valuable than any course of text books."

my existence I got to look on the world as a whole, not as two hemispheres divided into separate countries.

"In 'The Melody of Earth,' there is no business of setting the camera in front of the proscenium arch and shooting without action. This picture is not bound down by any of the conventions of the theater or the screen. It has the most elastic technique in existence.

"Take the religious part of the film. First we have a religious procession in Rome, a long, glorious, and glamorous procession carrying the Host under an arched canopy. Instantaneously we switch to the Fiji Islands and there we see an exciting cannibal procession. In this elaborate heathen ceremonial, the almost naked Fijians are carrying an object under a canopy

—an object which to them is also sacred. It makes the most cultivated person in the world and the lowest cannibal type brothers under the skin.

"Nor does the picture stop at the Fijis. Immediately, we are carried to India where we see a Buddhist saying his prayers in a pointed temple to a Divinity which may be alien to us—but is close to him; (Continued on page 127)



A portrait of Anita Loos Emerson by her friend, the clever young English artist, Cecil Beaton.

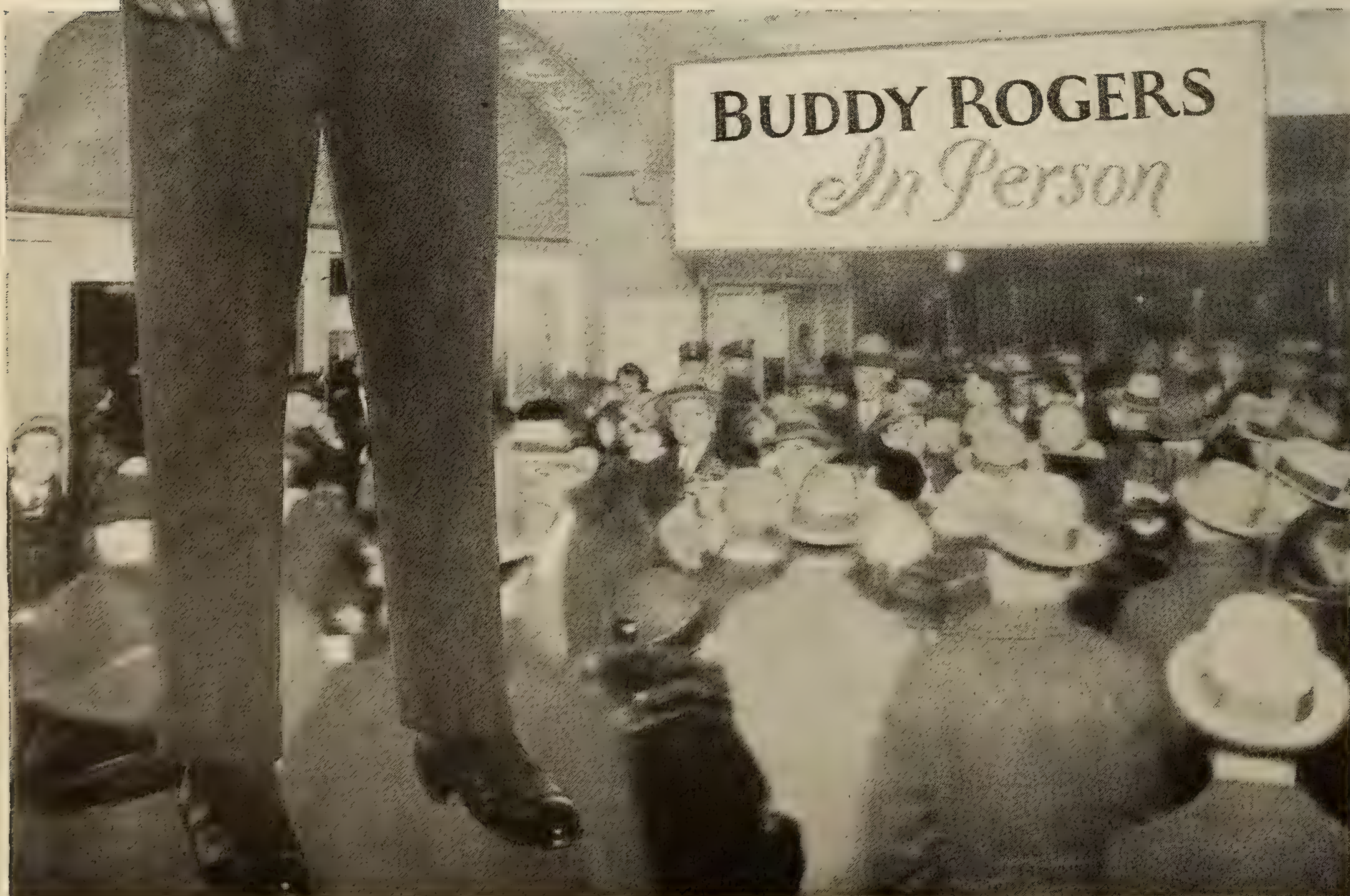
"We want Buddy!"
roared the Times
Square crowd.
"Who, me?"
laughed an un-
spoiled kid from
Kansas.

WE WANT BUDDY!

'Hard-Boiled' New York
Lost its Head Over Charles
'Buddy' Rogers. Why?
This Story Tells You

By Gray Strider

IT looked like Election Night in Times Square!
A mob of people started milling around the Forty-
Fourth Street stage door of the Paramount Theater.
Pretty soon, the crowd got so big, it bulged across
Broadway, clear down to the edge of the New York Times
Building at Forty-Second Street. Then it made a detour,
swarming towards the Astor Hotel, and forcing the over-
flow into Forty-Third Street, past the press entrance of
the theater.



At the box-office window, a three-ply cue of people patiently struggled to maintain their places, in a broad plait which stretched far down Broadway. In surrounding streets all traffic was stopped. Policemen blew their whistles in vain. Red lights turned to green to no advantage. Limousines full of ermine-coated, silken-haired ladies, and silk-hatted, grizzled-haired gents were at a standstill. Even when a reinforcement of Mr. Grover Whalen's sturdiest mounted police came into action, the crowd moved but sluggishly.

It looked like the folks were expecting Lindbergh or the Prince of Wales. But they weren't.

They were waiting for a boy from Olathe, Kansas. This hard-boiled Broadway crowd which has seen almost everything in the world and has not batted an eyelash, was waiting as intently as any hayseed crowd that ever hung around a Main Street 'op'ry house, for a sight, a glimpse, a word, or a touch of old man Rogers' young son, Buddy, who was making personal appearances at the Paramount Theaters in New York and Brooklyn, for one week each.

When the crowd caught sight of Buddy, bedlam broke loose. Hundreds of women and girls made a wild dash to get within hailing distance. Only one girl made it. Buddy shook her hand and said he was glad to be back in New York again. Almost hysterically the girl screamed: "As long as I live, I'll never wash the hand that Buddy Rogers shook!"

By that time, the crowd was crazy. And if it hadn't been for the police and the fact that Buddy possesses a pair of good sprinting legs, the results might have been serious. For this mob of friendly, good-natured people would surely have crushed Buddy—in a wave of affection.

As it was, Buddy's hat got knocked off in the melée. A pretty woman with red hair and gray eyes picked it up and hugged it to her. But instantaneously, it was torn out of her hands by a dozen different women. In a second, that hat was in tatters—

with a hundred people fighting for each tatter.

Just a small part of the mob that stormed the Paramount Theater at 'the crossroads of the world'—Broadway at 43rd and 44th Streets—to see Buddy Rogers in person. Wally Reid, Valentino, Vallee—none of these idols ever excited more enthusiasm than the boy from Olathe. What is the secret of Buddy's success? Why do people flock to see him on Broadway or any Main Street? SCREENLAND wanted to know—and you'll find the answer in this revealing article. Step up and meet the real Buddy Rogers.

him the next week at the Brooklyn Paramount. For this same enthusiasm has been maintained at every matinée and at every evening performance.

Although the doorman at the Brooklyn theater was expecting me the day I called, it was almost impossible to get in. For one half a block the theater was crowded with school girls, text books in one arm, fan magazines in the other. Many stood. Some had camp stools on which they sat. Others squatted on the cold concrete. It was then five o'clock and they had all been at the stage door since school let out at two.

The moment anybody with business at the theater tried to enter the stage door, a surge of girls would try to force themselves in. The doorman looked like he had been riding in a six-day bicycle race. His knees and head sagged. His eyes had black rings around them. His disposition was gradually wearing thin.

At intervals of five minutes or so, the thousand-odd school girls outside would call: "Buddy, Buddy! We want Buddy!"

When the doorman could no longer stand the pandemonium, he would go out and let one girl in to see Buddy—not talk to him. Then she would rush out and all the others would spring on her to get a word of first hand news from the hero.

Inside the theater it was even worse. The first eight rows of seats had been solidly packed since the theater opened in the morning with girls and women who refused to leave when the show was over. The house manager had tried to clear the house. Ushers had used their most persuasive tones. But the girls sat solid, without lunch, without water. Finally at five o'clock, the house manager made an announcement from the stage that Buddy would be out in the lobby in five minutes personally to autograph pictures.

Those seats were cleared as if by magic!

And there was more trouble outside! While I was waiting inside the stage door for Buddy to finish his act, an awful scream rent the air.

Everybody flew outside thinking a fight
(Cont. on page 124)



Unsung

By Helen Ludlam

the story? Well, from a human standpoint it is intensely interesting, to my mind. Are these Russians bitter, or are they resigned? Are they relieved to be given a chance to follow the line of endeavor to which they are most

attracted instead of the two careers open to Russians of noble birth, statecraft and the battlefield? Have they learned anything? Few of us are satisfied with our lot. Princes of the blood wish they had been born outside the royal circle. Nothing is

Left: Winifred Laurance, the first woman to become an assistant director. Winifred was born in Japan but her mother was Russian, her father English.



William Mortensen

The beautiful Natasha Golitzin, the Russian princess who now works in pictures.



IF America is the melting of the world, Hollywood is the melting pot of America. Gradually the nations of the earth have drifted to Hollywood, their advent more noticeable here than in New York or Chicago because of the smallness of our population. There is an English colony, a French colony, a Spanish colony, a Mexican colony, a Swedish colony. All are striving not so much for fame, except in a few instances, as for expression. But the people who command, perhaps, the greatest sympathy as well as great respect and admiration are the Russian refugees. There are several hundreds of them but not all are in pictures. Unlike many others who live here for years without taking out their naturalization papers the Russians do so as soon as they can.

Among those who are in pictures we find Ivan Lebedeff, whose performance in "Street Girl" won for him a long-term contract with RKO. We find Theodore Lodi, David Mir, Natasha Golitzin, Wiacheslav Savitsky, Alexander Ikonikoff, Olga Baclanova and her husband, Michael Sousannin, Winifred Laurance and others. Many others have entered the technical and engineering fields of studio work.

I have talked with a score of them and have yet to find one who felt sorry for himself, who cared to talk about his past experiences, or who wanted publicity. The groundwork for this story I have been months in gathering. The Russians don't want publicity. They simply want a chance to work and to be let alone. Then why write



Photo by Don English, Paramount

Fay Wray visits the Double-Headed Russian Eagle, General Lodijensky's smart Hollywood restaurant. Lodijensky is known on the screen as Theodore Lodi.

Stars of Hollywood

About the Gallant Russians who are Writing a New Chapter in the Story of the Screen

more confining than a crown. Yet, if you are born to it, you must wear it.

Many of these Russians are of noble blood. Their job, had not the Revolution interfered, would have been duties of State—either soldiering or diplomacy. It is curious how many sighed over this heritage, turning with eager eyes to the arts and sciences and dipping into a study of them on the side. Ivan Lebedeff was one of these; David Mir was another. I do not mean to convey the impression that any one of them is glad of what happened, but when they opened their eyes after the deluge of blood they passed through they must have experienced a sense of joy that at least a chance to work at a profession they loved was still left to them. This applies to the younger people. For the older people who had become established in their work it was very hard, and many of them are still groping.

As an example, take General Wiacheslav Savitsky, former Minister of War of Southern Russia—the Cossack General, he was called. The Revolution found him in the middle forties. He was a soldier, but with the Revolution soldiering as a career went out of fashion. The 'gentleman soldier' is no longer needed in Russia. His family had a large personal fortune. It was swept away and the members of it were fortunate to escape with their lives. General Savitsky came to America with a friend, Prince Andronica. Both joined the Joe Miller circus. Eventually, they drifted to Hollywood. They did many things to earn a living, even working as day laborers, but they went at it like steam engines. The boss realized what was the trouble and got them a job at the plaster shop in one of the studios. "Men born to that work know how to take it. You would have made yourselves ill in a short time working as you did."

The man who commanded the southern armies of Russia, who has been a guest in almost every court in



Emil Jannings' picture, "The Last Command," has drama behind the scenes. Leaning over Jannings' right shoulder is General Savitsky. In the foreground, with profile to the camera, is Alexander Ikonikof.

Directly above: Ivan Lebedeff, popular RKO player, at the entrance of the Russian American Art Club. Top: Will Rogers and Theodore Lodi (Lodijensky) in "They Had To See Paris."

Europe, whose slightest wish was an order instantly obeyed, told me he was 'very well satisfied' with this job that paid him thirty-five dollars a week. "My tastes are very simple," he said, "for (Continued on page 120)

POLLY MORAN



Left, above: reading from left to right, Polly and Rose. Sonny Boy, where is thy sting?

Above: ah-ah-ah-ah-hah-hah! Is this a singing lesson or a laughing lesson?



POLLY MORAN—no relation to Moran and Mack—is not going to be left behind by anybody. If her pals, Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin can sing theme songs, why can't she? So she looked around her and studied the great theme song singers of all time—well, anyway, since the talkies came in. And with a little of this and a little of that—a dash of Jolson and a soupçon of Tibbett—Polly evolved a Technique. It may be terrible, but it's her own.

Left: the Big Moment of any theme song, determining which will pass out first, singer or audience.

Puts Over a Theme Song



Above: 'To You a Rose,' 'To Me a Rose,' 'To Us a Rose'—well, well, make up your mind!

Right, above: though it may be old and gray, still to her it's a nose-gay—let it go.

"Now, what shall I sing?" mused Miss Moran. "I have it—something about a nose—I mean a rose. There's 'The Last Rose of Summer,' but that might be getting personal. There's 'The Rose of Sharon'—no, not in this business. There's 'Cock-Eyed Rose, I Love You.' And 'Rose of the West,' 'Only a Rose,' 'To a Wild Rose,' and just 'Rose.' Darn, why didn't I bring violets? Anyway, study these little lessons in vocalizing and trust your tonsils."



Right: when the theme song singer forgets everything and ends on a loud, triumphant "Ma-a-a-mmy!"



Louis Bromfield, the important young American novelist, with "The Green Bay Tree," "The Good Woman," "Possession" and "Shattered Glass" to his credit, is now writing a screen story for Evelyn Laye, in which the beautiful English stage star will make her motion picture debut. Mr. Bromfield is pictured here with his secretary in his office at the Samuel Goldwyn Studios.

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S

Hollywood Impressions

As told to Marie House

I'VE only been in Hollywood three weeks and already I'm a California enthusiast!

It has climate, scenery, fascination, *everything*. I've spent much of my life in New York and abroad and I didn't know what I was missing until I came to Hollywood.

I've wandered all over Europe. From London, to Switzerland, to the Riviera, three months of each year in Paris, summers in Spain. I've been such a nomad I've had to open four bank accounts in four different countries and it's taken heavy bookkeeping to keep everything straight.

The summer months have generally found me in the Pyrenees Mountains. I am reminded of the Pyrenees when I look around me here, at the hills and the valleys. The scenery is much alike—but the climate is different. Here

it is wonderful all of the year around: in Spain only in the summer. In winter it's—well, we won't mention that.

The scenic trips to be made here are beautiful. Recently we went to Santa Barbara and Montecito, one of the most picturesque tours anyone could make. Sicily or the Riviera have nothing to compare with it, particularly in the matter of flowers. Over there the blossoms are either frost bitten or else burnt to a crisp, due, I suppose, to the sudden drops in temperature. And it isn't as nice to live over there either, because those old houses were not built for comfort. Of course, it is cool at nights here, but that is one of the things I like. No, the only place like this in the world, I believe, is the South Sea Islands, for climate.

Hollywood is a splendid place to work. I am hurrying now to finish a new novel and I have several plays in

Eminent Author Proves the Cinema Capital is Long on Scenery but Short on Orgies

mind. If everything goes well I should like to make Hollywood my headquarters, with about three months vacation every year. I'd want to get away that much. But here I have a home at the top of Coldwater Canyon, with a garden, leisure and plenty of room for breathing.

New York is an entirely different matter! It is in a class all by itself. Of course, I like New York better than any place in the world, a wonderful place, New York; but not for long at a time. It's a place to visit. Still it hardly seemed like the same place when I passed through this last time—everyone is out here, now!

I feel quite at home in Hollywood. I felt at home when I arrived, for here were all of the old familiar faces I'd been used to seeing on Broadway. I have been around the theater much of my life; so it was nice to meet such old friends as Ina Claire, Florence Eldridge, Alison Skipworth, Fred Kerr. And then the writers, Steve Benet, Martin Flavin, A. E. Thomas, Sidney Howard—I could



His favorite heroines: Mrs. Bromfield and the two little Bromfields. Life is a lot of fun for best-sellers!



He is young, good-looking, and served with the French army during the war. Bromfield, born in Ohio, has become a world figure through his books, which have been artistic as well as commercial successes. Here's the author at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

go on indefinitely naming the deserters from Broadway.

Many wonder if this sudden influx to Hollywood will harm the New York theatrical business. There isn't a doubt of it. How can it help but make a difference? I believe they have trouble getting writers and even the producers have joined the procession—west! And how is it easy to cast a play with more than half the actors on the coast?

I had offers to do scenarios before, but they did not tempt me, for it seemed that in the old days, the silent film stories were, after all, of little importance, from the writer's point of view. Now there is the dialogue to write.

Writing for the movies is different from novel writing—but then I am not entirely a novelist. I have done every kind of writing, newspaper work, musical and dramatic criticisms.

The perfect talkie has not yet been made. Possibly it never will be made, but only a lot of experiment can make the necessary progress. It can't come by imitating the stage too closely. It is quite all right to take when you can from the stage, but after all, talking pictures provide a different medium. I believe the talkies are the first really new development of an art form in the last hundred years.

The best talking pictures will be made from original stories, I believe. It is just as important and just as much of a real job as writing novels. I would just as soon see my novels translated into (Continued on page 112)

ANAGRAMS, I LOVE YOU

Here's the New Indoor
Sport of the Stars

WHAT, you don't know what an Anagram is, or Anagrams are? Why, an Anagram is made by changing a given word with a given letter. Try it some time when, as happens too often, life becomes a great, big bore.



Joan Crawford meets a tough Anagram and refuses to go on with the show until she solves it. Director Mal St. Clair and Johnny Mack Brown will give her one more minute and then they will drag her back before the cameras to shoot some more "Montana Moon."

TRYING to trace the inception of a fad is like isolating that parrot-fever germ—hard to do! And now that Hollywood has gone more or less Anagram-crazy everybody is claiming credit for having initiated the vogue. Research shows that last fall an inconspicuous New Yorker visited studio-land with a box of Anagrams tucked under his arm. Thereafter, the epidemic spread to that alert writing crowd from Broadway—Edwin Justus Mayer, Herman Mankiewicz, Arthur Caesar, Bertram Milhauser and their ilk. Now everybody's doing it. The stars have caught on and there's no stopping them.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT! KEEP
DOING THE EASY ONES FIRST!

READER with M DREAMER	CATER with E CREATE
SAFE with C CAFES	FROST with E FOSTER
TONGS with R STRONG	TEETH with R TEETHER
CURL with H LURCH	TALE with R LATER
CARD with E RACED	SALE with E LEASE

Joan Crawford
2 minutes 10 seconds

Joan Crawford's score. Don't we keep saying that you have to be a smart to be a star?

THEY'RE NOT MUCH HARDER THAN
FOUR-LETTER WORDS AFTER ALL!

LOWER with T TROWEL	ATLAS with N ASLANI
RANGE with D DANGER	APPLE with A APPEAL
VIAND with S DIVANS	INEPT with S SPINET
IRATE with G GALTER	RISEN with D DINERS
DREAM with I ADMIRE	TONIC with S TOSLIN

Mal St. Clair
3 minutes 40 seconds

Here's a page from the Anagram Book showing how Mal St. Clair did it.

MORE FOUR-LETTER WORDS. BUT THEY'RE
NOT ALWAYS AS EASY AS THEY LOOK.

RAID with Y DALRY	PEST with Y TYPEES
MOVE with N VENOM	SNOB with I BISON
OUST with G GUSTS	SUET with P UPSET
PAID with V VAPID	VEAL with G GAVEE
RAGE with Z GRAZE	TIME with R MITRE

John Mack Brown
3 minutes - 14 seconds

Left: Johnny Mack Brown's Anagrams test. Bright boy, John.

ELSIE JANIS NOW

The Beloved American
Comedienne is Carrying
On in Films

By Kenneth Everett

R EPORT to the Paramount studios in Hollywood as writer, advisor, director and actress."

One day in October of 1929 that message sped from Hollywood to a fine old house at Tarrytown on the Hudson, New York, and was delivered into the hands of a woman who read it with a characteristic quick glance, folded it, shoved it into her pocket, and began packing for the trip across the continent.

The wire was in reply to one she had sent westward that morning. "Am ready to go to work," her message read.

Thus, within three hours after deciding to do so, Elsie Janis re-entered the business that has been her life, her



Her job in motion pictures is to write, direct, and supervise, and her first assignment is "Paramount on Parade," the all-star revue.



She is still the Elsie Janis you have seen so often on the stage. Same 'Slim Princess' smile, figure, voice, and wit.

real affection, her sole interest, her great adventure, since babyhood.

For many months Elsie Janis, the best-known comedienne and impersonator of the great ever developed by the American stage, had been in retirement and seclusion. Overwork, her doctors called it; a nervous breakdown induced by the all-consuming energy which always heretofore had made her laugh when rest was urged. Her mother, who has been her constant companion, advisor and friend all through her life, took her from Paris, where she had been stricken, to the south of France. There, during the course of several months, health slowly returned.

She took ship for America.

Elsie Janis was ready for the show business again.

She came to Hollywood with nothing more definite in mind than the answering wire from Jesse L. Lasky had been. There had been a verbal agreement between them. That was all. Several years before, while playing in "Oh Kay," Miss Janis had appeared in Los Angeles. Mr. Lasky, at the time, had urged her to join his film company at the conclusion of her stage engagement but she had hesitated. "I will, some day," she had told him. "Whenever you are ready," was his reply.

She arrived in Hollywood and found that Lasky and his associates in Paramount were considering the production of an all-star revue. They wanted something beyond the accepted revue formula, however; the public was a bit tired of huge chorus numbers, spectacular settings, and a screen crowded with principals, they believed.

Miss Janis' mind went back to the year she and Her Gang had returned from the battle fronts of Europe, where they had tramped through the mud from rest area to rest area that 'the boys' might be cheered a bit. They had returned to Broadway and found that the big town was literally dazed and staggered by the number of elaborate stage revues offered by almost every theater. Shrewd show-woman that she is, Miss Janis (Continued on page 110)



Dr. Mario Marafioti has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to train their stars' voices. Graduate of the University of Naples, Dr. Marafioti was for 16 years throat specialist and consulting physician of the Metropolitan Opera House; and has been for 10 years a noted teacher of voice culture.

CAN

With Correct Training Any Screen Star May Be a Vocal Success, Says Celebrated Voice Expert

By Dr. Mario Marafioti

equately vocal screen star could be developed into a creditable talking picture actor.

That's a pretty big question. But I answered them all: Yes!

Perhaps you think that was egotistical of me. But I do not say a failure can be turned into a success because I believe myself to be infallible. I say it for two reasons which I have discovered after sixteen years devoted to the subject:

First: Anybody can learn to speak so that his or her voice will be a joy to listen to, both in private life and in talking pictures; and—

Second: Anybody can learn to sing who has a naturally musical soul in his body and an intelligent brain in his head.

It may surprise you to know that singing lies not in the vocal cords but in the mind, the soul and the body.

That sounds revolutionary, doesn't it? But it's true. It has taken me ten years to prove it. But I have proved it to my entire satisfaction. My proof lies in the case of

Miss Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera Company whose instructor I have been from the beginning of her career. And not in her case alone; since I have had some thirty-five or thirty-six other striking examples, including Marguerite D'Alvarez, of the Metropolitan; Julia Culp, one of the greatest *lieder* singers in the world; Cobina Wright—but perhaps the most dramatic of all was John Halliday, who while playing in the Broadway success, "The Spider," completely lost his voice. He took many kinds of treatment, and last of all had an operation—without results! He came to me and his voice was restored.

But let's go back a bit. I was born in northern Italy and from childhood wanted to sing as I had a natural aptitude that way. But my parents forced me to study medicine.

HAVE you a favorite moving picture actor whose inadequate voice is keeping his face from the talking screen?

Have you a favorite moving picture actress whose voice displeases you because it doesn't seem to fit her visual personality?

If you have lost one of your especial pets because his voice doesn't come up to talkie scratch, or if your best-loved screen star doesn't talk the way you think she should—cheer up! In this day of lifting faces, patting off chins, and rolling down hips, very little is impossible. There has been a revolution in voice training just as there has been in skirts. And thereby hangs the reason for my sudden trip to Hollywood.

When the news got out that I had been signed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company to go to Hollywood to devote my time to the training of their players' voices, my telephone scarcely stopped ringing. And the queries were practically all the same. Everybody wanted to know if an inad-



Dr. Marafioti is proud of his pupil, Grace Moore of the Metropolitan. Here is Miss Moore with Lawrence Tibbett just after she signed the contract making her a Metro singing star.

STARS' VOICES BE REMODELED?

When I graduated from the University of Naples, I came to America, went on the staff of the Post Graduate Hospital, and later became throat specialist and physician at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Here I treated the greatest singers of the day: Caruso, Chaliapin, Scotti, Titta Ruffo, Galli Curci, Alma Gluck, Frances Alda, Julia Culp, and others.

I treated and studied their throats every day for sixteen winters, and slowly I began to develop a method of singing which was contrary to all established principles. I explained it to my confrères. And again I heard that word 'revolutionary.'

It was. It later revolutionized the teaching of singing.

Immediately I had evolved my method of singing, I wrote my first book: "Caruso's Method of Voice Production," which gives the physiology of singing. Later, I wrote "The New Vocal Art," which gives the psychology of singing. Recently I have completed a third book, "The Universal Book of Vocal Method."

From the time my first book was published, critics, singers, and doctors fell on me like a landslide. I was criticized by physicians for going outside of my profession. And I was criticized by professional teachers for invading theirs. And every singer who clung to the old tradition of *Bel Canto* defied me to prove my case.

It was then I started with Miss Moore, instructing her according to the method called 'revolutionary.' Miss Moore is a national figure whose career needs no explaining. Suffice to say, she has sung at the Metropolitan for some time and has recently been signed to appear in musical operettas with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Her first picture may be "Jenny Lind," and later she will do "The Merry Widow" with Lawrence Tibbett.

And now, you would probably like me to explain this method that I have used successfully for years and which I propose to use to get the best possible results from players on the talking screen. Since my first book was about Caruso's natural method I will use him as an example.

Nearly everybody thinks Caruso became one of the greatest tenors in the world because of his natural laryngeal apparatus. Yet when he was twenty years old, a celebrated Italian laryngologist told him: "You will never become a famous singer. You have not the throat."

The latter statement was true—there was nothing exceptional in Caruso's laryngeal apparatus. The larger size of his vocal cords or any other peculiarities in his vocal organs were not the decisive elements in his phenomenal

Did You Know That:

"Anybody can learn to speak so that his or her voice will be a joy to listen to, both in private life and in talking pictures; and—

"Anybody can learn to sing who has a naturally musical soul in his body and an intelligent brain in his head"?

singing. On the contrary, there were shortcomings in his throat which were so evident that if he had had to rely on his vocal organs alone for his career, he would perhaps never have become a singer at all.

What then was the secret of Caruso's singing?

It lay in the fact that he had cavities in his head and in his body which acted as an immense *resonating case* for his tones.

Let me make that clearer! The massive volume and rare quality of Caruso's voice—it's exceptional characteristics—were due to the *resonance* of his body. As one

London doctor said: "Caruso's whole body was *resonant*. Even his bones were musical." This *resonance* of his was like that of a Stradivarius violin. His much emphasized vocal cords when compared to the striking feature of the *resonance* of his body, had no more value than the strings of a Stradivarius would have if placed on a banjo.

This *resonant* quality so essential is exemplified again in the piano. The vocal cords of a piano are its strings. But the *soul of the piano* is the sounding board. Take the sounding board away, touch the strings and they sound like nothing on earth.

A Stradivarius has a more beautiful tone because its maker applied more genius, more patience, more hard work to his task of making his instrument *resonant* than those of any other violin builder.

It is for this reason of *resonance* that any intelligent motion picture star can not only learn to talk but can also learn to sing and sing well, since the voice does not depend on a well turned out pair of vocal cords but upon the patience and hard work used to build up the voice by utilizing the *resonance* chambers in the mouth, nose, head and chest, and upon the ability of the singer to look on his vocal cords as mere sideshows.

Up until the time my first book was published the old tradition of *Bel Canto* had held sway. Simply, *Bel Canto* means singing to produce beautiful sounds. But I preach the doctrine of *True Canto*, singing to express the content, the words, of the song. Beautiful singing is clear singing, in my league.

It's really pathetic how many people would love to sing. The screen stars are not alone in this ambition, for singing is the most beautiful and most satisfying of all the arts. It brings happiness. It means the outpouring of all one's joys and miseries. Singers are rarely ever unhappy, introspective beings. They are usually simple, natural, beauty and pleasure-loving souls.

Now, all you who would love (Continued on page 108)



Constance Bennett is one of the most glamorous girls who ever graced the screen. The daughter of Richard Bennett, she is, of course, a gifted actress; and she is beautiful. But her greatest charm—her exquisite poise and grooming—is to her own credit, for she has developed her flair for clothes into a fine art.

WHY

What It Costs To Be
A Beautifully Dressed
Screen Star, in Money
and in Hard Work

Miss Bennett wears costly concoctions like this—it's her job to be beautifully dressed.



Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for clothes! That sounds like wicked extravagance, doesn't it? Yet it is about the sum I expend each twelve months for coats, hats, dresses, suits, gloves, shoes, stockings, accessories, and personal grooming.

Recently when I returned from Paris on the *Bremen*, the valuation of the clothes in my twenty-five trunks—not counting jewelry, of course—even at a modest appraisal totalled over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Through a newspaper story which was syndicated in every state in the union, this fact became known and immediately I was deluged with hundreds of letters.

Two debutantes from Denver wrote me in no uncertain terms. A little mill girl from down south in Louisiana sent me her opinion. Also a stenographer from San Antonio; a dressmaker from Clearwater, Oklahoma; a milliner from Spartanburg, South Carolina. Two Junior Leaguers from the smart, wealthy little city of Wheeling, West Virginia. And dozens of other girls from almost every state and from almost every *metier* in life.

But the unusual angle about these letters was that while the girls from comfortable or rich homes took exception to the fact that I spend such a large sum on clothes, every single working girl said, in substance: "That is what I have always dreamed of having—enough money to look as nearly perfect as possible every hour of the day and night."

That states my case exactly. I do spend what must seem an exorbitant amount of money to the average person. But I take the business of being a moving picture star—just as I take the business of buying clothes—seriously. I feel that I have a great responsibility towards the hundreds of thousands of fans who have made my career possible.

Perhaps I can explain it better this way:

Suppose you were walking through the streets of London. Occasionally you would pass a manufacturing plant or a substantial

I SPEND \$250,000 A YEAR ON CLOTHES

By Constance Bennett

An expensive item of a star's wardrobe is evening wraps. Constance's is sable-trimmed.



looking shop where over the gate or on one of the show windows you would see a golden crown. And under it, in gilt letters, the words: *Purveyor to His Royal Highness, King George the Fifth.*

The shop might be a butcher shop, purveying lamb, beef, and mutton for the royal table. Or it might be a large fishmonger's store, providing salmon, brook trout, black sole, lobsters and mussels for the noble diners. Or it might even be a large jam or marmalade factory—such as Cross and Blackwell's.

Whatever it is, the shopkeepers and manufacturers of Great Britain consider it the highest honor to be called upon to provide delicacies and necessities for Their Majesties' Household. It is a tremendously responsible job, for every fragment of food must be one hundred percent perfect.

Now I look on my work as a motion picture star somewhat in this category. But I consider I have an even more important job. I look on myself as a Purveyor of Dreams to Their Imperial Highnesses, the American People! For that reason, on the screen and off, I try to keep myself groomed as nearly perfectly as possible to satisfy the craving for romance which lies in the heart of nearly every hardworking American citizen.

America is peculiarly in need of beauty and romance—much more so, indeed, than Great Britain or Continental Europe.

Why?

Because, until the last few years hardly any people in this country have had either the time or the money to sit down quietly and enjoy the benefits of leisure and culture; to try to realize their dreams.

We all know it has only been a few hundred years since our land was colonized by groups of hard-working, God-fearing people. They fought the Indians all the year, sweated in summer, hungered and froze in winter, married, procreated and died.

Their children and their children's children carried on the fight. There were homes and schools to be built, fields to be ploughed and fenced, railroads to be constructed, churches to be raised. There never was much opportunity for personal romance. To enjoy the satisfactions that only centuries of money, security and ancestry can give.

Even today, life to most people is hard work. Competition is keen. If we don't do our jobs properly there are ten people to step in and take our places. Therefore, when we work our allotted number of hours, since there is no opera to speak of outside of New York and Chicago, few stage productions, and little restaurant life—in the continental sense—millions of us pour into the motion picture houses for relaxation and amusement, to try to satisfy within a few hours not only the romance and beauty we have been denied, but to try also to satisfy the beauty and romance denied our fathers and our great grandfathers.

The millions who attend picture theaters each week demand three things: first, youth; second, romance; third, beauty. They expect their screen stars to strive to be as lovely, as exquisitely dressed as any princess that ever danced through a child's fairy book. Never

for one moment, on the screen or off, should a star be less than her best. Never once should she retire into a second-rate negligée, put her feet on a pile of silken cushions, and lapse into the commonplace.

This eternal vigil of keeping clothes and complexion-conscious not only means the outlay of what seems an extravagant sum of money, but it also means the outlay of an inordinate amount of work. Just let me give you an idea of the wardrobe necessary to accomplish this purpose. And while I am telling you, imagine the weary hours necessary to search out, look over, select, and fit these hundreds of pieces of wearing apparel.

At first, it seems like an Aladdin's dream. But later, buying clothes becomes the most serious business in the world—when you realize your screen success depends largely upon your personal appearance. It's then you commence to realize that you need philosophy, patience, and most of all—restraint!

It is exceedingly difficult to acquire distinction in dressing when the best Paris models are copied almost immediately in New York, in fifteen dollar machine-made dresses. The least a woman should hope for when she spends a quarter of a million dollars a year on her clothes is exclusiveness. But it is difficult work to get it. Even for a woman with practically unlimited means.

The first article a screen star should buy—even before her underwear—is the best string of oriental pearls she can afford. These are an absolute requisite since they can be worn at almost any hour of the day or night and with almost any sort of costume. Pearls cost anywhere from a thousand dollars for a tiny string up to the hundreds of thousands. A triple strand necklace of medium-sized, perfectly matched oriental pearls can be procured for one hundred thousand.

Naturally, every star cares to have more than a string of pearls. She may wish to own in addition a diamond and ruby ring and bracelets, an emerald set, and other combinations of costly gems. Distinguished women in any country, of course, acquire the best gems they can find and then have them re-set as occasion requires, always keeping the same jewels but changing the style of setting, the design, as fashion dictates.

The next most expensive item in any motion picture star's wardrobe is wraps. One should have a day-time coat in mink or sable which can cost anywhere from five to twenty thousand. Also, it is necessary



Constance Bennett in a smart traveling costume: tailored tweeds over which a beaver coat is worn. Simple—and expensive!

to have an evening wrap of ermine or chinchilla, which would run from five to twenty thousand for ermine, up to fifty thousand dollars and over for chinchilla. Nor does that include two fur neck pieces for suits, from five to fifteen hundred each.

Then take day-time clothes. Since we are shopping for the whole year, a star should have at least five sports suits at two hundred each.

And here we mustn't forget two tailored suits, absolutely indispensable for the truly smart woman's correct wardrobe—at two hundred and fifty dollars each. To say nothing of two riding habits, one for cross-saddle and one for side-saddle—at approximately two hundred and fifty each.

But even the most tailored woman can't live in sports clothes alone since the new fashions have appeared which make luncheon and smart late afternoon ensembles a necessity. Some quite plain frocks for such occasions at one hundred and fifty dollars each and a few trimmed with fur, for elaborate parties and teas, which may run as high as a thousand each, are absolutely essential for a screen star who appreciates her responsibilities.

And still that leaves us without evening dresses of which a star should have at least seven. Simple ones for spring, lighter ones for summer and gowns of a more distinguished type for

fall and winter. These with suitable wraps to harmonize fly up the scale from five hundred to a thousand each.

Now, so far, we haven't even touched on accessories!

First come shoes. These may cost from fifty dollars up for day-time, and a star should have at least thirty-six pairs a season, as well as an adequate supply of evening slippers which sometimes cost as high as one hundred and fifty dollars.

Then stockings present a large item. Ten dollars a pair for day-time to from twenty to fifty dollars for evening. And so many are necessary since they are gossamer.

Add to this, six dozen pairs of gloves; fine crepe underwear trimmed with real lace, at two hundred and fifty each; lace girdles at one hundred a piece; a thousand dollars a year for the care of the hair; twenty-five hundred dollars per annum for daily massage; a thousand dollars each twelve months for specially prepared perfumes; to say nothing of manicures, creams, lotions, powder, soap, handkerchiefs, bathing suits, in-between coats, blouses, and hats—of which latter item a star should have three for each costume so that she may vary her headgear according to the mood she is in. (Cont. on page 111)

Just a Few Items in That \$250,000 Wardrobe:

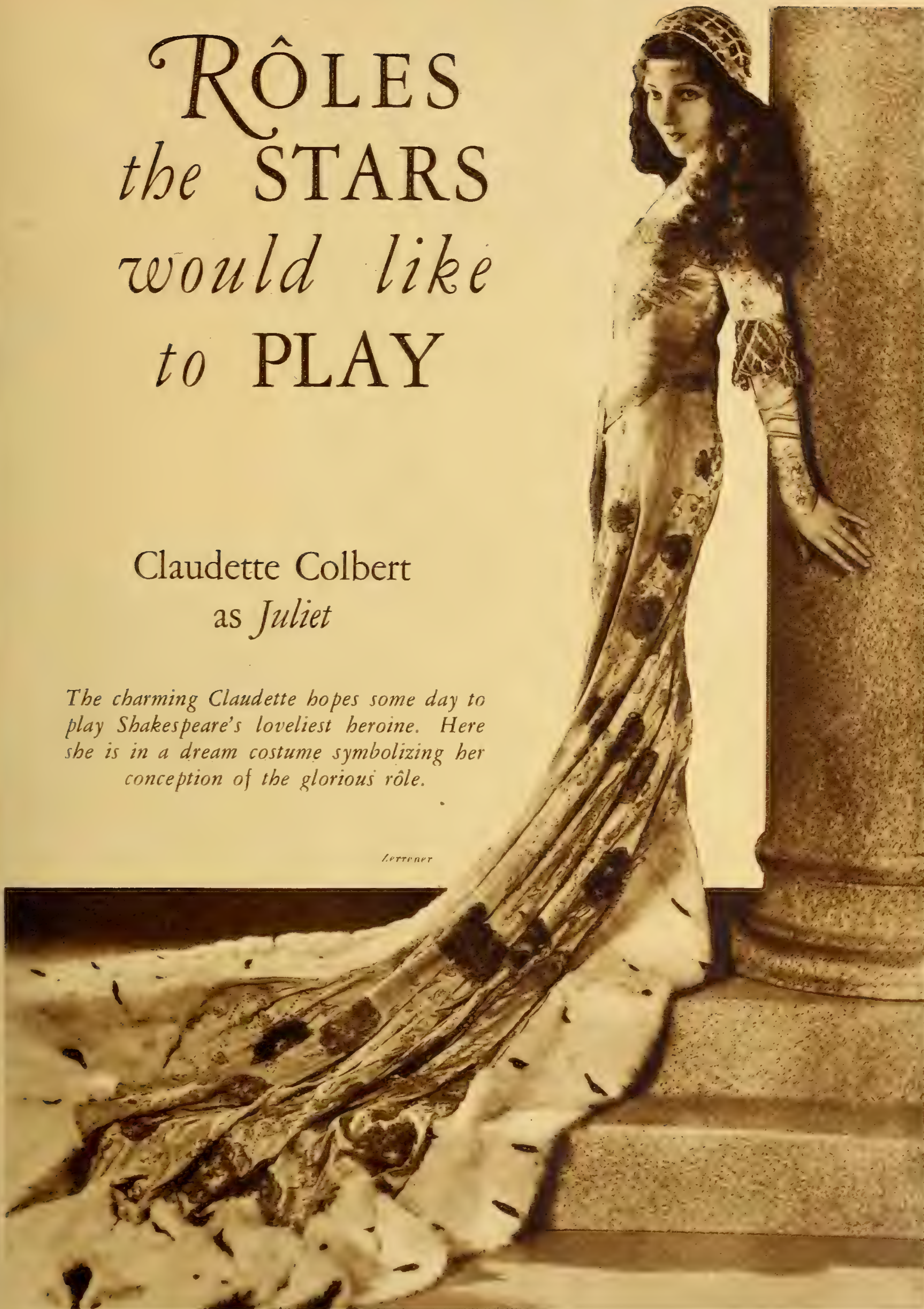
- 7 evening gowns and matching wraps: \$500 to \$1,000 each.
- 7 afternoon outfits: \$150 to \$1,000 each.
- 5 sports ensembles: \$200 each.
- 2 tailored suits: \$250 each.
- 2 fur neckpieces for the suits: \$500 to \$1,500 each.
- 2 riding habits (1 side-saddle, 1 cross-saddle): \$250 each.
- 6 pairs pajamas: \$100 to \$900 each.
- 1 sable or mink day-time coat: \$5,000 to \$20,000.

RÔLES *the* STARS *would like* *to* PLAY

Claudette Colbert
as Juliet

The charming Claudette hopes some day to play Shakespeare's loveliest heroine. Here she is in a dream costume symbolizing her conception of the glorious rôle.

Lertroner





Kay Francis
as
Cleopatra

Perhaps more than any other actress on the screen Kay Francis carries out the popular idea of the siren of the Nile. She is a subtle Cleopatra, capable of amazing intrigue—but can you imagine her in the queen's lighter moments when she and Antony ran around ringing doorbells in Alexandria?

Otto Dyar



Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr.
as
Mephistopheles



Young Doug is the most imaginative of all our leading juveniles. He has confessed to an ambition to play L'Aiglon and Hamlet; but his newest enthusiasm is the part of Mephistopheles. Here is a young modern's version of a robust rôle, enacted against modernistic backgrounds.

Bert Longworth



Janet Gaynor as *Luana*
from "The Bird of Paradise"



The rôle above all others that Janet would select to play on either stage or screen, if she had her choice, would be Luana. While in Honolulu on her honeymoon she took lessons in the hula dance. The skirts and all the trappings she wears in these portraits are authentic.

Autrey



Jeanette
MacDonald
as *Ming Toy*
from
"East is West"

This brilliant prima donna who has deserted the stage for the screen would relish portraying the rôle of the charming, coy Ming Toy from the play that had such a success some years ago. Miss MacDonald gladly disguises her fair hair and wide eyes to assume the straight black banded wig and almond optics of the Oriental heroine.

Gene Robert Richee





Schoenbaun

Mary Brian as *Babbie*
from "The Little Minister"

Her youth and sweetness make Mary Brian an ideal Barrie heroine. She would bring what Sir James himself calls 'that damned charm' to the rôle in the beloved Barrie play.

John
Mack
Brown

as
*the young
Abraham Lincoln*

Some of the rugged honesty and quiet strength of the great national hero have been caught by Johnny Mack Brown, who would, in all sincerity, like to play Lincoln as a young man.

Hurrell





Lila Lee as Mimi

Lillian Gish has been the only screen Mimi of "La Boheme" to date; so it is interesting to note the widely differing conceptions of the popular part by two such outstanding actresses as Lila Lee and Bessie Love. Lila sees the Puccini heroine as a fragile, yearning beauty—an idealization of the rôle.

Elmer Fryer



Bessie Love as *Mimi*

*Here is another Mimi—
a touching little crea-
ture as Bessie Love re-
creates her. She is wist-
ful rather than tragic, a
thoroughly sympathetic
and understandable
character if not so spiri-
tuelle as Miss Lee has
imagined the rôle.*

Hurrell



Gary Cooper
as
Sidney Carton

Otto Dyar



A little lesson in film history: how many of you remember William Farnum in the first screen version of Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities?" It was a notable production, and Farnum gave a stirring performance. Now we introduce a new candidate for the rôle of Carton—Gary Cooper. Gary hopes to play the part on the screen some day.

Loretta Young
as
Joan of Arc

Elmer Fryer



And again—do you remember Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman?" What a different Maid from the delicate, ethereal martyr here portrayed by Loretta Young! And yet there is a steely strength beneath Loretta's child-like loveliness, and if she were ever cast in her favorite character she would acquit herself creditably.



Betty Compson
as
Brunhilde

It seems to us that if more Wagnerian heroines on the operatic boards looked like Betty Compson, the serious musical entertainments would be as popular as the talkies!

Elmer Fryer



Renee Adoree

as

Josephine

Here is a heroine! Being French, Renee has always longed to play the beautiful and brilliant Empress Josephine. And these pictures prove that she could.

Clarence S. Bull





Fay Wray as *Kiki*

And if you don't think the once-demure Miss Wray could play the Parisian gamin whom Lenore Ulric created on the stage, glance at these portraits and change your mind: Fay could play—and she hopes to one of these days—a wholly delightful Kiki.



Otto Dyar



Jack Oakie
as
*Merton of
the Movies*

Glenn Hunter first played the rôle on stage and screen. But Jack Oakie has been hoping so hard to present his version to screen audiences that it actually looks as though Paramount will star him in it. Watch out for Oakie in "Merton of the Movies."

Gene Robert Richee



Otto Dyar

William Powell
wants to play
*A Wealthy Retired
Motion Picture Actor
on the Riviera*

Bill couldn't resist this. He really would like to play Cesare Borgia some time; but his favorite rôle above all others is a rich retired screen star, basking in sunny France!

MRS. OAKIE'S LITTLE BOY, JACK

Just a Story about a Regular
Mother and her Nice Son

By
Keith Richards

THIS is the story of a guy, a regular, natural guy, and his mother, a regular, natural mother.

Meet Jack Oakie and his Ev.

Mrs. Evelyn Offield (the good old family name was Offield) knows more about Jack Oakie than anybody does or ever will. They have been close pals ever since Jack was born. That's why we're asking Ev to tell us about her boy Oakie.

Just as soon as Jack signed his Paramount contract and could see that he was going



Above: Jack's best girl—she never breaks a date, makes him save his money, and does his mending. She is Mrs. Evelyn Offield.

Left: at the age of four Jack was known as Lewis Offield and his mother had hopes that he would grow up to be the governor of New York state.

Right: the smile that is the latest screen sensation. Jack Oakie's mother doesn't tell you he's misunderstood. She says he's had a good break, that's all.



to stay in Hollywood for a few months, out went a call for his Ev to hop on a train and come west.

Ev is a nice old lady with a grand sense of humor and a great perspective on life. She's plump, white-haired and jovial. She has the identical Oakie face with every wrinkle in her face a laugh wrinkle.

First, I'll tell you that Ev is not a doting mother. She

thinks Jack is a swell boy—and she's right. But she doesn't constantly remind you that Jack Oakie is one of the biggest stars of the screen. She doesn't tell you that he's misunderstood. But she likes Jack Oakie. She says he's lucky. She knows he's had a good break.

Now, Ev lives in a little bungalow on a side street of Hollywood. She's happy and contented to see motion pictures and clip all the pictures and articles about Jack Oakie from the papers around Hollywood and paste them in a book.

Before Ev was married she was one of the best school teachers in Sedalia, Missouri. So good that many children are now named Evelyn for her. She has always been energetic and ambitious. She once wanted Jack to be the Governor of New York State. During a political meeting in Salt Lake City, when she was the delegate from Missouri, she sat next to Mrs. (Continued on page 108)



The Grand Central Station at 42d Street, the first place to gladden the eyes of the stars when they arrive in the big city on the Twentieth Century Limited. They emerge from the arched gateway to the left.



Photograph of Grand Central Station by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.



DAVE'S BLUE ROOM, the best ham and egg resort in New York and the rendezvous for all those who stay out late at night in the big city. Here one may see glorified show girls and millionaires, tired business men, stage celebrities, playwrights and critics. The entire Broadway forces congregate at Dave's just as the lights in Edison Alley are dimmed by dawn. (Left, above.)

A Star's Day in New York

- 9:40 A. M. Arrive in New York on Twentieth Century Limited.
 - 10:00 A. M. Register at Hotel Ambassador.
 - 1:00 P. M. Lunch at Sardi's.
 - 2:45 P. M. Matinée, "June Moon," at the Broadhurst.
 - 5:00 P. M. Tea at the Ritz.
 - 7:30 P. M. Dinner at the Crillon or Caviar.
 - 8:30 P. M. Theater, "The Green Pastures," at the Mansfield.
 - 11:30 P. M. Night Clubs.
 - 2:00 to 4:00 A. M. Harlem.
 - 5:00 A. M. Breakfast at Dave's Blue Room.
- And then—home, and to bed!

SARDI'S, the checking-in place for all who are eligible for the Who's Who tablet in the theatrical Hall of Fame. The walls are lined with drawings, some cruel, some kind, some merely amusing, of every interesting character on Broadway; and if you look about, you may see most of them in the flesh. Just above the window is a framed cartoon of our debonair Mayor, Jimmy J. Walker.

MANHATTAN

Merry-Go-Round

A Gay Guide to the Eastern
Playground of the Stars

By Herbert Cruikshank

INFIDELITY, said some old guy with new ideas, is what makes marriage bearable. And that's the way it is with New York. And Hollywood. If it wasn't for New York, Hollywood would just roll over and play dead. They say so themselves.

Mind you, not that the stars would care to *live* in New York. Oh, my goodness, decidedly nawt! Why, we wouldn't have the town if they gave it to us, would we? No, indeedy. So there.

But, nonetheless, the wise men and foolish virgins might all well be Followers of the Prophet. For they're always facing East, and wearing out their knee-pads making genuflections.

You see, New York is—well—it's different. They'll tell you so. There are places to go. And things to do. Then there's Jimmy Walker. Grover Whalen, too. It's worth the trip just to say howdy.

It's interesting right from the beginning. For upon alighting from the good old Twentieth Century Limited, what is the first place to gladden the eye saddened by the red barns of Kansas? Nothing in the world but the far-famed trysting place of Clara Bow and Harry Richman. To wit, the Grand Central Station. Since it has been re-christened 'Clara's Love Nest,' folks have taken to chipping pieces off for souvenirs. Soon it will be all whittled away.

Having cut themselves a slice of station—or 'deepo,' as the Hollywood intelligentsia call it—you pay off the hired hands who have been struggling with your vanity case, and experience the thrill of personally meeting one of the town's authentic bandits. No matter if your hotel is two blocks (squares to you in Philadelphia) away, you're going to see our city just the same. So it is only after doing an East Side-West Side, while the musical taximeter ticks 'Merrily We Toll Along,' that you arrive either at your original destination or at some nearby hospital. The taxi-drivers favor the latter. But sometimes they miss.

If you stop at the Algonquin, you'll be carried to your room with a certain slow dignity by Frank, the elevator boy, who has been elevating the drama for twenty-five years and has more service stripes than Pershing or Peggy Joyce. En route, Frank'll tell you who's in town, and in a spirit of innocent fun, you'll probably immediately disturb Bert Lytell, or some one, to come on up and split an infinitive with you. Naturally, you're one who can take his infinitives or leave 'em alone. But now, remember,

you're in New York. And it's compulsory to make boop-oop-a-doopee.

If you don't pass out before luncheon, you'll brush the alkali from the face with a whisk-broom, and being thus recognizable, George, the headwaiter, will give you a spot near the celebrities. Good, old celebrities! What would the Algonk be without them? There they sit, and sit and sit, year after year—like the Lion of Lucerne. Or Phil Scott.

(Continued on page 125)



Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Hotel Ambassador, on Millionaire's Row, Park Avenue, at 51st Street, boasts the patronage of many famous screen stars. On the opposite corner may be seen beautiful St. Bartholomew's church.

MEI LAN-FANG

By
Thomas Talbott



The young idol of the Chinese stage, Mr. Mei Lan-Fang, has been the reigning novelty of the current New York theatrical season in his classical dramas of the Orient. He plans to visit Hollywood at the invitation of Douglas Fairbanks.

DESPITE what Mr. Kipling has written about East being East and West being West and never the twain meeting, the twain has met—in the person of Mr. Mei Lan-Fang.

The twain has met—and how! For this greatest actor of the Orient, who has recently played in New York where he became the reigning novelty of the current theatrical season will use the modern mechanism of the west, the talking picture, to introduce the ancient classical dramas of the east.

In the drawing room of his suite at the Hotel Plaza in New York, Mr. Mei stood, holding a telegram in his hand. Through an interpreter, he explained:

"I am going to California. I have here a telegram from Douglas Fairbanks inviting me to visit him. While I am in Hollywood," he continued, "I not only hope to make a real study of cinema art but I also want to make some talking pictures—in technicolor."

Mr. Mei's drawing room was jammed with people. Newspaper reporters, artists eager to sketch him, heads of theatrical organizations trying to book him for a tour, Chinese students longing for a word with the great man, interpreters, secretaries, friends, agents, and maids and porters who were packing his paintings, his books, his porcelain, and his many magnificent costumes preparatory to his moving to a hotel more convenient to the theater where he was appearing.

Apart from all this western confusion, the young idol of China stood, as calm as a jade Buddha. Tall, slight, dressed in a long stiff robe of exquisite dark blue brocade, with a darker pattern of roses in it, Mr. Mei conversed with each person in turn. Although he is thirty-six years old, he looks like a youth. There is a quiet charm, a calm courtesy about him which I have never observed in any other individual.

Mei Lan-Fang's off-stage voice is deep, low, capable of

incredible variations. His hands are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Long, thin, white, tapering. His face is indescribably gentle. His whole personality exudes a courtliness such as one imagines was possessed only by the old Mandarin Princes.

Mr. Mei, as you probably know, plays only women's rôles in the ancient classical Chinese dramas which he is introducing for the first time in New York City. Off-stage, this Chinese actor appears virile and athletic. But on the stage, his weaving fingers, his floating walk, his high falsetto voice invoke a picture so far removed from our realistic ideas that it is hard for us of the West to follow him. Nevertheless, even the most unimaginative, insensitive, prejudiced person in a Western audience instantly senses that in Mei Lan-Fang one is seeing a great artist. For never once, while he goes through the rigidly conventional pantomime, singing, recitation and dancing which form a harmonious whole in these old plays, do we have any other illusion but that Mei is in reality a woman—graceful as water, haunting as music, beautiful in a high and dreamlike degree.



Mei Lan-Fang plays only women's rôles in the Chinese dramas which he has introduced for the first time in New York.

and the MOVIES

China's Great Actor, Now in America, Plans to Make Talking Pictures

Through an interpreter, Mr. Mei continued:

"In China, we have no new form of drama. From innumerable centuries of history which reach back almost to the legendary period, we draw our subject matter for the majority of plays.

"Realism is shunned. The imagination of our Oriental audiences is developed to an extraordinary degree. We substitute our imagination for realistic scenery. We are content with a cushion, a chair, a beautiful hanging.

"A whip suggests a horse, a piece of blue cloth a wall, a word an orchard. Actors unbolt and push open imaginary doors and are separated by walls unseen except in the imagination of the audience.

"There is, in China, no indigenous popular drama without musical accompaniment, although for some time past an effort has been made by the modern set to produce spoken plays without music after the fashion of those in Europe and America. The music which accompanies our dramas is, for the most part, what we call *p'i-huang* music, formed by brass percussion instruments.

"Plays are commonly divided into two great groups:

the *wen*, or civil and operatic, and the *wu*, or military. The former are quiet, but the latter are set to loud brass, and contain swiftly-moving stage battles."

It is not Mr. Mei's idea to make talking pictures with an idea towards releasing them for distribution in this country. Western realism, he considers, is too far removed from the ritualistic, ballet-like acting of the East.

But he wishes to make talking films, in technicolor, so that the thousands of Chinese in the outlying, isolated towns and villages of his own country may become familiar with the ancient, classical dramas of their nation.

He realizes that it is not possible nor practicable for any actor in one life time personally to cover the one million five hundred thousand square miles of territory in China, but he considers it a strange and romantic fact that this new, modern mechanism of the West, the talking picture, should be the vehicle for circulating the old traditional plays of China, some of which go back to the third and fourth century A. D.

In China, according to Mr. Mei, American talking pictures are inordinately popular. The audiences love Clara Bow, John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Alice White and John Barrymore. While only the larger cities are wired, as yet, for talking pictures, Mr. Mei hopes that it will not be long until the smaller cities enjoy the same privileges as we have here in America.

The Chinese moving picture theater is more *intime* than ours, I understand. In China, one meets one's friends at the theater, sits at little tables, and tea, drinks and food are often served during the performances. Admittance costs from fifty cents to one dollar; and the larger cities, such as Shanghai and Peking, have large, commodious houses.

Although China has one or two privately conducted motion picture producing companies, American films are preferred above all others. Chinese films are rarely successful because China has few good technicians, camera men and directors. And instead of trying to develop her own dramas with which she is familiar, she apes Hollywood methods with which she is extremely unfamiliar—the result varying from the pitiable to the ludicrous.

Mei Lan-Fang comes by his dramatic instincts naturally for his grandfather, Mei Ch'iao-ling, was a renowned impersonator of female rôles from 1851 to 1861. He was also the head of a training school for actors. Mr. Mei learned his dramatic technique from his uncle, Yu-t'ien one of the most famous musicians (Continued on page 111)

梅
蘭
芳

A calling card in Chinese.
Translated, it reads: "Mr.
Mei Lan-Fang." Mei is his
family name.



Yung Li Photo

The Chinese star in his feminine impersonations is indescribably graceful and charming—truly a great artist.

The STARS'

Economy is all the Rage in Hollywood,
where Thrift is the Slogan

ECONOMY — the regulation of resources; frugality in expenditure; thrift.— Webster.

Economy! That's it. Hollywood's latest craze.

Not only have a few stars fallen for it heavily, but practically every star. No longer is it 'quite the thing' to flash a big wad of bills around. No longer is that pleasant little pastime of trying to 'out-dress' or 'out-spend' a rival celebrity popular.

How times have changed!

Formerly, movie stars' weekly pay checks melted faster than grease paint 'neath the California sun. But not any more. Not since the coming of the money managers.

Many a prominent star receiving a tremendous salary is today on a twenty-five or fifty-dollars-a-week spending basis, with their whole income under the control of financial experts, who must countersign each and every check before



Little Jane is one of the reasons Ann Harding is so sensible about saving her money. Ann is as economical as she is beautiful.

it can be cashed or given away.

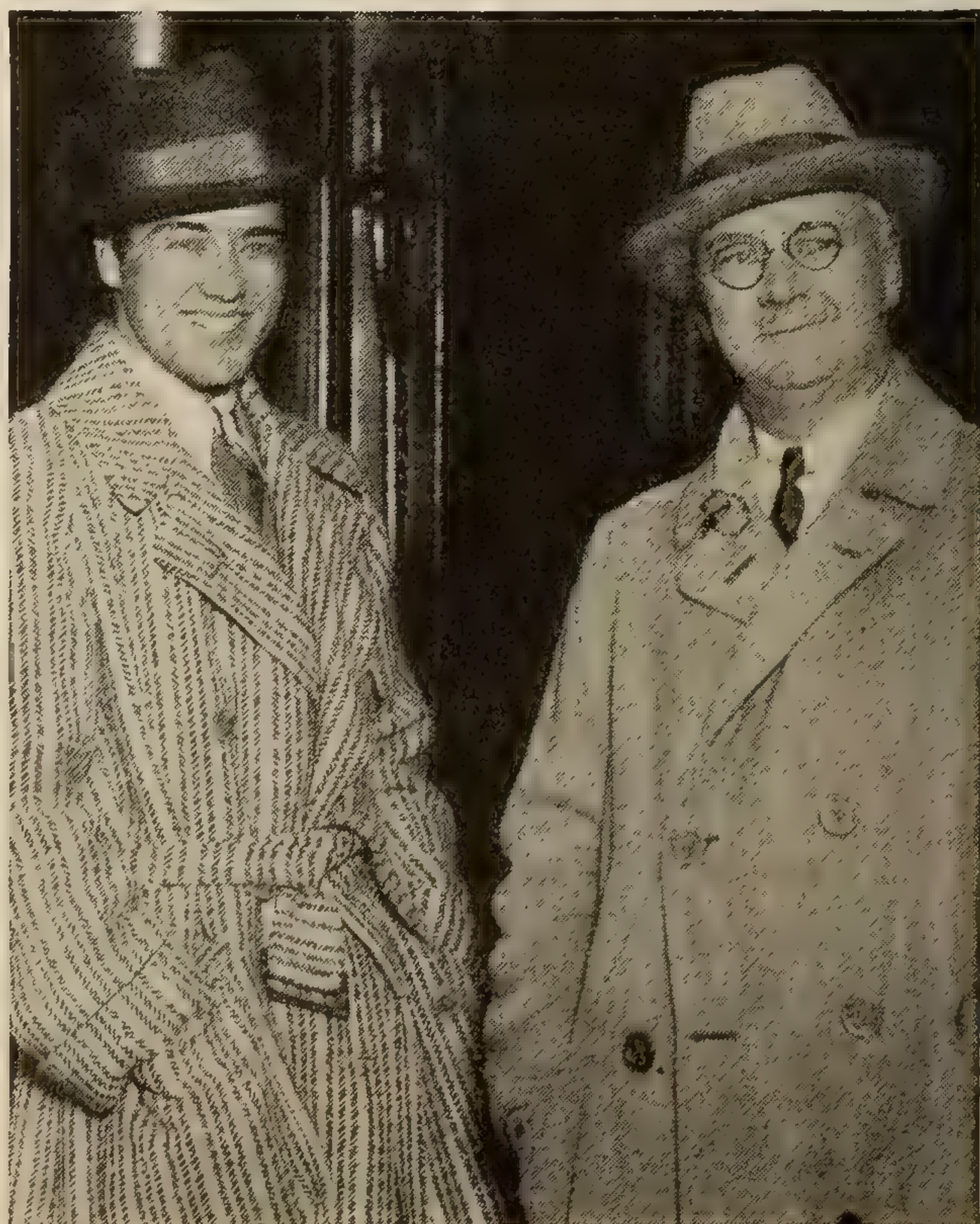
There are two interesting reasons for this rather unique state of affairs. One is that stage players, who not even in their palmiest days earned salaries like those paid for talking pictures, are now in the ascendant in Hollywood. They are level-headed and experienced enough to realize that the money won't always come rolling in so beautifully. And knowing that, they do their very best to hang on to the hard-earned shekels!

The second and perhaps foremost reason for the film city's sudden wave of thrift can be laid squarely at the door of the late Wall Street disaster of 1929. The bulls and bears had their battle and the picture folks suffered thereby. Some of them lost only a little. Others lost practically everything they possessed. One actor who had earned something like \$180,000 in two years, 'dropped'



Tony Bushell and his wife, Zelma O'Neal, caught in the midst of a shopping spree—now, don't let it happen again! (Left.)

Buddy Rogers' father is taking care of his son's business affairs. Buddy gets \$25 a week for his personal expenses. Thrift!



LATEST CRAZE

By Gordon R. Silver

every penny he owned. A \$25,000-a-year actress lost \$75,000 and was heavily in debt besides.

The Wall Street riot set the film colony thinking—thinking ways and means of hanging on to their money in the future. The coming of the economy experts solved the question.

There are now many such finance firms scattered over the film capital. One firm alone has thirty motion picture clients on its lists and manages their affairs in every particular.

One of the oldest of these firms is the Equitable Investment Company, formed five years ago. Its personnel is made up of real experts—college graduates with long and varied experience in law, banking, insurance, accounting, etc. The firm's general manager is J. E. Rex Cole, who is economy itself. He isn't mean like the old Scotch gentleman who bought an



Clive Brook telling his little daughter, Faith, a bed-time story about the actor who saved his money for a rainy day.

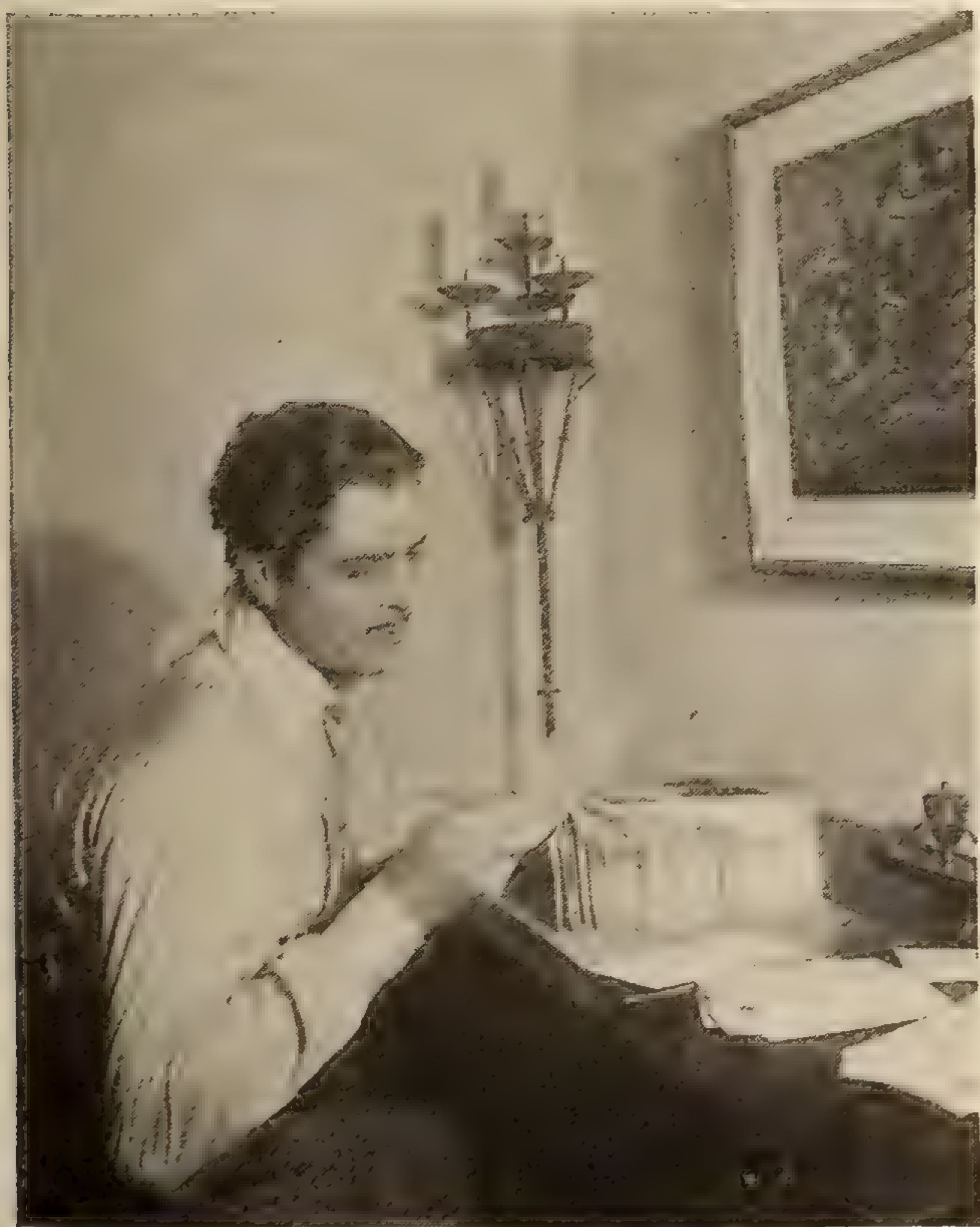
apple orchard and then waited for an earthquake to come and shake down the fruit, but he does talk thrift to his clients straight from the shoulder.

Warner Baxter was this firm's very first client. Also, he was one of the first actors in Hollywood to turn control of his own income over to someone else. Now the Cole clients include Clive Brook, William Boyd, Neil Hamilton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ann Harding, Joan Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong, Robert Ames, Zelma O'Neal, Tony Bushell, and many others.

At one time Rex Cole had Buddy Rogers but Bert Rogers, Buddy's father, is now living in Hollywood. He is taking care of Buddy's business affairs. He also uses the budget system. Buddy gets \$25.00 a week for his personal expenses.

Jobyna Ralston Arlen cares for all the money of Richard

(Continued on page 116)



Warner Baxter going over some of his bills. He was the first star to turn his money over to economy experts.

Jobyna Ralston is the business manager in the Arlen ménage. She invests the money in very safe bonds or in building and loan.



RICHARD DIX—

TURN any corner of any street or road in America and you will meet Richard Dix. What I mean is that he is the typical 'say-it-with-a-smile,' 'come-on-boys,' 'sure-I'm-great-stuff-girl-friend,' go-getting, he-man American. Even unto his looks. What Europeans notice, with amazement and sarcasm, is that the American man, in general, has a smooth, fairly wrinkleless face, that is, somewhat a boy's face, innocent, smiling, good-natured in expression, with a touch of Indian in the shape, and that he is often tall with an out-door air. Compare Hoover's face with that of a French statesman and we see a babe next a gnarled, bewhiskered, wrinkle-grooved sophisticate.

But the Europeans are often fooled by this boyish appearance. Behind the innocent mask there is usually the blood of the Indianized pioneer, ruthless, reckless, hell-raising, out for scalps. The Europeans were stupefied at the laughing, reckless manner in which the A. E. F. went over the top. 'Give me victory or give me death' could be the American slogan. That is the way our prize-fighters slug, the way our football teams make their goals, the way our men build up big industries. When it comes to sociability, all smiles and 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here,'



Americano: a big boy from St. Paul, Minnesota, but with the difference that he is an actor, and a good one at that.



Richard Dix is the go-getting, he-man American—with a difference. James Oppenheim explains this departure from type in this story.

but when it comes to fighting, heap Indian.

Which explains why we could call a man Dix, or a Dix, as we'd call him a Yank, or an American.

Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience, having said all that, I'm going to withdraw some of it. Richard Dix is first and foremost an actor and has been a star longer than almost any other movie actor. He has, in fact, been an actor always, saving for his childhood and the short time he put in working for a Minneapolis bank. And you can't be an actor and an average man at one and the same time. Dix is built for and has played the part of an average American to perfection.

But average guys do average things. They don't yearn, as against their family's advice, for Kleig lights and camera; they don't like make-up; they aren't adored on sight, and shadow-sight at that, by countless young women, here and abroad; they don't give the impression of being heroes; they don't go in for a study of music; and they don't, in this land of the free, remain unmarried. Richard Dix is the most unmarried man in Hollywood. A national prize should be awarded him. Any man who can withstand the dominance of the American women, especially in the home of that perpetual Prize Beauty Contest we call Hollywood, is certainly far from average.

Why does this bronzed six-footer with the guileless face and the deep musical masculine voice maintain an astonishing popularity with the ladies and yet stay unwed? If you ask Dix he will say that he has always wanted a real home, a real wife.

My answer, or rather guess, would be that he is an actor, which means that he would rather play a part than be it; and that he is on to himself, which most actors aren't, for we see most of them rush into the front door of matrimony only to be ignominiously ejected through the rear door. Playing a husband and being one are so vastly different that the comparison gives one the creeps.

Nor am I disparaging actors, or any other artists, when



Dix is a well-extraverted sensation type, with much of feeling and thinking as assistants to sensation, says the psycho-analyst.

A Psycho-Analytic Portrait

A Close-Up of a Star whom Oppenheim Calls 'The Most Unmarried Man in Hollywood!'

By James Oppenheim

I say this. This world would be a poor place indeed if there weren't a breed of men and women born to play parts, whereby the rest of us are entertained, sometimes inspirited and even instructed. So artists should have their privileges, one of which is to be less married than the rest of us.

But to get down to brass tacks. Dix is charmingly honest in his answers to the questionnaire sent him by SCREENLAND. Who would suspect, for instance, that this smiling, easy-going, go-getting typical American admits:

I am a little self-conscious at times.

I am a little shy at times.

I like being conspicuous—but not at home.

I am very jealous—if in love!

It is hard for me to 'sell' myself, that is, ask for a job, a raise, make a deal—except sometimes.

Life isn't a game to me, to be played through like a sport.

It is not easy for me to order others around.

I am only a fairly good actor in public.

I am a one-woman man by nature.

In other words, there is a bit of the introvert (the type that finds it difficult to adapt to the world) in Dix. Perhaps only a small bit, but there it is—the reason, probably, that he is an actor instead of an engineer or aviator. For most artists, finding it hard to live parts, play them, whether writing stories, or acting. I hasten to add that Dix appears to be less introverted than most of them. But first let us get this line of charming and unexpected candor:

Question: Are you considered 'deep' by others?

Answer: Nope.

And they say that all actors are pyramids of conceit!

When it comes to the extraverted side, here we are:

I completely forget myself when I talk, work or play.

I am very practical.

I very quickly get over a quarrel, disappointment or loss.

I'm a good mixer (very much).

I have a natural delight in doing things.

I like people, and a lot of them.

I am naturally very loving and affectionate.

I am realistic, have common sense, am easy-going as a rule, and am, by nature, a real go-getter.

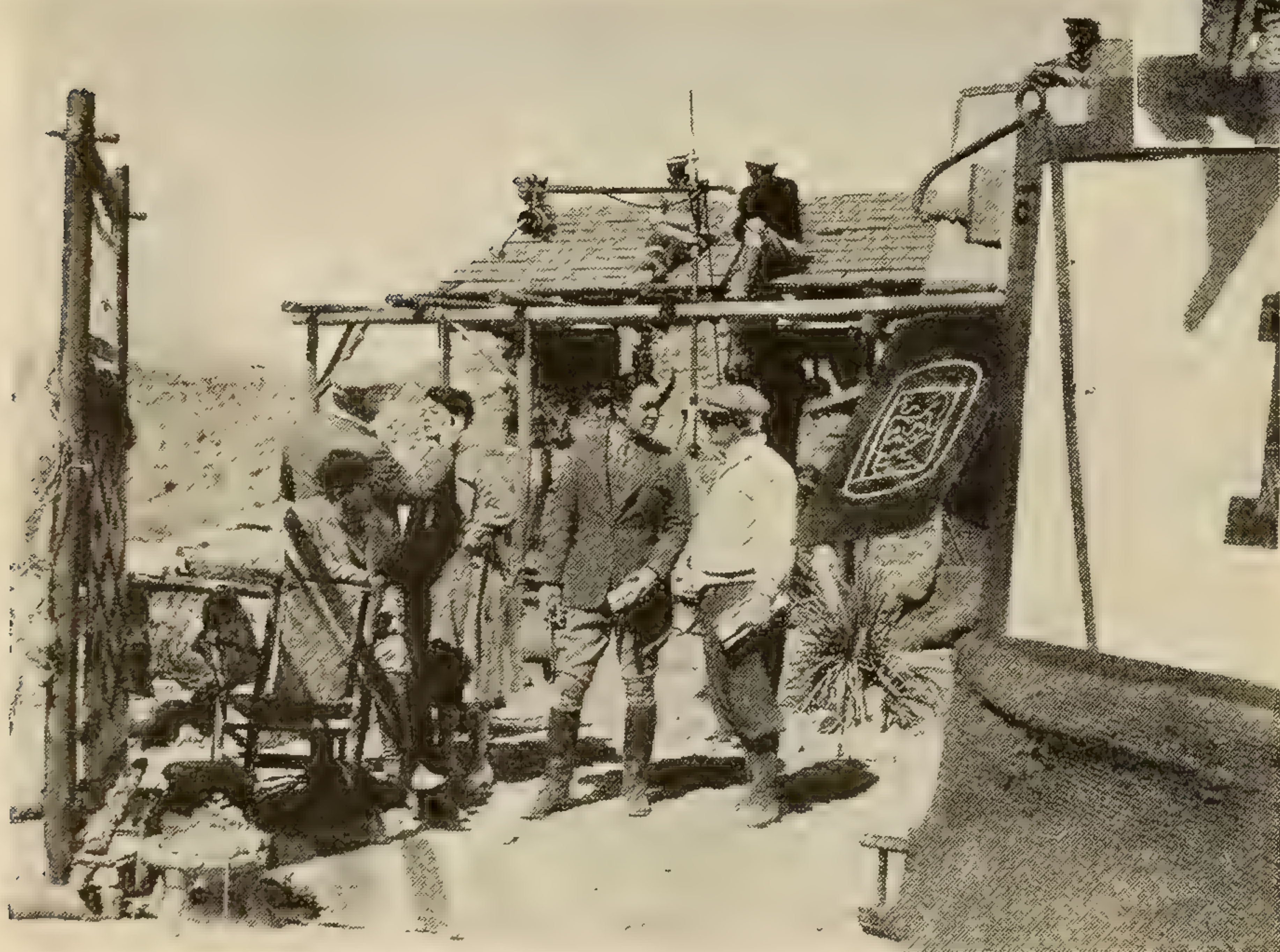
My feet are solidly on the earth. (Continued on page 113)



Men like him. Women are charmed. He appears to enjoy life, and the rest of us enjoy him—an impression of Richard Dix.

Right: Sidney Blackmer pointing out a peculiar rock formation near Lone Pine, California, to Lila Lee and our Location Lady. The mountain range is said to be the oldest in the world's history. The stone house in the back-ground was built overnight. More movie magic!

Below: Harry De More, Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Sol Polito, head cameraman, (seated). Note the 'grips' on roof guarding 'mike' booms. Harry De More, make-up man, arranging Lila's eyelashes so they'll stay put for the next scene.



ON LOCATION

By Helen

WELL, I am at Lone Pine again, and glad of it! And here, too, is my old friend the Square Deal Garage, 'where almost right is all wrong!' which certainly is an ace line. My last trip was with the Ken Maynard company and this time I went up with the "Under Western Skies" company. Clarence Badger directs and the players are Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Kenneth Thompson, Olive Tell, Farrell Macdonald, Tom Dugan, David Newell and J. W. Johnson. Fred Kohler and Raymond Hatton are in it, too; but they had finished their bit before I arrived.

I remembered Lone Pine as being one of the most beautiful spots in California. Nature is very grand up there. And on this trip I discovered an interesting fact about it. Farrell Macdonald who plays the amusing and lovable *Buzzard*, is a naturalist and amateur astronomer as well as a splendid actor. I say amateur because he does not make astronomy his business, but, as a matter of fact, he has made an extensive study of the subject and it is his main hobby. What interests him most is the fact that natural science proves the claims made by metaphysicians. Well, anyhow, Farrell told me that there, within the radius of about fifty miles, is the highest and the lowest point in the United States. Mt. Whitney, the highest, with an elevation of 14,502 feet; and Death Valley, which is far below sea level. Also, within the same number of miles, is the Sierra Nevada range of mountains of which Mt. Whitney is a peak, said to be among the newer formations of the earth; and the Alabamas, said to be among the oldest—this according to geology. On a rocky promontory of the Alabamas a little stone house was built by

Clarence Badger's staff and all the pictures illustrating this article and scenes of the country you will see when the picture is released, were shot right on one of the oldest rock formations in the world's history. Which will be interesting to the geology class, anyway!

"Where have you been?" asked Sidney Blackmer when he saw me stumbling over the rocks. "We expected you last night. Farrell had his telescope up in the lot back of the hotel and we were going to show you the stars. We got Betelgeuse and the moon and had a lot of fun."

"And I was whacking along doing my best to get here," I replied. "I didn't land until eleven-thirty and went straight to bed. I knew no one in the troupe would be awake at that hour with a five-thirty call. Where's Lila?"

"Probably asleep, lazy little thing," grinned Sidney. "She has an eleven o'clock call this morning." Oh, the jealousy of these actors when one can sleep later in the morning than the other! Sid, Farrell Macdonald, Tom Dugan and John Johnson had been on the set since seven, having motored from the hotel at Lone Pine ten or fifteen miles away.

"It's great to be out today," Sid went on. "Yesterday it was awful. Cold and windy, so windy Lila could hardly stand against it. I thought I'd have to tie a rope around her to keep her on the cliff at all." He pointed to an outdoor stone oven. "We had a fire in that yesterday—the young couple trying to get along in the wilderness idea, you know—taking scenes with it was punishment. The wind kept blowing the smoke in my face and I was supposed to play an emotional, a romantically emotional scene in front of it. Technique at a time like that stands a



Left: the mountain home of Clarence Badger, director of "Under Western Skies," only ten miles away from the company location. Mr. and Mrs. Badger entertained Lila Lee, Helen Ludlam and Sidney Blackmer during their stay at Lone Pine. All the comforts of home on this location.

Below: left to right, Clarence Badger, Helen Ludlam, Lila Lee, Farrell Macdonald, David Newell, and the 'prop' cactus. Farrell is an amateur astronomer and brought his telescope along on location to watch the stars in the sky for a change.

"UNDER WESTERN SKIES"

Ludlam



man in good stead."

Sid, you know, is married to the beautiful Lenore Ulric.

In this picture, both Lila Lee and Sidney Blackmer have unusual characters to play. You'll hate Sid at first and feel very sorry for him afterwards, and you'll weep for Lila at first and want to spank her later in the picture.

The stone cottage Lila and Sid were supposed to live in was the cutest thing I almost ever saw, overlooking the snow-capped mountains, the valley, and the purple range beyond that hid Death Valley from our view. In front was a tiny stone porch with an arbor and two little cactus gardens in front.

"It's amazing how rapidly they work here," Sidney told me. "Yesterday, Lila and I were building this cabin—we are supposed to build it ourselves in the story. We just worked on the first layer of rock and that's the state this cottage was in last evening at five o'clock."

"What, do you mean to say all this was built just since last evening?"

"Every bit of it. Arbor, roof, cactus gardens and all. They finished at two-thirty this morning."

"Well, of all things! I'll bet the boys were good and cold." They had put up several sun arcs which turned night into day 'way up there in those lonely mountains. The whole house wasn't of stone, though, just the first and top layers. The sides were imitation—plaster an inch thick spread over a frame. But the doors and windows are practicable, the floor is solid and there is space for a fireplace. I was told the house should last easily two years. Not a bad evening's work.

"Hello, slaves," sang a merry voice and there was Lila

Lee in a smart camel's hair coat and purple silk scarf covering her head which she declared was just a little sex appeal between scenes. She looked as fresh and lovely as the morning. Whenever a player (Cont. on page 118)



Director Clarence Badger, with cap and glasses, Farrell Macdonald, and the technical crew. Note the microphone suspended in mid-air. The camera booths weigh eight hundred pounds and are dragged by man-power over the boulders.

ARTHUR LAKE *offers a* GIFT *for* GOLF

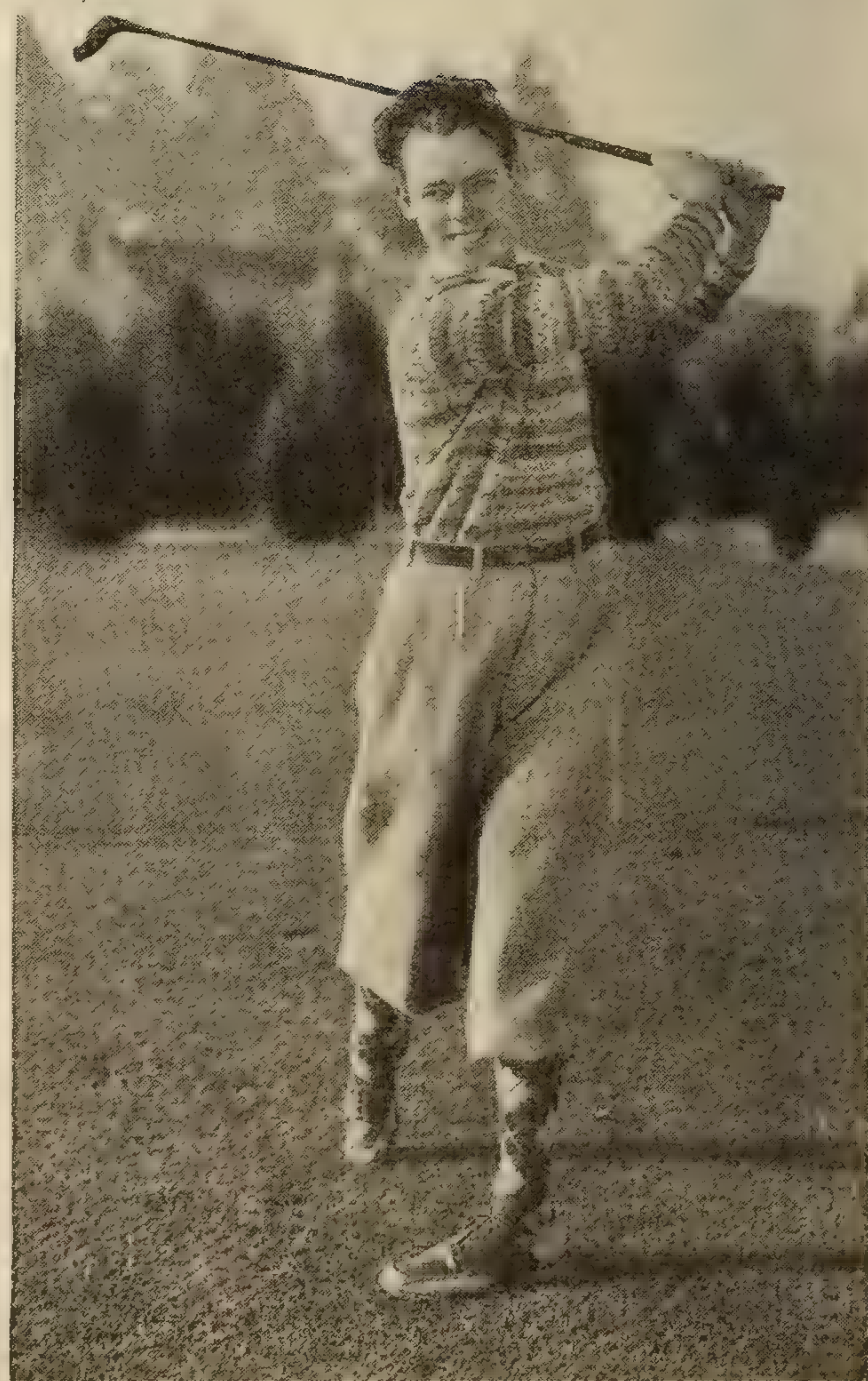
*All photographs of
Arthur Lake by
Bruno.*



Arthur Lake displaying the leather golfing outfit which he will present to the writer of the cleverest slang letter.

**Tee off with Arthur Lake
—Well, Not Exactly With
Him But On Him If You
Win The Golf Outfit
Which He Offers For The
Best Letter**

*Address letters to Arthur Lake, Screen-
land Contest Department, 45 West
45th Street, New York City.*



*Arthur in good golf form. Whang!—
and another golf ball bites the dust.*



Come on, sling the lingo, and you, too, can throw a pose on the golf links—only Arthur really plays a good game of golf. Fore!

WE all know Arthur Lake as a snappy, wise-cracking collegiate number. So, true to form, Arthur suggests a Slanguage contest. And what could be more appropriate, we ask you?

Here's the idea: Transpose the following letter into slang and the person sending in the cleverest slang letter, which will include your answer to Arthur's question, wins the prize. Profit by your slang.

Here's the letter:

Dear Arthur:

You are certainly a fortunate young man to be paid a salary to make love to such pretty girls as Olive Borden and Sue Carol and Mary Brian.

Do you really enjoy your love scenes with these girls? Or would you prefer your romance away from studio eyes—out on a lake in a canoe, for instance? Does it annoy you to have the director order 'Cut' right in the middle of your kissing scenes with Miss Carol or Miss Borden?

They say the early bird catches the worm. Well, you have started early enough. By the time you are ready to marry, you should be experienced enough to choose a very charming wife and your wedded life should be happy.

In future pictures, I should very much like to see you in (What kind of rôles and photo-plays would YOU best like to see Arthur play?).

Sincerely,

ARTHUR LAKE becomes a babbling brook when he starts talking about golf. He has 'dat ol' davis' golf fever—and it's incurable. Oh yes, Arthur is a golf enthusiast. With the California weather so tempting and the greens so inviting—can you blame him? Of course not! But here's where you come in—Arthur offers a golfing outfit exactly like his own to the writer of the best slang letter. Arthur's outfit is a man's, of course, but if a girl wins the contest, Mr. Lake will be glad to present her with a girl's golf outfit. So, you see, the contest is for everyone, male or female. Come one, come all!

The outfit consists of a leather golf bag, a set of nine 'irons' and a set of three 'woods,' made under the name of Walter Hagen, noted professional golfer. The entire set is one of which any great player would be proud. Woods and irons are 'matched,' chosen carefully for weight and balance. It is an exact duplicate of the outfit with which Arthur plays.

Write the slangiest letter and also answer Arthur's question and the gift is yours. By best letter is meant, the clearest, cleverest and most sincere.

Arthur and a close-up of the gift. The bag is of dark brown leather, has pockets to carry balls, sweater and shoes. A strap inside separates the wooden clubs from the iron clubs. Want it?



Contest closes June 10, 1930.

HARD WORK



In the good (?) old days before vacuum cleaners and Lux, the little house-wife had a pretty hard time of it. Billie poses as a prairie flower as she looked before Mr. Edison began inventing.

Don't Envy Movie Star. Working

By Brian Herbert

"Then there is the upkeep of stardom," she went on. "I'll venture to say you haven't much of an idea what I mean by upkeep. A motion picture star, I mean a feminine star, is aware just how much attention she must give to this upkeep every time she looks into her mirror. For when wrinkles come, Miss Faire Lovely must go. And isn't it a form of drudgery to keep the complexion clear, the hair

"I AM a working woman," Billie Dove announces, "and my work at the studio is the hardest kind of labor. Many days I put in from eight to fifteen hours; to say nothing of the attention I must give to my home. Very frequently I hear women say that house-work is drudgery. So is acting in motion pictures."

Well, now! Work in the movies drudgery! And all this time you and you and you have yearned for a job in the movies. Let's think this thing over! Somehow, we didn't look at it that way, did we? We thought of the glamour, and deep down in our hearts we were thinking of a possible 'love-life.'

"Ah," we've sighed to ourselves, when no one was looking or in hearing distance, "there must be nothing like the movies and that good old 'love-life' we've heard so much about."

Plop! Get out of the way or you'll be knocked down by that air castle!

Well, if Billie Dove says that starring in the movies is a life of drudgery, make your decision before it's too late. Be a drudge or a drone, just as your little heart desires.

"There are so many things to take into consideration," Billie Dove explains, "when one considers the hard work and the physical qualifications necessary for a motion picture career. I have made it a set rule to enjoy an undisturbed eight hours' sleep every night. I determined that parties and evenings of gaiety and recreation should not interfere with this rule. But work at the studio very often does. I have worked before the cameras and microphones and under the tiring, blinding studio lights for fifteen hours at a stretch. When I went home I was dead tired. I never wanted to go back to work. Perhaps you will agree that there is an element of drudgery in this manufacturing city of Hollywood where the exports are celluloid with synchronized records.



House work may have been drudgery once upon a time, Billie admits; but today she says the movie stars are the hardest working women in the world. Listen, home girls!

— THAT'S ALL

Your Favorite She's Just a Girl, Too!

*All portraits especially made for
SCREENLAND by Elmer Fryer*

glossy and the flesh firm?

"Exercises are most necessary. Upon rising each morning, I perform the usual daily dozen perhaps two dozen times, including the simple movement of bending forward and touching my fingers to the toes. Then I take a cold shower. Then, off to the studio to work! Before retiring, when I return from work, exhausted, I tumble into bed



The average woman's idea of how a screen star spends most of her time—just dreaming out her rôles! Billie Dove's day-dreaming is done under Kleigs and microphones, and it's hard work.



Today's little house-wife lights a candle only for picturesque purposes. Here's Billie posing as a pretty home girl trying to find a speck of dust in her modern home.

and perform what I call 'a bicycle ride.' This is done by lying on the back and elevating the legs and hips, and then following a rotary course with the legs, keeping in mind the illusion that one is pedaling a bicycle. This develops the leg muscles and keeps the hips slender and boyish."

When that is done, Billie confided, one is usually tired enough to drop off into a sound sleep, unless there are lines to memorize for the next day's work. Another item which comes under the category of work for the film star is fan mail. Answering the letters you write in to ask what size shoe your favorite star wears. You know by now that all of the stars do not answer these personally. Sometimes you received the information in the form of an autographed photograph with sweet but not compromising sentences. Sure, you've received those things!

But Billie Dove answers her fan letters all by herself on her own typewriter. She believes in the personal touch. And the statistical fellow who counts the mail gives us his word on a celluloid oath that Billie receives 500,000 fan letters a year. But she answers them herself. Drudgery? Yes, but Billie says she gets a kick out of it. And in her spare time she paints, and she is somewhat of a musician, too, favoring a grand piano.

The house-work of a motion picture star is no small consideration, and Billie Dove takes this very seriously. She designed the greater part and the general idea for her beautiful home and she contributed ideas for the modernistic furnishings. Her servants declare that she is a stickler for cleanliness, and if there is a spot of dust anywhere, the lady of the house will find it. She supervises their work and sees that it is done properly.

She also supervises the meals and has been known personally to order the groceries. She is particular about the food which is served on her table because it is her foundation of health. Her big meal (Continued on page 126)



Mother Makes Good!



*Above: Lenore Coffee
(Mrs. William Cowen)
and her daughter Joyce.*

*Upper left: Lucile Web-
ster Gleason, actress and
playwright, and her son
Russell.*



*Above: Clara
Beranger, sce-
narist, and her
daughter.*

*Left: Agnes
Christine John-
ston, famous
film writer, and
her three chil-
dren. Miss
Johnston is
Mrs. Frank
Dazey.*

*Right: Bess
Meredith, who
has written
many screen
successes, with
her eight-year-
old son.*





Portrait of GEORGE BANCROFT by John Clark. Screenland Magazine insert for June, 1930



Photographed by Bert Lynch

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "THE SEA BAT"

The scene is the harbor of Mazatlan, Mexico, a small seaport on the Gulf of California about 1100 miles from Los Angeles.

SUCH A CIRCUS!

"And the elephant sneezed and fell on his knees"—but he didn't, luckily.

Below: a movie star meets a zebra. He'd change his stripes for Bernice.



Above: this seal is a star in his own line and he is anxious to impress the little star from the film studios.

A LITTLE girl from musical comedy came to Hollywood. She was quiet and a hard worker, and never bragged that she was the protégée of the famous opera singer, Madame Jeritza, who had predicted a brilliant future for her. Then the little girl appeared in her first musical movie, "No, No, Nanette," and made good. Now Bernice Claire is one of the bright and shining lights of Microphoneland, with new friends and fan letters and everything. You'll see her soon in "Spring is Here." And how do you like her own private circus?

Girls of the circus have their domestic moments, as Miss Claire demonstrates (left).

Below: a big day in the life of the principal zebra in Mr. Al G. Barnes' circus.



All photographs of Bernice Claire by Elmer Fryer, First National.

Although Bernice Claire has never been a member of a circus troupe, she has the humor and courage of all true troupers. When she visited the winter quarters of the Al G. Barnes circus she cast off all her stellar dignity and remembered only the thrill of being 'back-stage' at the show that girls and boys prefer to all others.





Above: probably the highest-priced bare-back rider in the world. Bernice, get right down, this instant!

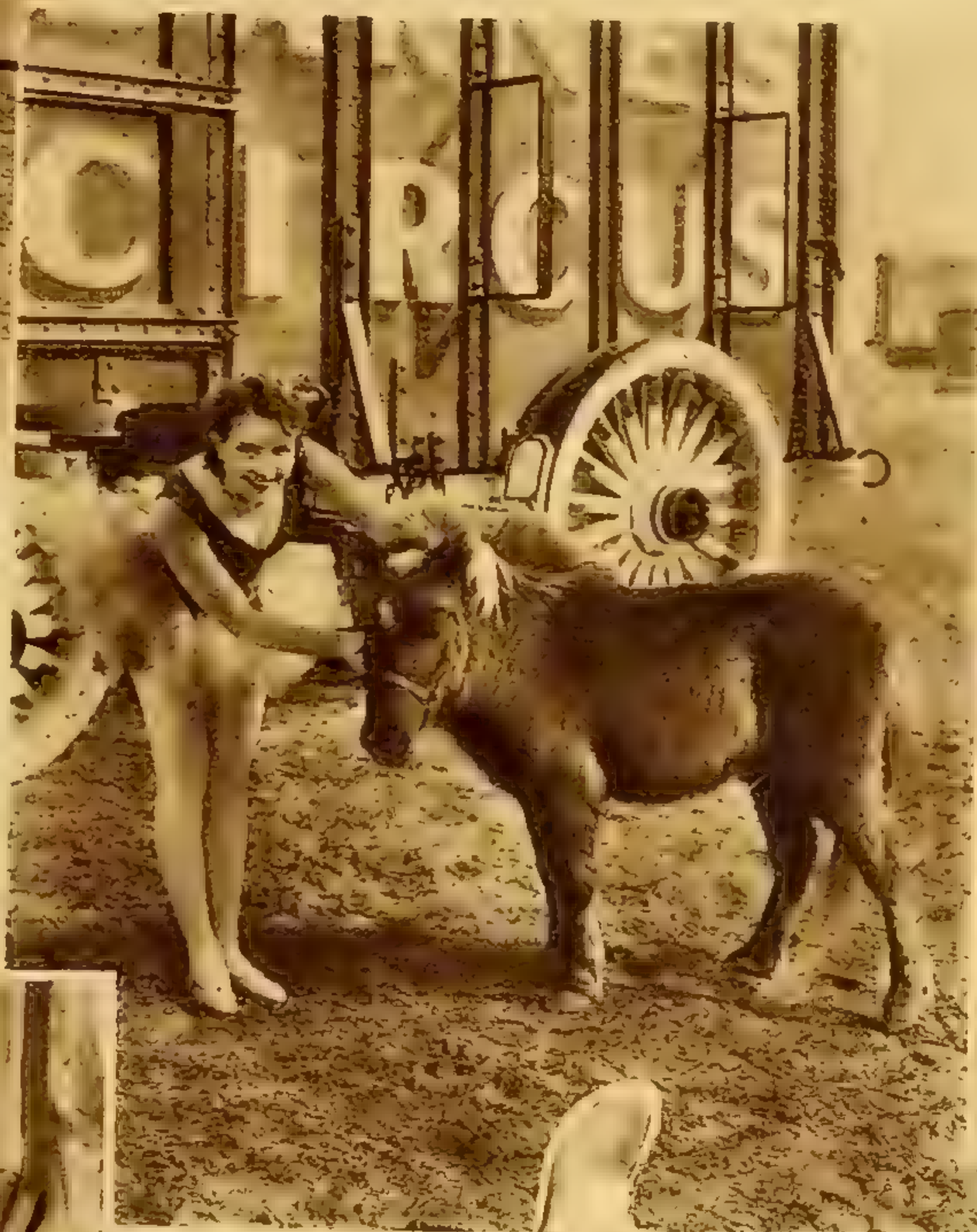
Below: Bernice temporarily exchanges her star's dressing-room at the studio for a circus wagon.



Screenland's spring circus has an all-star cast. Bare-back rider, Bernice Claire. Chief clown, Miss Bunny Claire. Head elephant trainer, Bernice Claire. Lady in leopards' den, Miss B. Claire. May we add that Miss Bernice Claire is one star who never uses a double?

Right: sitting on top of the world. Bernice Claire is supported by Jumbo, the prize elephant.

Below: a Shetland pony is petted by a screen-star and doesn't mind it a bit.



If you have never been tickled by a friendly leopard you haven't any idea how Bernice Claire feels.



Whee! Bernice Claire soon learns the ropes of a circus and says there's nothing like the smell of the sawdust and the sight of the circus tents and the wagons to bring on a good old case of spring whoopee.



Hal Phylfe

MARILYN MILLER is in Hollywood again, working in her second musical movie, an original story with music by Jerome Kern, who composed the score for "Sally."



LUIS Antonio Damasco de Alonzo of Chihuahua, Mexico, was slated to become a bull fighter. But fate decreed that he should turn out to be Gilbert Roland of Hollywood



Hurrell

DOESN'T she look like Gloria Swanson here? Lottice Howell's voice opened the studio gates for her. You'll see and hear her soon with Ramon Novarro "In Old Madrid."



A NEW young man to write letters to: John Garrick. An Englishman, he has won a definite place in Hollywood with his pleasant voice and manners and—yes, that smile.



When some girls go dramatic they get high-hat. Not Dorothy. She still likes to step.

All photographs of Miss Dorothy Mackaill taken exclusively for SCREENLAND MAGAZINE by Elmer Fryer.



When plumper young ladies ask Miss Mackaill how she stays so slim and svelte she is apt to answer: "Dancing does it."



No Hollywood diet for Dorothy. She eats what she wants and dances when she pleases.



You have only to glance around these two pages to understand why Dorothy Mackaill was an outstanding attraction of the Ziegfeld Follies. That was before Art called and Dorothy answered by going into pictures. Now she is an important actress, but she hasn't forgotten how to dance.

Of all the new spring hats we have seen somehow we like Miss Mackaill's the best.

WHEN DOROTHY DANCES

Dorothy is wearing the very latest collar-and-cuff set for dancing girls. The cuffs are elaborately embroidered in rhinestones and the collar—why, where's the collar?

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?" At Dorothy Mackaill's invitation? Try and stop us.



Yes, there's no doubt about it in our minds whatsoever—we certainly do like that hat.



"Sorry, but I don't know any more steps," says Dorothy. What, no encores? Oh, come on! Just one teeny, weeny little encore? Oh, all right!



Preston Duncan

THE miracle maid of movieland keeps marching on! Directors cry for Betty Compson's services, so she hurries from one studio to another—in her specially-built town car.



Hurrell

AN actor unique in screen history: Lewis Stone, who now plays father rôles as easily and gracefully as he once played impetuous lovers—and he's still very, very popular.



Ernest A. Bachrach

YES sir, she's still our Bebe. This glamorous Daniels girl whose dusky beauty has been supplemented by a stirring voice has a new leading man—Mr. Ben Lyon.



Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY REVIER, blonde, serene, and beautiful, can play sirens or sweet young things with equally agreeable results. She is the gem of Columbia's collection.

What the Genteel

And She Did, Back



A snappy straw for afternoon calls, with a cute little conservatory on top, to be worn with a handsome and very long veil.



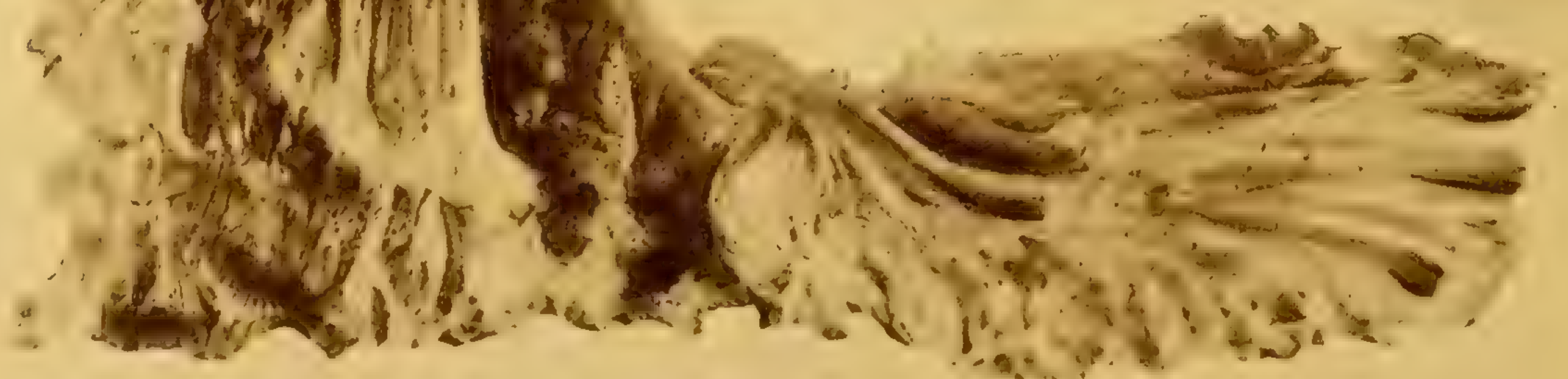
AND if skirts keep getting longer and wider, and veils remain in vogue, and ruffles and bows and furbelows stay in style, the well-dressed young lady of 1932 may find herself wearing clothes not so very different from these worn by Marion Davies in her new and most amusing film, "The Gay Nineties."

Left: a little jacket suit with 'nipped-in' waistline—where have you heard that before? Hat, veil, and scarf show polka-dot motif, also used in the gay 1930's.

Below: for the races, the trotteur of small checks, with fur hat and matching muff, is too smart for words.



"Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" Yes, five more, kind sir—if you can believe all you have heard about that famous Florodora Sextette. Marion Davies plays one of the six maidens who flounced about the stage so prettily with plumes and parasols and made musical comedy history, back in "The Gay Nineties."



Young Girl May Wear in the Gay Nineties!

THIS is the time of year when fashion forecasts are being made. Well, SCREENLAND'S fashion department wants to make one right now. If something isn't done about it, next season's styles will resemble those pictured here so closely that it won't even be funny. Are they comfortable? Just ask Marion!

Right: skirts are longer (and funnier) with the fashionable flare. Plaid is smart for jackets. Muffs are the vogue. 1890—and 1930!

Below: the natural waistline is 'in' again. Skirts may be in tiers and flounces—and frequently are. Note sleeve bows.



A dressy chapeau is trimmed with a big moire bow, giving a glimpse of an elegant coiffure—too ducky for words, my dears!



Fashion note: the train is an important development for formal wear. The natural waistline is emphasized. Ruffles are simply the last word. Large feather fans are carried in our best society. And if gentlemen trip on ladies' trains while going in to supper it only proves that the brutes are unworthy of our Gibson Girls. So there!



Otto Dyar

THE once-despised screen has offered Ruth Chatterton a wider scope for her talents than the stage ever did. She has become a superbly versatile actress.

The Girl . . .

with the turned-up nose

An Impression of the Real Ruth Chatterton

By John Godfrey

A LITTLE girl with a turned-up nose motioned for the attention of her four schoolmates. She leaned over the table of the leading confectionery store in Washington, D. C., where she and her chums were indulging in ice cream sodas. Her eyes flashed with ambition. In her excitement, she drew marks in the table cloth with her spoon.

"Someday, I will be a great actress. I decided it right now. Watch and see!"

The girls stopped eating their ice cream for a moment. They giggled in the sudden excitement but continued without giving the statement much thought. It really wasn't so different for a young girl to be stage-struck. Each one of the four probably had experienced the same desire at some time.

The difference was that these girls, from Mrs. Hazen's private school at Pelham Manor, who were spending their Christmas holidays in Washington, weren't aware of the definite personality possessed

by this fourteen-year-old Ruth Chatterton girl. As the four talked about the marvelous show they had just seen and the handsome leading man, the fifth girl balanced her new ambition in her mind. Later, one of her schoolmates smiled to herself as they walked along the street. She turned to Ruth:

"I dare you to go on the stage!"

Youth is always ignited by dares.

"Come on!" challenged Ruth.

The girls quickened their steps and followed to the nearest theater. They waited outside in the alley and Ruth went in. She came out a chorus girl. And she never returned to school, despite strenuous parental objections.

Today, not at all oddly, the wild statement of this young girl with the turned-up nose has come true.

Ruth Chatterton is now one of the reigning royalty of the talking screen. Upon the foundation of hard (Continued on page 122)



She hates the obvious. She values honesty above all things—a many-sided star.

Left: versatility! Ruth can portray any rôle, from Barrie's "Mary Rose" to "Madame X."

Right: Ruth Chatterton in her latest characterization, as the heroine of "Sarah and Son."



Reviews of the



By Delight Evans



John McCormack, with Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick in "Song o' My Heart."



Charles 'Buddy' Rogers and Jean Arthur in "Young Eagles," a drama of war in the air.



"The Case of Sergeant Grischa" has Chester Morris and Betty Compson in the leads.

Song o' My Heart

THE most endearing of all the new films is John McCormack's sight and sound debut. These days the producers are building stories around voices as they once built around beautiful faces and figures. In this case they chose a world-famous voice and assigned Frank Borzage to direct. Happy selections! What with the great voice, and the simplicity of the story, and the delicate direction of Mr. Borzage, "Song o' My Heart" becomes the most charming picture on Broadway today. It's touching, tender, human. Its star is not a pompous gilded tenor but a charming, modest, genial man with a grin to match his girth and a splendid twinkling sense of humor that encircles the plot and the cast and the audience. To hear McCormack sing *Little Boy Blue* with its imaginative Borzage setting is a treat. You'll like Mr. McCormack's Ireland better than previous Emerald Isles you've seen on the screen with their *bejabbers* and *wurra-wurras*—and be glad to know that John's Ireland is the real thing. Tommy Clifford and J. M. Kerrigan are grand.

Young Eagles

ANOTHER "Wings" if the enthusiasm of the audience I sat with is any indication. "Young Eagles" is, of course, another drama of war in the clouds, and not as exciting as its predecessor. But it has Buddy Rogers, if not Clara Bow; and Buddy's presence in a picture these days is almost enough for some people. He's a demon flier for Uncle Sam who pits his daring and skill against a dreaded German known as 'the Grey Eagle.' There is the best air fighting I've ever seen on the screen—amazing shots of the great birds swooping through the clouds, and exciting 'crack-ups' that will keep you on tenter-hooks, whatever they are. Plot? Oh, yes, aplenty—Jean Arthur as a busy little spy and Paul Lukas as the enemy menace, to say nothing of Stuart Erwin as 'comedy relief.' Mr. Erwin is almost as 'inimitable' as Jack Oakie. In fact, the young star, Mr. Rogers, has competition in this picture, for Mr. Lukas is one of those villains you love to hate. But Buddy's ingenuous charm works as usual. He is still the star.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa

IF you have had enough for the moment of musical comedy motion pictures try this, a very sombre drama directed by Herbert Brenon from the novel by Arnold Zweig. You really should see it because it is the kind of picture that will be talked about over dinner tables and discussed here and there, pro and con. Some people will like it. Others will be bored; while still others, I'm afraid, will be amused. But let's see what it's all about. *Grischa* is a Russian lad who escapes from a German prison camp because he 'wants to go home.' If you can sympathize with him from the start, you may be in sympathy with the picture. *Grischa* encounters a farm girl who helps him exchange identity with a dead soldier. But he is recaptured and faces a firing squad. Not pretty, you see; not heroic. Brenon's direction touches the high spots occasionally. Chester Morris works hard as *Grischa*, as does Betty Compson as *Babka*; but there is a suggestion of Broadway artifice about them. Jean Hersholt's performance is the most notable. Gustav von Seyffertitz is good.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important
Films of the Month



Montana Moon

WESTERNS are coming back! You'll believe it when you see Joan Crawford in "Montana Moon." Joan can revive the Western vogue if anyone can. This glamorous girl is once again cast as the most flaming of all our dancing modern maidens; but this time, against a background of fresh air and fresh cowboys. It's a pretty familiar formula: dashing rich girl playing the game of hearts until a Real Man comes along, and then—redemption, and love and kisses. In "Montana Moon" Joan is, as always, the life of her party; but she wanders away from 'the gang' into the wide open spaces where the great outdoors and all growing things, especially John Mack Brown, get in their work. The girl ups and marries the cowboy and leads him home. Complications, of course, when the little bride gets homesick for whoopee. Very 'movie,' but ingratiating. Joan's voice is improving all the time; she couldn't very well be easier on the eyes. Mr. John Brown is nice. Cliff Edwards is very funny.



John Mack Brown and Joan Crawford in the musical 'western,' "Montana Moon."



The Girl Said No

THIS picture will probably bring on a case of Haines fever among William's devoted admirers. Because in it the star plays another one of his cut-up rôles that make the critics gnash their teeth and the audience chortle. "The Girl Said No" is a Haines frolic in which big Bill runs through his entire bag of tricks practically without stopping. First, he's a smart-aleck boy fresh from college; next, he's a smart-aleck lover pursuing a girl engaged to another; then he's a forlorn and repentant lad resolved to mend his wild ways and make the girl respect him; finally, he is smart-aleck again, having put over the big business deal and kidnapped the girl and, as usual, got his own way. There are some genuinely funny moments, notably those scenes in which Bill barges in on Marie Dressler to sell her some bonds and succeeds in a big way. Bill's love scenes with Leila Hyams will make you understand why Peggy Hopkins Joyce once chose him as the great screen lover. Go ahead and laugh; Peggy and I stick to our story.

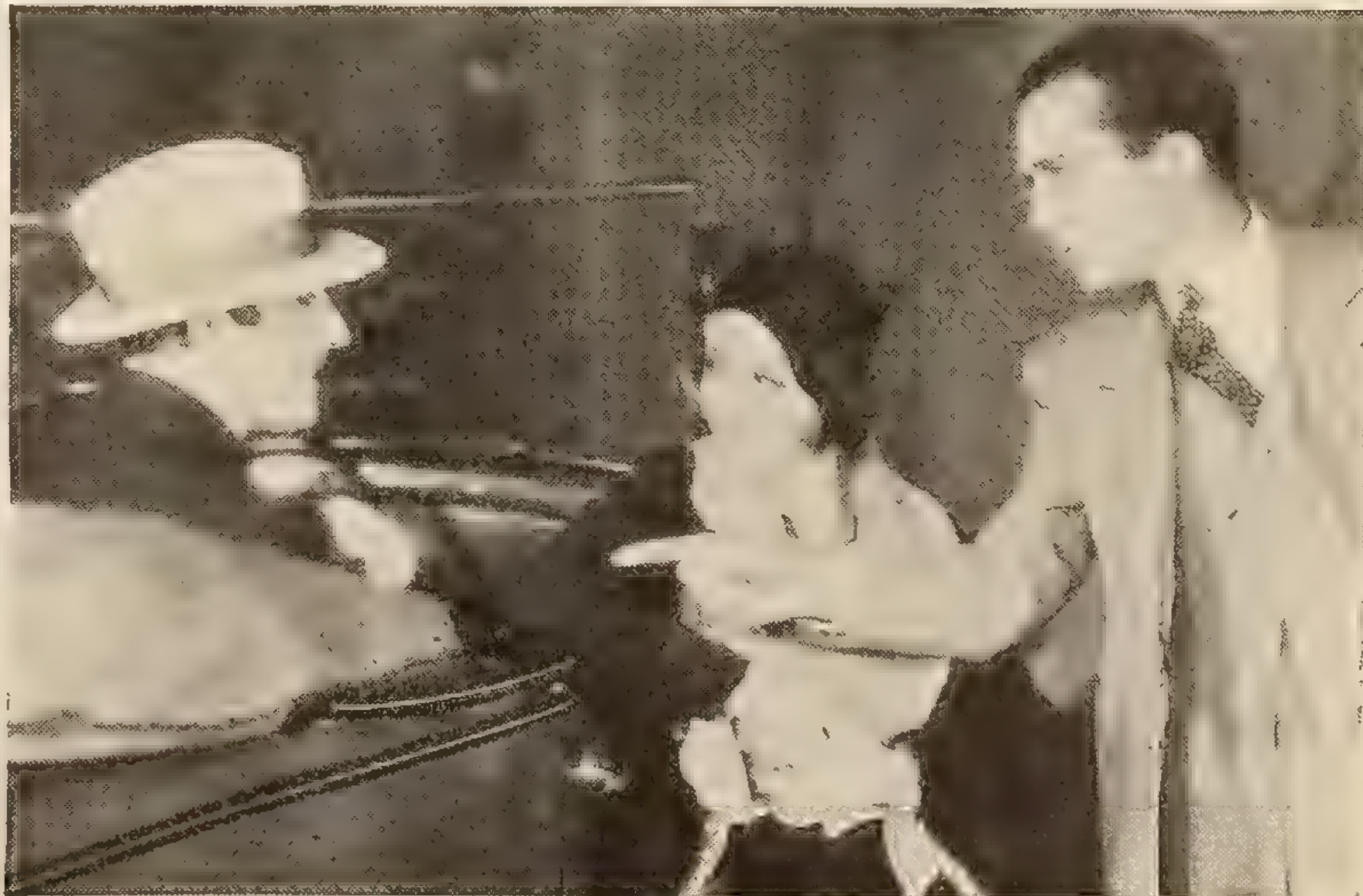


"The Girl Said No" is Bill Haines' latest talker with Leila Hyams as the girl.



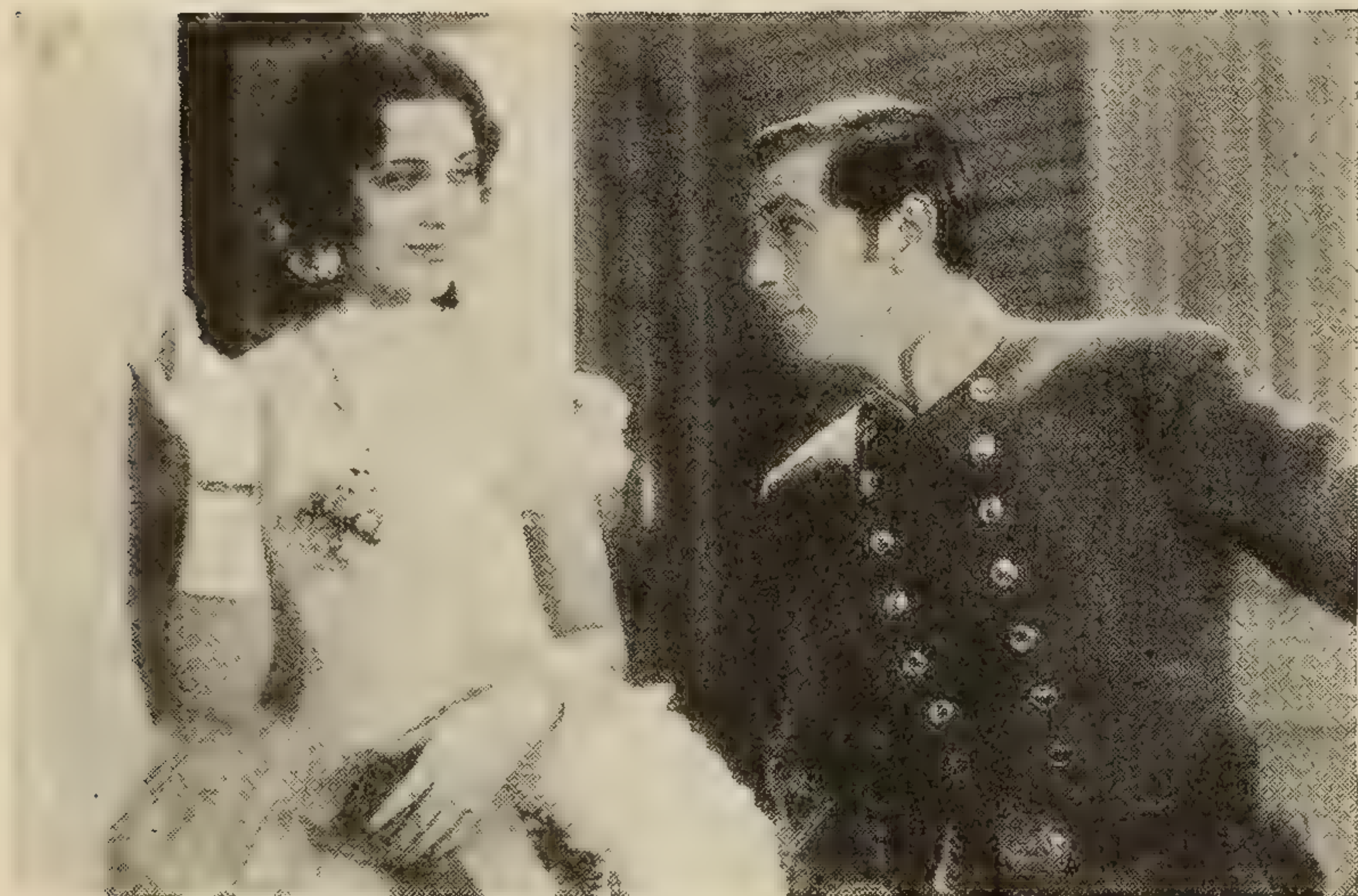
Show Girl in Hollywood

WELL, boys and girls, here's that trip to Hollywood I've been promising you. Watch out, now—don't bump your heads when you step into the de luxe sight-seeing bus. All aboard! You're going with Auntie Alice White, who's the "Show Girl" of Hollywood, with ballyhoo by J. P. McEvoy. What a liberal education this picture is for the film fans, to be sure. An 'expose' of filmdom; a glimpse into the screen studios; a ride down Hollywood Boulevard; lunch at Montmartre—see the stars as you sandwich; and orchestra seats at a Hollywood premiere with stars all around you—they get under your feet and in your hair. The movies poke pleasant fun at themselves in this picture. In the merry-go-round of hilarity Alice White is at her best as *Dixie Dugan*, the Broadway show girl who crashes filmtown and makes good after humorous and dramatic complications. Alice sings, she dances, she pouts. Jack Mulhall, Ford Sterling, John Miljan, Blanche Sweet and scores of comics and cuties pitch in and make this a fun fest for you to enjoy.



John Miljan, Alice White, the star, and Jack Mulhall in "Show Girl in Hollywood."

Critical Comment



Only the Brave

A PICTURE that will leave a pleasant glow when the lights go up, and will undoubtedly double the fan mail of Gary Cooper and Mary Brian. "Only the Brave" isn't a special but it has a certain quiet satirical charm that will remain in the memory long after the impression of other more 'important' pictures will have faded. Once again—it isn't what they do, but how they do it. Frank Tuttle has taken this familiar old story of the northern spy who falls in love with the beautiful southern belle and has made it seem new and refreshing. Of course, Gary and Mary, the juvenile Gilbert-Garbo of the talkers, may be trusted to supply love scenes of sincerity and appeal. Generals Grant and Lee are among the members of the cast; and the historic scene at Appomatox aids the illusion. Gary in his uniform, Mary in her crinolines make just about the prettiest picture to be seen anywhere on the speaking screen these days.



Match Play

THIS is a two-reel comedy that deserves feature rating and attention. It's a picture that will please those few die-hards who only go to the movies when they are dragged by other members of the family. If you have one of those crochety uncles or hard-to-please papas, try to inveigle him to the theater where "Match Play" is running. He'll be won over to our little new art of the sound screen, see if he isn't. There is no love triangle to bother him; no back-stage blues, no theme song. Just good, clean fun on the golf course, escorted by none other than Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel, mind you. Andy Clyde, the pivot of the piece, provides laughs in the best Sennett tradition; while Hagen and Diegel put on a show that will make you sit up and take notice whether you're a golf addict or not. Smooth and easy dialogue in which the famous 'pro's' participate, and Marjorie Beebe for heart interest. Swell! Please don't miss it.



Lord Byron of Broadway

I'LL break it to you gently. Yes, it's a story about a song-writer, and there are at least four 'popular songs' sung during the production. But—please wait a minute—"Lord Byron of Broadway" is just a little different. In fact, it's a whole lot different. Yes, it is. And you'd better see it, because it is really a nice picture. For one thing, you'll meet some new people. Charles Kaley, Marion Schilling and Ethelind Terry are newcomers you'll like. As if they weren't enough, there are Cliff Edwards, rapidly becoming one of my favorite comedians, and Benny Rubin, whom I'm gradually getting used to. Kaley plays a song-writer to whom 'love' is simply an excuse for a new song—until one little girl convinces him that 'love' is real and 'love' is earnest. I don't know what you'll think of Charles Kaley. He is interesting in a part that might easily have been poison to the girl fans. Yes, it looks as though Kaley is with us to stay.



Mamba

THE sun shines east, the sun shines west, Mammy—"No, "Mamba." I'll tell you all about "Mammy" next month. This is just so you won't be confused. "Mamba" is nothing like an Al Jolson picture. It's oh, so grim and gruesome—the good old story of beauty and the beast, or bought and paid for. Eleanor Boardman plays 'me proud beauty,' sold to Jean Hersholt for a goodly sum and brought to Africa for a reign of terror from her despised husband. Fortunately, Ralph Forbes is handy, to defend the heroine and to look very personable in his German officer's uniform, monocle and all. For a stirring climax there's a beleaguered stockade with the English coming to the rescue, to make it more international. Hersholt is sufficiently hair-raising as the mean *Mamba* to warrant Eleanor's panic when he approaches. Technicolor is most becoming to Miss Boardman—yes, "Mamba" is all-color, and I don't mean just the Zulus.

on Current Films



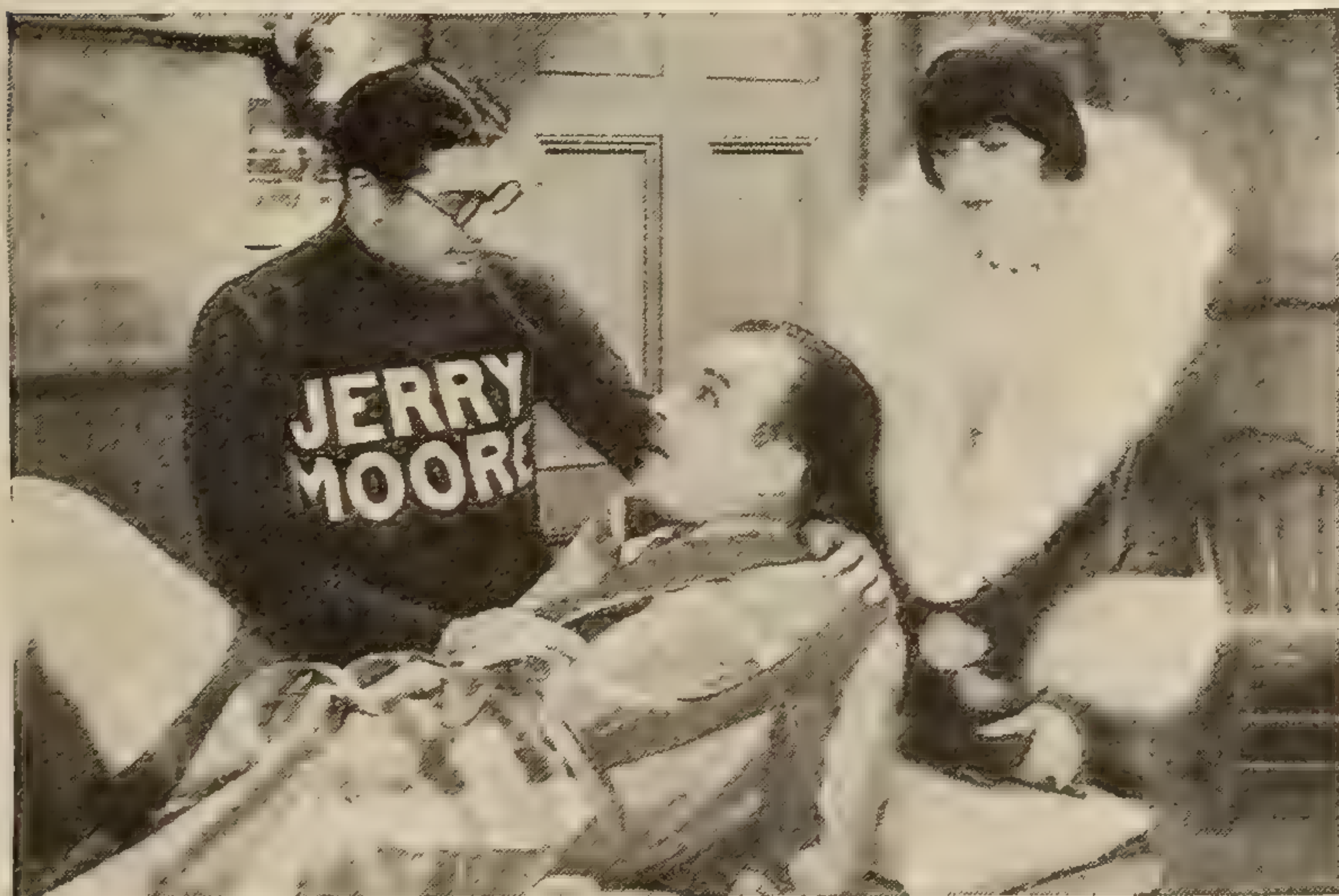
Sarah and Son

NOT since "Stella Dallas" has there been such a tear-inducer in the cause of mother love as "Sarah and Son." *Stella* and *Sarah* represent the old and the new styles of screen mother. You remember how *Stella Dallas* stood outside in the rain and suffered? Well, no such unhappy ending for *Sarah*. She's a modern woman. She has her son taken from her but she never rests until she finds him. And when she finds him she runs off with him, and no foster mother or anything can part them again. Ruth Chatterton is a poignant *Sarah*. She has a most difficult assignment in this rôle, which requires a German accent throughout—handled skilfully by the star. There are only a few scenes between the mother and her new-found son, so that these few are all the more telling and touching. Philippe De Lacey, the most charming boy on the screen, is still unspoiled. Dorothy Arzner's direction—I hate to admit it—is stilted in spots.



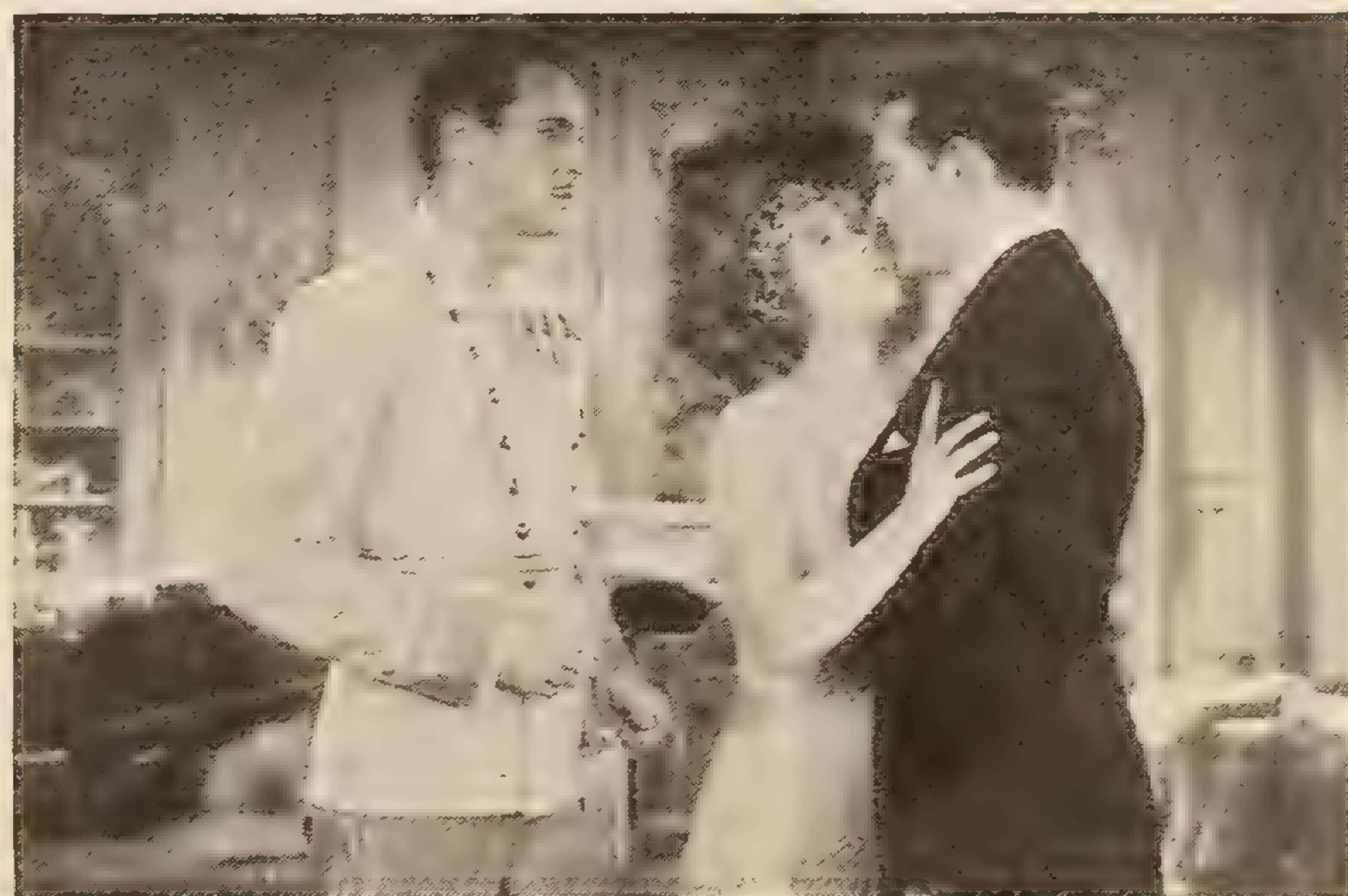
Such Men Are Dangerous

AFANTASTIC Elinor Glyn tale turns into a good, brisk motion picture. It's never believable but always entertaining, so don't let's quibble. Of course it couldn't happen, but what do we care? At least, there's action, and plenty of it; and in the first reel you don't know what the last reel is going to bring. And that's an advantage, too. It relates the adventures of one *Ludwig Kranz*, fabulously rich and ugly European, who drops out of sight and his airplane after his beautiful blonde wife leaves him on their wedding night. When he turns up later as the handsome *Pierre* to woo and win his wife all over again, you still don't know just what Mme. Glyn has up her sleeve by way of a dénouement. Warner Baxter plays *Ludwig-Pierre* in picturesque style. Catherine Dale Owen is dignified and stately—and beautiful. You'll like Hedda Hopper as the heroine's gay and giddy sister. Not an important picture—just amusing.



Be Yourself

HERE'S a really funny picture. Fannie Brice may not be the funniest woman on the screen but she comes perilously close to copping that title in her second sound cinema. It's immeasurably better than her first film because it is not just an elongated short but a well-worked-out vehicle in which the star is supported by one of those casts you encounter only once in a blue moon of movie shopping. Robert Armstrong plays the pugilistic boy friend of big-hearted Fannie, a cabaret singer. Harry Green and Gertrude Astor are also present, and at their best. Fannie puts her 'pug' over only to have him throw her over for the blonde gold-digger played by Miss Astor. But never mind—Fannie finds a way, assisted by the always intelligent and sympathetic direction of Thornton Freeland. Miss Brice croons as capably as ever, and brings emotional sincerity to her more serious scenes. Armstrong is really splendid in his humorous rôle.



One Romantic Night

LILLIAN GISH'S first talking picture is another film version of the Molnar play, "The Swan." Any competent ingenue could have played the princess. Miss Gish's tremendous talents are wasted in the rôle. She is quietly humorous and charming—she does all she can to make her antiquated vehicle interesting. But the odds are against her. Superlative direction might have helped; but Paul Stein's excellent, painstaking, workmanlike style did nothing to help things along. Only Von Stroheim or Lubitsch could have extracted real meaning from the slight circumstances. "One Romantic Night" proves little one way or another as to Lillian Gish's talkie qualifications. What could she do with a great tragic rôle? Marie Dressler, O. P. Heggie and Conrad Nagel are the most conspicuous members of Miss Gish's supporting cast, in which Rod La Rocque plays the part of the philandering prince with appropriate bluster.



Harry Langdon is always a tremendous amount of fun at a party and has a quaint line of humor that is all his own.

Our party reporter says Buster Keaton came to the party in quite a 'grinny' mood. She ought to know, but who'd guess it?



Happy Milestones

Hollywood Celebrates Its Birthdays and Anniversaries, Too

By Grace Kingsley

"IT's to be a surprise party, and Bebe thinks there are to be only three people there with her and her mother!" exclaimed Mae Sunday, who was giving Bebe Daniels a birthday party at the Roosevelt Hotel.

Everybody was in cahoots, there at the hotel, to keep the thing quiet, from managers down to maids and waiters. So when Bebe arrived she was ushered into a darkened dining room!

"What's this?" she demanded.

Then they sprung the lights, and there were a hundred people waiting to welcome their friend.

Billy Haines and his pretty sister were among the first people we talked to after Bebe had said a slightly tremulous hello to everybody, and we had been greeted by her mother, Phyllis Daniels, and by Mae, who was looking lovely in her party gown. Bebe, as usual, was dressed in white.

We looked around for Ben Lyon, but alas, on this night of all nights, poor Ben had had to work, but, of course, he came later on in the evening.

Lilyan Tashman was there, but Eddie Lowe hadn't come. He had received the news, that day, of the death of his brother, who had long been ill, and naturally didn't feel like being present at any gay festivities. He did come, very late, however, to escort his wife home.

"Oh, dear," sighed Patsy, the party hound, looking about, "all the long white gloves in Hollywood will soon have changed hands, literally and figuratively."

"What do you mean—changed hands?" inquired Lilyan.

"Why, everybody is wearing them, and as they are too bulky to put into bead bags, and will be handed to escorts at supper time, naturally the girls will forget to take them back when they get home, and their escorts will probably think they belong to somebody else, and pass them along. I had two pairs that didn't belong to me mailed to me this week, and one pair sent by a man's chauffeur, and I have no idea who they belong to."

"Well, anyhow, you'll have some in case your escort tonight forgets to hand back your gloves," Lilyan consoled.

Carmelita Geraghty came in, looking as Spanish as could be, clad in a slinky black gown, and wearing long black earrings. She was all to the Carmelita, and not a bit to the Geraghty, as Billy Haines remarked.

"She's really a nice, quiet, sweet girl!" Billy chaffed her, whereupon Carmelita pretended to go into a temperamental Spanish rage.

Allan Dwan and his wife were there, just back from Europe, and Allan said he liked Germany best of any foreign country, because it had more pep and enterprise than any of the rest of them.

Doris Dean Arbuckle, divorced wife of Fatty Arbuckle,

Bebe Daniels expected three people at her birthday party and a hundred came. Bebe's mother arranged it, and the most popular stars were among the guests. Ben Lyon told Bebe he had a present for her outside but couldn't bring it in. "A horse?" asked Bebe—but it turned out to be a Ford car, a replica of Bebe's big town car.



was there, accompanied by Al Hall; and there were Norman Kerry, Barney Glazer, Edward Knopf, Marie Mosquini, Alma Tell and just dozens of others.

Jack White brought Pauline Starke, his wife, to whom he seems as devoted as he did years ago when they were first engaged.

Buster Keaton, strangely enough, was in quite a grinny mood that evening, and his wife, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, who, to me, is still the beauty of the Talmadge family, was looking as sweet and charming as usual.

Buster told us that he was sure Fred Stone would sue him when he saw his, Buster's, latest comedy.

"I've gone Fred Stone and danced all over the place," he told us.

"Oh, there's Alma Rubens!" cried Patsy.

And there, sure enough, was Alma, out on the floor dancing with Norman Kerry.

She was looking very sweet and pretty, and there is a new look of peace on her face, but something of an expression of sadness, too.

"I wonder if Billie Dove and Howard Hughes are falling in love with each other," remarked Patsy. "I see them together a good deal. They are here together tonight."

Billie told us, though, that she hadn't been going out much of late, she had been working so hard.

John Boles, handsome, gallant and courteous as ever, was there with his wife. We hear that he speaks perfect French, and that this is go-

ing to be a great help to him in pictures.

Polly Moran was a guest, and kept everybody giggling as usual. She had come, I think, with Billy Haines and his sister.

Blanche Sweet came with Dan Denker, who seems rather devoted these days. He played the lead in "Rio Rita" in New York, you know.

"Blanche is the miracle lady of Hollywood," remarked Patsy. "She not only holds her age—she improves on it. She actually looks ten years younger than she did ten years ago."

I forgot to say that Norman Kerry had brought Marion Harris. These two seem to be always together, and it is quite definitely known that she isn't going to be reconciled to Rush Hughes, to whom she was married.

Norman was wearing quite a fierce-looking mustache, and when Bebe was dancing with him, and it tickled her nose as she talked to him, she exclaimed, "how often have I told you that you cannot bring aigrettes into this country!"

Lilyan Tashman and Allan Dwan kidded each other about a party they had both attended back in New York during their recent visit there.

"It was five o'clock in the morning, I know," said Lilyan, "but I just couldn't get away."

"No, you were standing in a pot of glue, and if you could have got your shoes off, you could have gone

(Continued on page 128)

Hollywood Party Lines:

"One of our studio officials," related Harry Langdon, "had on hand a pig he had bought for a picture. He tried to rent him out for other pictures but with no luck. It got so that every story we'd write he'd come in and listen to it and exclaim at intervals: 'Now there's a fine spot for a pig!'"

When Carmelita Geraghty arrived at Bebe Daniels' surprise party clad in a slinky black gown Billy Haines said: "She's all to the Carmelita tonight, not a bit to the Geraghty!"

IN NEW



Above: Roberta Robinson, a new-comer with a voice, is worth watching.

Lillian Gish, right, is rehearsing in a play, "Uncle Vanya," her first stage appearance in years.



Photo of New York by

You'll be seeing Claire Luce soon on the screen.

When East is Rest and West is East

IF you're young, blonde and slender, with a beautiful face, a lovely singing voice and an ability to play the piano, the Boston Conservatory of Music is no place for you. At least not when you can take the train to New York and get a job in talking pictures at *umpty-umph* hundreds of dollars a week.

Roberta Robinson had been attending the Boston Conservatory for several years when the bright idea struck her to come down here to New York and look over the talking picture market—object, a contract. So she closed her piano, kissed the home folks goodbye and set out for the big city.

But the big city received her coldly. To be exact, no studio could see her as a picture type, even looking through their largest and strongest lenses. Although she visited every company not a single casting director cast his eye in her direction.

Roberta felt pretty badly. To go home and tell the folks your young dream of a career is busted is medicine pretty hard for a girl to take. So Roberta sat down and thought—hard.

The first thing that came into her mind was the fact

that all singers and concert artists have agents. "Why shouldn't I have one?" she asked herself. "I should," she answered herself. And put on her hat, and hopped the subway to an agent's office.

The agent looked up wearily. "Another talkie-struck girl," he thought to himself. But he decided to let her sing. That was easier than arguing.

He got the surprise of his life. Roberta really could sing. And well. In fact, she sang so splendidly that he became enthusiastic, and immediately took her over to the Paramount studio for a test.

She went over big. There is a patrician appeal about Miss Robinson which is hard to find. In addition, she has real beauty and a brain which actually works.

Roberta's first picture will be with Helen Kane in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," so look out for this new screen find when that film hits your town.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., N. Y. C.

Adolphe Menjou returned from France and may remain.

*By
Anne Bye*



Lucile Gleason was welcomed by her old friends on her visit.

Jack Whiting, who is married to Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s mother, entrains for Hollywood and the talking films.

made up her mind to become a stage player. With this in view, she went to Germany and spent a great while at Salzburg where she rehearsed with Reinhardt and his players. This was a real feat, for all plays, naturally, were given

in German and Miss Gish had difficult work to gain the wide command of language necessary for such rôles.

* * *

It looks like Old Home Week in the Crawford-Fairbanks menage. For young Douglas Fairbanks' mother is about to become a permanent resident of Hollywood.

This is how it happened. Jack Whiting, the popular musical comedy juvenile, is at present on his way to Hollywood where he will make "Top Speed," for First National, with Joe E. Brown and Bernice Claire. Now, since Jack's wife is no other than the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, young Doug's mother, you can see what a great happiness this will be for the boy, for every one knows that Doug Junior has always been staunch and loyal to his mother. When he was married, instead of having the ceremony performed in Hollywood—the logical place for such an event—he came all the way to New York so his mother might be present at the

(Continued on page 112)

Lillian Gish has shaken the star dust of Hollywood off her soles, at least temporarily. She is, at present, installed in her beautiful apartment on Beekman Terrace, New York, where the wind blows in wild and free from the adjacent East River.

With a parrot named John Gish—after Lil's grand father—who spends most of the day saying, "Oh, my dear!" a wire-haired fox terrier named Georgie, and her German maid, Josephine, Miss Gish puts in her time working hard on the lines of her new play, "Uncle Vanya," which is in rehearsal under the Jed Harris banner and will have opened on Broadway by the time you read these words.

Nearly every evening, Miss Gish goes to the theater, often with George Jean Nathan—but she refuses to discuss this friendship with any reporter.

Lillian's love for the theater is a solid thing which has existed for many years. Eighteen months ago, Miss Gish



When Alice White's Italian ancestry comes to the fore she hies to the kitchen to make frijoles, tamales and things.

My grandmother, Mrs. I. Alexander, raised me. And I suppose she spoiled me, like all grandmothers do. She never could bear to punish me, and she used to humor every one of my whims.

For instance, if I as much as suggested something I would like for dinner, she would go out of her way to get it for me. Grandma is part Italian, and I get my taste for highly seasoned foods from her.

And even now she remembers all those fattening things I liked when I was a little girl. And I'll go home nights to find she has made some of the spice cookies I like so well, or raviolis, or enchilades. If I don't taste them, her face falls so pathetically. I know she worked hard to make them, so I take a little. Then all my good resolutions are gone. I take another helping, then another. And after a few days I find I've gained several pounds.

We like things cooked in olive oil. And is grandma a good cook? Well! I believe she could cook wood chips and make them delicious. And she never goes by a recipe. Just a dash of this and a pinch of that. When I cook, I have to follow a cook book religiously.

I'm not a good cook myself. I haven't had much experience. When a woman works hard and cooks and cooks, and does not like cooking, she tries to shield her daughter or granddaughter from it. That was the way it was in our family. I never showed any talent along that line, so I was never made to do it.

I would mess around the kitchen sometimes. When a pie or cake was being baked, I always liked to make baby ones for myself. Meats, vegetables, or heavy foods never interested me while in the process of cooking.

But I have always liked to experiment. In cooking, as well as in other things, I like to try to make some-

Come *into the* Kitchen

By Alice White

THIS STAR'S

Mexican Enchilades

PREPARE a mixture in the proportion of three parts corn meal to one part flour and two eggs. Mix corn meal, flour, eggs, a pinch of salt and one bunch finely chopped parsley. Add enough milk to make a running dough. Form into tortillas and fry. Mix two pounds finely ground chicken, one large chopped onion, one ounce chili powder, one-half ounce comino powder and one-half ounce oregano powder into a paste. Roll the tortillas up with the paste inside, pour chili gravy over, and sprinkle with Italian cheese.



If Sid Bartlett, Alice's best boy friend, says proudly acclaim that she made them.

with Alice White

Movieland's Gayest Flapper Competes for Culinary Honors

FAVORITE RECIPES

Italian Spaghetti

BREAK one pound spaghetti into boiling water, boil for fifteen minutes and drain. While spaghetti is cooking fry two slices of ham cut in small pieces with one medium size chopped onion; add two peeled tomatoes, also chopped. Dust with two tablespoons flour, add one cup broth or water and let simmer until the right consistency. Add one clove of garlic chopped very fine, then add the spaghetti and mix well. Serve with a well-seasoned tomato sauce and sprinkle cheese over it.



Alice, all hot and bothered, supervises the cooking of one of her flavorful dishes and hopes it turns out all right.



these are the best tamales he ever ate Alice will Otherwise—well, use your imagination.

thing that interests me. When I was a little girl, I would come home from a friend's house and try to duplicate one of the dishes I had eaten.

I especially remember one time when I had been to a birthday party. The cake was particularly heavily decorated. It must have been one of the first decorated cakes I had seen. Anyway, I came home fascinated.

Grandma wasn't home. So I decided to surprise her with a cake decorated to rival the birthday one. I couldn't have been more than six. I didn't know a thing about cake baking except that you put flour and milk together and baking powder, then stuck it in the oven. Well, I managed to get something baked. But when I attempted to decorate——!

Grandma was surprised all right. She came home to find her kitchen covered with cake flour, milk, sugar, sirup; and me standing in the middle of this mess—howling half in rage and half in sorrow. She didn't say a word. Just rescued me from the debris, and comforted and petted me. After that, I was able to tell a coherent story.

She persuaded me to wait a little while before starting on a career of cake decorating. And explained that bakery cooks had special tools to make those pretty curly-cues and rose buds.

I had forgotten all about the cake until on my next birthday, a big, round, highly decorated image was set at my place. This cake had all the rose buds of the other, and several blue birds, too. The bakery cook at the corner of our street had donated the necessary tools.

Brightly colored food advertisements in the magazines intrigue me. I like to cut them out, and when I'm not busy working at the studio, experiment with the recipes. I still like to try out things at home that I have eaten at restaurants or at friends' homes.

When I attempt things for (Continued on page 106)

Proving that Every Bride's Wish for a Continuance of Beauty May Come True

The BEAUTY



Ann Harding confirms our theory that never does a girl appear to better advantage than in bridal array. Ann exemplifies the beauty that comes from sane, wholesome everyday living.



Billie Dove believes there's no detail of good grooming more important than live, shiningly clean hair.

IN springtime, all the poets sing of love—and as spring passes into early summer the song deepens into a very paean of beauty and happiness. In youth, and spring—one looks upon love as eternal, on constancy as the natural attribute of all honest men. Doesn't one have all the poets and all the great old lovers—Dante, Abelard and Robert Browning to prove it?

There is something in the heart of everyone of us that beats in time to the wedding march. "Here comes the bride—" a swaying, fluttering vision in filmy white, floating down a broad church aisle, roses crowding about the altar, girl attendants in pastel colors forming an exquisite background suggesting the rainbow in the heavens after a summer shower.

Romance and memories surge back to us with the scent of the lilies and roses, Nature's rich gifts for this bridal month—and we breathe a prayer that the June bride and each bride of every month of the year may find her heart's desire at her rainbow's end.

If a bride could have but one wish come true, I believe she would ask for a continuance of love and beauty. And surely, love and beauty were never meant to die. Love, carefully cherished, should deepen with the years. And the beauty of sparkling eyes, the exquisite flush of a lovely cheek, the glorious luster of rippling locks—such beauty was never meant to vanish.

The beauty of first youth passes, but time's fingers may be taught caressing ways. For youth to remain unchanged would be as great an anomaly as for one to stand still mentally. But there is a charm that comes from beauty of living, depth of feeling and understanding, a spirit of youth that is more beautiful than youth itself. And there is an external loveliness that comes from exquisite grooming, perfection of detail—a beauty of daintiness that everyone may possess. Beauty need not fear the passing of the years.

We have seen girls who, at seventeen, have all the promise of beauty and at thirty are faded and sallow, their bodies fat and drooping, their whole appearance marked by the small sins of neglect. But as they grow older comes an urge to good looks and at thirty-five, forty, even older, because of the faithful care they have given to skin, hair and



A real bride, Loretta Young. Fresh, sweet and dainty, Loretta is a lovely example of the beauty that health and good grooming achieve.

of DAINTINESS

By
Anne Van Alstyne

figure, they are called 'handsome.' It is not always because circumstances have been kind. Often, the will to beauty is perversely left out of the characters of those who are most richly endowed with its attributes, while it appears amazingly in girls who have all their lives been called 'plain.'

So you see, girls, it's all up to you. You may be young and irresponsible with plenty of money to spend on yourself; or a busy business or professional girl; you may be a bride of today with love and the world at your feet, or a bride of ten or twenty years ago. But one of you has as good a chance of being charming as another. You are all equal—because your beauty is what you make it. Even if you started with an equal measure of good looks you would come out about the same, for it's the will to beauty that determines which way or how far you will go.

Before you were married, Jack or Harry or Tom raved about the melting depth of your eyes; your long, curling lashes; a curl that caressed your cheek. He will continue to appreciate these assets after you are married—though he may sometimes forget to rave about them! But a beauty that every man appreciates, that may be yours to have and to hold through the years, is the beauty of daintiness. Smooth, shining hair, hands that are well-kept, a smooth skin, a trim, neat figure—these things a man senses and approves though he has been married one year or forty.

A dainty woman is always an attractive woman, and daintiness means more than just cleanliness. You may jump in a tub of water, scrub yourself hard with soap and a flesh brush, jump out again, dry quickly, get into a dress fairly bristling with cleanliness—and while you may be clean and look it, you won't be dainty. You may take a scrubbing brush and sandstone to your hands after digging in the garden and get them thoroughly clean but they won't look dainty. And you may stay too long on the golf course in a hot sun without protecting the skin and have a healthy, tanned look, but you won't have a dainty one. You can wash your hair with soap and water, dry it quickly, run a comb through it and say "Thank goodness, that's done!" It may be clean, but it won't have the well-groomed look that belongs to hair that is carefully washed, dried in the sun and air and then well brushed. (Continued on page 114)



Charming Marilyn Miller: an exquisite symposium of all the beauty of all the brides in all the world. A faultless example of the loveliness that fastidious grooming and perfection of detail may give.



Billie Dove enjoys a period of relaxation in one of the lovely negligées in which she specializes and seldom has time to enjoy.



Olive Borden loves all spicy, fragrant bath accessories, especially her favorite brand of toilet water.

The STAGE

Considering the New Plays before the Screen Claims Them



Warren William and Helen Flint in "Those We Love," George Abbott's first play since he has signed himself to the talking movies.

The Green Pastures

"GANGWAY for de Lord!" shouts the Angel Gabriel at the fish-fry party in Heaven in "The Green Pastures," a play made by Marc Connelly from Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun."

Gangway for one of the greatest plays ever seen!, I shout with both my lungs.

Gangway for the most perfectly mixed eighteen scenes of beauty, sublimity, satire, laughter, pathos and acting that you have ever seen or are like to see for many years!

Gangway for Connelly, Bradford, Laurence Rivers, Robert Edmond Jones, the singers of spirituals under the direction of Hall Johnson and the great, simple, sublimely touching impersonation of the Lord by Richard B. Harrison.

"The Green Pastures" is a fable done in negro psychology, by a company of ninety negroes, of the Book

"Flying High" is George White's musical mélange of aviation monkeyshines, with Bert Lahr as principal comedian. Lahr is an original—the craziest, funniest buffoon on Broadway.



of Genesis. Gabriel, Moses, Joshua, Aaron, Adam, Eve, Noah, Isaac, Jacob, Abraham and Cain, with other well-known ancients, are here. If you've ever seen anything more humorous than the departure of Noah in his ark or Moses before Pharaoh, or anything more solemnly beautiful than the exodus out of Egypt, then give me the name of the play.

Well, "The Green Pastures" cannot be described. If you can get in for the next year, see it. And it will make one of the few great pictures of all time—if the bigots can be chloroformed.

Simple Simon

Florenz Ziegfeld blew into town with Ed Wynn in a musical extravaganza called "Simple Simon," which sets the



Gangway for one of the greatest plays ever mixed eighteen scenes of beauty, sublimity, scene from this fable done in negro

in REVIEW

By
Benjamin De Casseres



Ed Wynn is the star of the Ziegfeld extravaganza, "Simple Simon." There are also the magic of Urban sets and dancing ensembles; but Ed Wynn is the whole show, funnier than ever.

Adam's apple a-chortling as long as Ed himself is on the stage and which at least delights the eye when he isn't there. Then there are the magic of Joseph Urban and the dancing ensembles.

Ed Wynn appears in a make-up of a half-idiotic school-boy who falls asleep and dreams of fairies (flash-back to woods and fairies), and by his almost ethereal boobishness clowns us into a mood that is sometimes called hysterical.

There are a lot of other good people in this show; but Ed Wynn is distinctly it. If you want to bump off the blues, take a night with Ed Wynn.

Apron Strings

Here is a vital little play all about the Little Boy who wouldn't or couldn't cut the apron strings that held him



"Apron Strings" is a vital little play by Dorrance Davis. Roger Pryor is fine as the boy, with Ethel Intropedi opposite.



seen—"The Green Pastures," a charmingly satire, pathos and acting. Here is a stirring psychology, with an all-colored cast.

to his mother. It is the mamma boy worked out with laughs and splendid acting, and a lesson to all young fellers who want a girl to go after her as you go after a job or a football—scramble for her!

"Apron Strings" is by Dorrance Davis, and it tells us how Danny Curtis, one of nature's purtiest youngsters, lived on ethical directions from his dead mother's letters. She had left him a trunkful, telling him all about the courting period and the delicate first week of marriage. It is all nice, caramel-sundae stuff, and Danny attempts to follow the rubbish (not knowing that his mother was a sophisticated Beatrice Fairfax on a Western paper who used to pass out this bunk to millions of 'Anxious Readers').

Well, the up-to-date girl, Inez, and her hurly-burly, do-it-on-the-dot mother had a fearful time with the Dear Sweet Boy till his lawyer finally burnt up the letters, got him drunk—and so up the (Continued on page 106)



Ramon Novarro with Jean and Betty Sanford, who play with him in "In Old Madrid." One girl is the mother of the other. Guess! Give up? Well, Betty, (right), is the proud parent.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is still firmly resolved not to go talkie. In fact, he definitely states that he, himself, will never talk in pictures. That does not mean that he never will make a talking picture with other players. He may or he may not. He hasn't decided about that.

Charlie intends to make silent pictures because he believes there is a great market for them. Being an owner of United Artists, that organization is morally and legally bound to release any picture he cares to make, silent or sound. The exhibitors are not bound to buy it, but Charlie has had plenty of evidence that they will. When he couldn't meet the release date on his latest picture, and told the exhibitors that he couldn't, he was deluged with wires begging him to hurry up.

Charlie operates differently from almost every other picture producer. They calculate that if they put so much into a picture they will make a profit of so much. Charlie doesn't figure that way. He works at a picture until he is satisfied that he has something to give, never mind how much is spent on it. And maybe he won't make a thin dime on it—but he is reasonably certain that he will.

He is moving the Chaplin studio to other quarters because the La Brea property is becoming too valuable for motion picture purposes. He bought the site in 1916 and paid \$33,000 for it. Today it is worth a million and a half dollars. The taxes almost exceed the original purchase price. Charlie is considering many offers but will probably locate in Burbank or the beach. He plans to spend between ten



Nils Asther, Raquel Torres and Charles Bickford at Mazatlan, Mexico, with Senor E. Paniagua-Ravelo, who helped director Wesley Ruggles establish a location for "The Sea Bat."

HOT *from* News and Views

and twenty million dollars yearly in production and will select new people and build them up rather than sign well-established stars as was at first announced. There is no truth in the rumor that John Gilbert has been signed or even approached on this subject. This news the Chaplin Studios deny ever having given out, nor did John Gilbert make the statement.

Meanwhile Charlie's picture, "City Lights," is still in the making—the company working very hard three days a week as a general rule!

* * *

Joan Crawford is all in. Eight changes of costume in a picture is considered an ordeal to be fitted for, but poor Joan has seventeen in "The Blushing Bride." That means hours and hours of standing, as every girl knows. And as though that weren't enough, she is being put through an intensive training by Albertina Rasch for the dancing she has to do. "Of course, I'm frightfully out of practice and that's why it is so hard," said Joan. "It is nothing for a dancer to practice for an hour or two without a moment's rest, but when you have been out of it for as long as I have it is something awful! I just passed right out of the picture the other day at Mme. Rasch's studio and had to be put to bed."

Joan says there is one thing about it that comforts her and that is a total lack of worry on the subject of whether she will be overweight by the time the picture starts.

Robert Montgomery is in the cast, also Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian.

* * *

John McCormack worked for ten weeks on "Song o' My Heart" and received fifty thousand dollars a week—yes, I said fifty, not five. To make him feel at home a special bungalow dressing-room was built for him. A de luxe



Barbara Brower thirteen-year-old script girl on "The Light of Western Stars," settles a script argument in favor of Richard Arlen, star. Barbara's father, Otto Brower, is only the director.

HOLLYWOOD

from Coast Studios

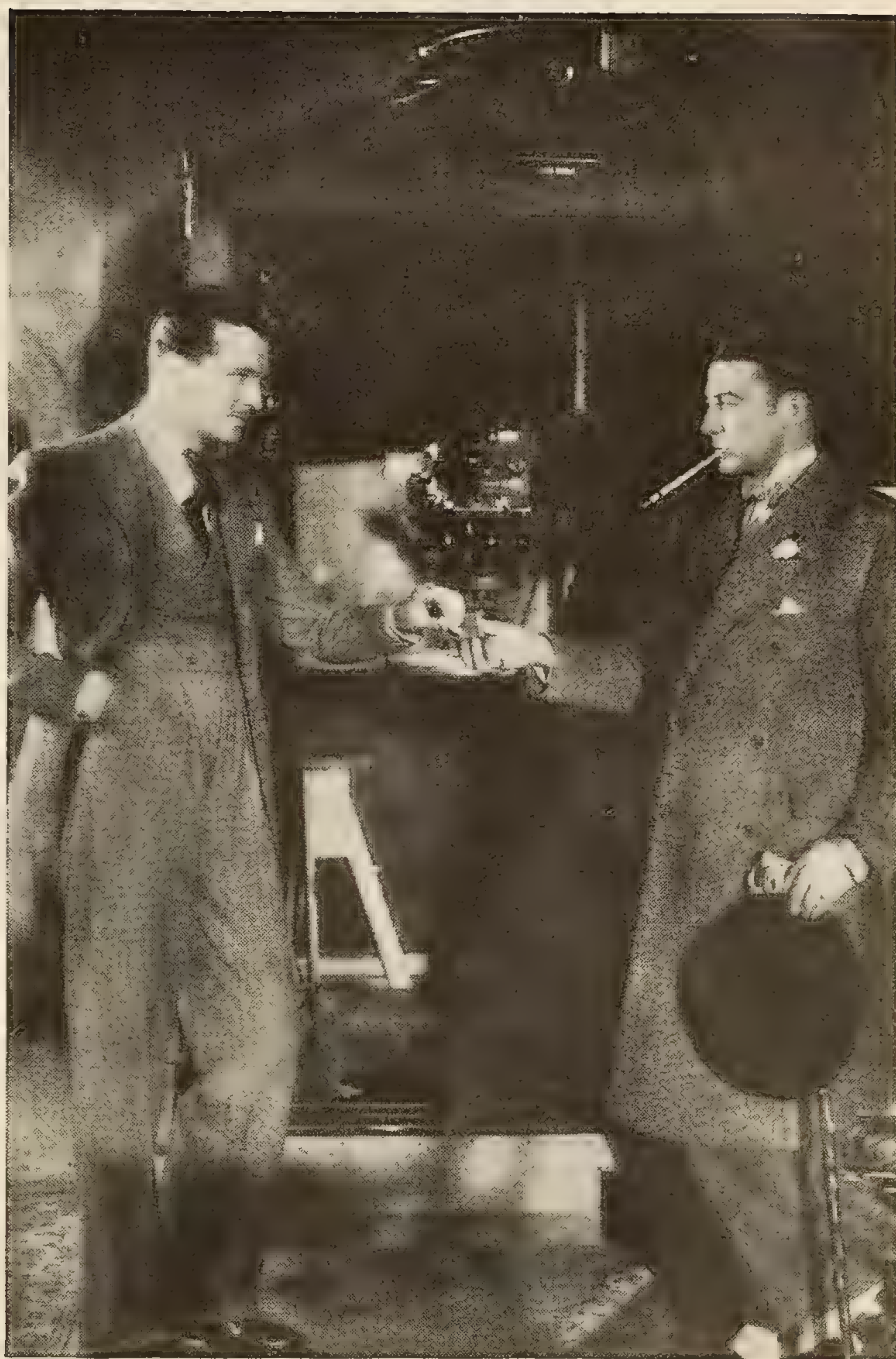
bungalow, substantially built with brass name plates and knocker on the door. There are four rooms and two baths. There is a large yard beautifully landscaped with shrubbery, trees and flowers, and the roof—but wait until I tell you about the roof. It is thatched, as the Europeans thatch their roofs; and Russians were employed to do the job. Insufficient straw was ordered and more had to be sent for—from Europe; while the Russians remained on the pay roll so that not a moment would be lost when the straw finally arrived. It was a great break for the Russians.

Of course, the contract players are given nice dressing-rooms, too. Apartments, two rooms and a shower. Not nearly as grand as the accommodations for the visiting artist, but as charming as the very real interest taken by the studio decorator can make them. He shops in dozens of towns for things that he thinks will suit the tastes and personality of each player, and the result is at once homey and beautiful. Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Edmund Lowe and others have lovely studio homes.

* * *

They just won't let Chester Morris break way from prison. Here he is in again—in "The Big House" for Metro, directed by George Hill. Wallace Beery, Karl Dane and Robert Montgomery are in it, too. George Hill always gives his actors a break. They don't have to wear make-up "This isn't a beauty contest," said Karl Dane.

Wally Beery was sunning himself between scenes and Chester Morris sneaked up behind him and lighted a match under his chair until he almost caught fire. But Wally only stirred a little. By the way, United Artists has bought the stage success, "Death Takes a Holiday" for Chester. He'll be a Barrymore yet!



When Briton meets Briton in the colorful environment of Hollywood. John Loder and Clive Brook appear with Billie Dove in "Sweethearts and Wives." Clive plays a polite detective again.

Everyone went out to see Ronnie Colman play cricket at the Midwick Polo Club where a scene in "Raffles" was being filmed. That is, Ronnie didn't really play; he only stood in for the close-ups. Not that he can't play England's favorite pastime but he is much out of practice. Sam Goldwyn commandeered the services of twenty-four expert players to perform before the camera. It is the first time cricket has been played in a picture, we were told.

* * *

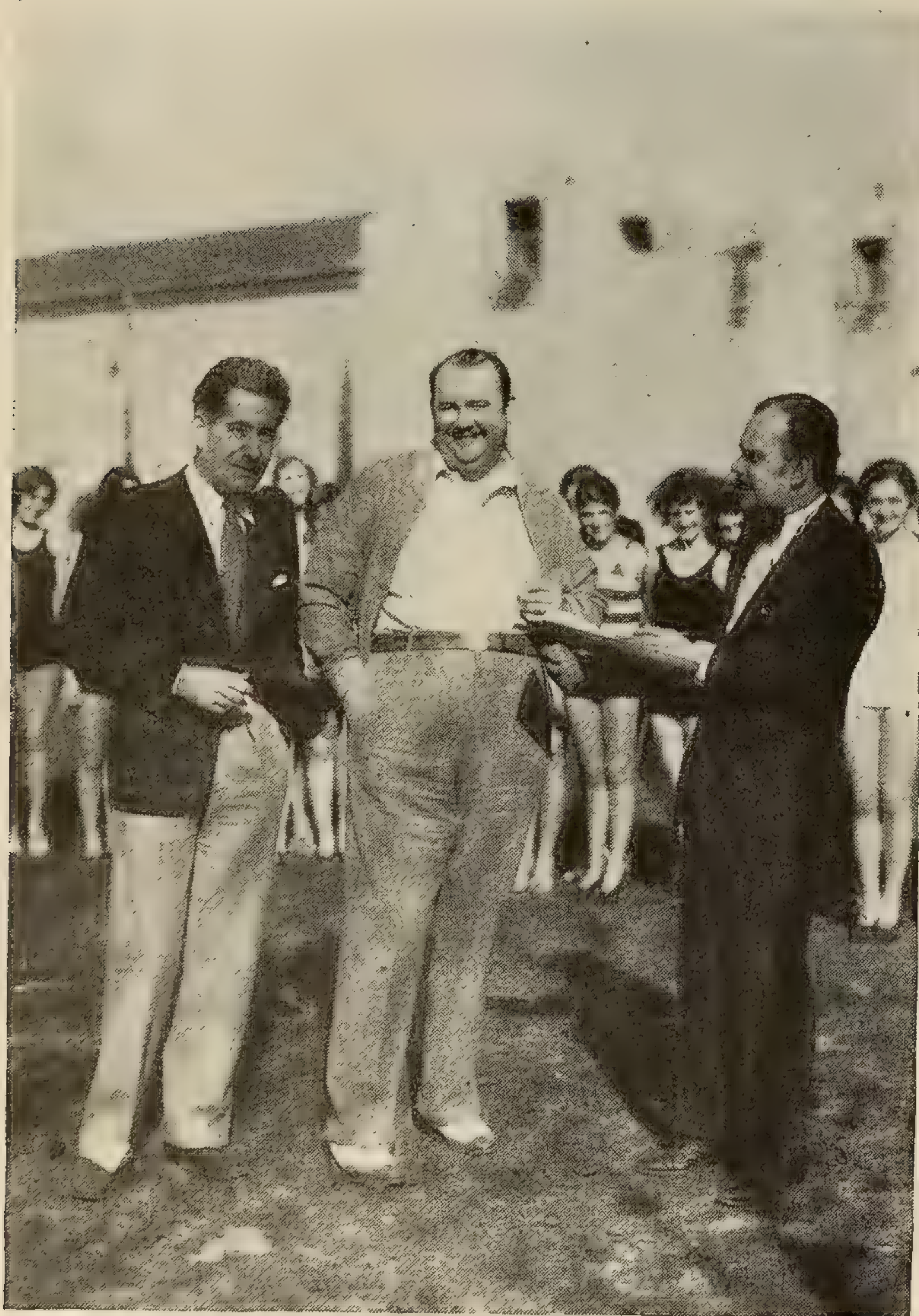
Alison Skipworth, who plays an important part in "Raffles" and is an old time stage favorite, is much amused by the things one has to do to make pictures. In one of her scenes she was supposed to turn over in bed and groan loudly. Director Harry D'Arrast couldn't figure out how to give her the signal for the turn-over and finally hit upon the idea of poking her with a long pole out of camera shot at the psychological moment. Takes between scenes were so long that 'Skippy,' as she is called by her friends, found herself napping. When people first come out here they are just a bundle of enthusiasm, rarin' to go, but after sitting about for hours on end waiting for the mechanics they learn to conserve their energies for the comparatively few minutes before the camera.

"You don't have to be crazy to be in pictures," 'Skippy' says, "but it helps if you are."

* * *

Brenda Forbes, the lively younger sister of Ralph Forbes, is in our midst. She was riding in Beverly Hills with Ellen Guilbert who begged her not to post because she

Jed Kiley, Paris boulevardier, now writing film stories, with Paul Whiteman and Wynn Holcombe, caricaturist who designed the sets for "The King of Jazz" revue.



was out of practice. But things began to go well and Brenda went faster and faster. Suddenly in rounding a curve in the road she lost her balance and fell face downward in a pile of bricks. When Ellen got to her she was just emerging.

"Fancy my doing that," exclaimed Brenda, taking it as a huge joke. "How frightened the poor horse was, and where is he?"

"Never mind the horse. How are you?" demanded Ellen.

"Oh, I'm perfectly fit. My hat—where is my hat?—there—now. Let's find the horse and continue our ride."

But Ellen saw that Brenda's face was scraped and bleeding and wanted to get her home. When Brenda looked in the glass, she said, "Why, what a sight I am. Why didn't you tell me I looked such a sight?"

"I didn't want to frighten you," said Ellen.

"Oh, dear me," wailed Brenda. "What shall I do? Ralph studied to be a doctor once and he never got over it. He'll not give me a moment's peace until he has me bandaged up. He just adores to mend people."

"Let's put some iodine on the cuts. Perhaps then he will think that you have been taken care of enough," Ellen cheered her.

"You don't know Ralph as I do," said Brenda darkly.



This pensive trio is the Gish family—Mrs. Gish with Dorothy in her arms and Lillian at her side, in their stage trouping days.

That evening Ellen was called to the phone. "What did I tell you?" said Brenda, "Ralph was delighted! And I'm a mass of patches. I shan't be able to go out for days!"

* * *

Cecil De Mille has a bathtub scene in "Mme. Satan," now in production.

"Is he superstitious about having a bathtub in every picture?" a visitor asked.

"No," laughed Barrett Kiesling, Mr. De Mille's press representative, "he isn't superstitious. After all, Mr. De Mille has made fifty seven pictures and only seven of them have had bathtub scenes." Such is fame.

* * *

Clara Bow says she's going to stay thin and let her hair grow.

* * *

Fox got out the green velvet carpet for De Sylva, Brown and Henderson when they returned to Hollywood to write an original score. At the station they were presented with a key to Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Malibu and surrounding points. Then a dainty miss stepped up and piped, "But this is the real key, the key to Movietonia!"

A beautiful bungalow has been especially and cleverly decorated for them by the studio decorator, Richard Lewis Smith. In the main room dark-town flappers and their swains are pictured in various stages of jazz while back of them loom the crazy outlines of futuristic sky scrapers.



A dancing girl of an earlier and duskier civilization supports Dorothy Lee, snappy 1930 model who graces RKO's musical movies.

Folks were wondering who the handsome man was that Doug Fairbanks greeted so cordially the other day on the United Artists lot. A closer view revealed the familiar face of William Farnum, but it wasn't any wonder he hadn't been recognized at first glance for he was all done up in the silks and satins of a king of long ago. Yes, Bill has come back to pictures. He will play King Louis XV in "Flame of the Flesh," with Norma Talmadge. It is now in production, and is the story of Mme. Du Barry.

* * *

Do you know that there have been more worth-while songs composed for the sound screen in the past year than in three previous years of popular song composition? Harry Tierny, who composed the "Rio Rita" music, and has a long New York career to his credit, says so. And Harry should know. He wrote "Dixiana," too, which Bebe Daniels is now doing at RKO.

* * *

Lon Chaney was all enthusiasm the other day, the reason being some pictures of his little grandson that had just arrived. Lon was showing them to everyone he knew on the lot.

* * *

"Catherine," asked Julia Faye of Catherine Dale Owen, "what were you thinking of all during the time Lawrence Tibbett was singing that song to you on the rock in the 'The Rogue Song?' Don't tell me your thoughts didn't wander!"

"Well," confessed Catherine, "I can tell you that Larry has absolutely perfect teeth, not a cavity in one of them,

Adolphe Menjou when he was really sophisticated. At the age of three Adolphe carried a cane with all the inimitable ease he now displays on the screen.



but one tonsil is just a fraction of an inch higher than the other. And I am an expert now on the correct movement of the diaphragm. It was the best singing lesson I have ever had!"

* * *

Johnny Mack Brown is just burning the screen up these days. Almost every company is fighting for his services, even though he is tied to a Metro contract. Raoul Walsh wanted him to do "The Oregon Trail" for Fox, but Metro popped him into "Billy The Kid," which Vidor will direct. Walsh is going to wait for him, though. How's that for popularity?

* * *

The team of Talmadge and Roland has come to a pause if not actually to an end. Gilbert has been borrowed by Metro to do the lead in "Monsieur Le Fox." He will play it in two languages, English and Spanish. Conrad Nagel has been selected to play opposite Norma in "Flame of the Flesh."

* * *

When everyone thought that Catherine Dale Owen and Prince Youcca Troubetskoy would announce their engagement almost any time, it was a great surprise to find that Catherine and Youcca were 'just friends' and that Youcca had announced his engagement to Ethel Sykes, one

of the 1930 Florodora Sextette beauties scampering about the Marion Davies set.

* * *

"Joby would make a real opera star," enthused Robert Woolsey to his brother comedian, Bert Wheeler. "Do you know that she can take high C as easily as a bird?"

He was speaking of Jobyna Howland, who is over six feet tall and who first attained prominence in the stage play of "The Gold Diggers." She is now appearing in RKO's "Radio Revels."

"Well," drawled Bert in a facetious reply to Bob's sincere compliment, "I should think she could. She's up high enough to see anything!"

* * *

Larry Tibbett led the way from opera to pictures and look what comes of it. Mary Lewis goes out to Pathé and gets \$4,000 practically for every minute she sings on the screen, and Grace Moore goes to Metro and goodness knows how much she gets. We have it from some one who saw them that the knobs on her dressing-room doors were encrusted in sterling silver. Now we ask you! Where is this thing going to end?

* * *

Edward Everett Horton and several others were watching the stunting of a plane over the First National studios where he is playing in "Mlle. Modiste." Eddie, a born comedian, had a bath towel around his neck instead of a muffler as most actors would have, even if the grease paint might spoil it.



Talkie letters? Anyhow, it's an age of pictures and the fans are using this new photoscript stationery to show Buddy Rogers a close-up of themselves.

"That plane reminds me of a fight I saw of two young eagles and two crows," remarked somebody. "The eagles were dangerously near the crow's nest and they resented the familiarity. They concentrated upon the eagle nearest their home while the other eagle beat it clear out of sight, leaving his buddy to his fate."

"Well," said Eddie, in that earnest, half-shy voice you all know, "I'm glad he saved himself. You know, eagles are scarce!"



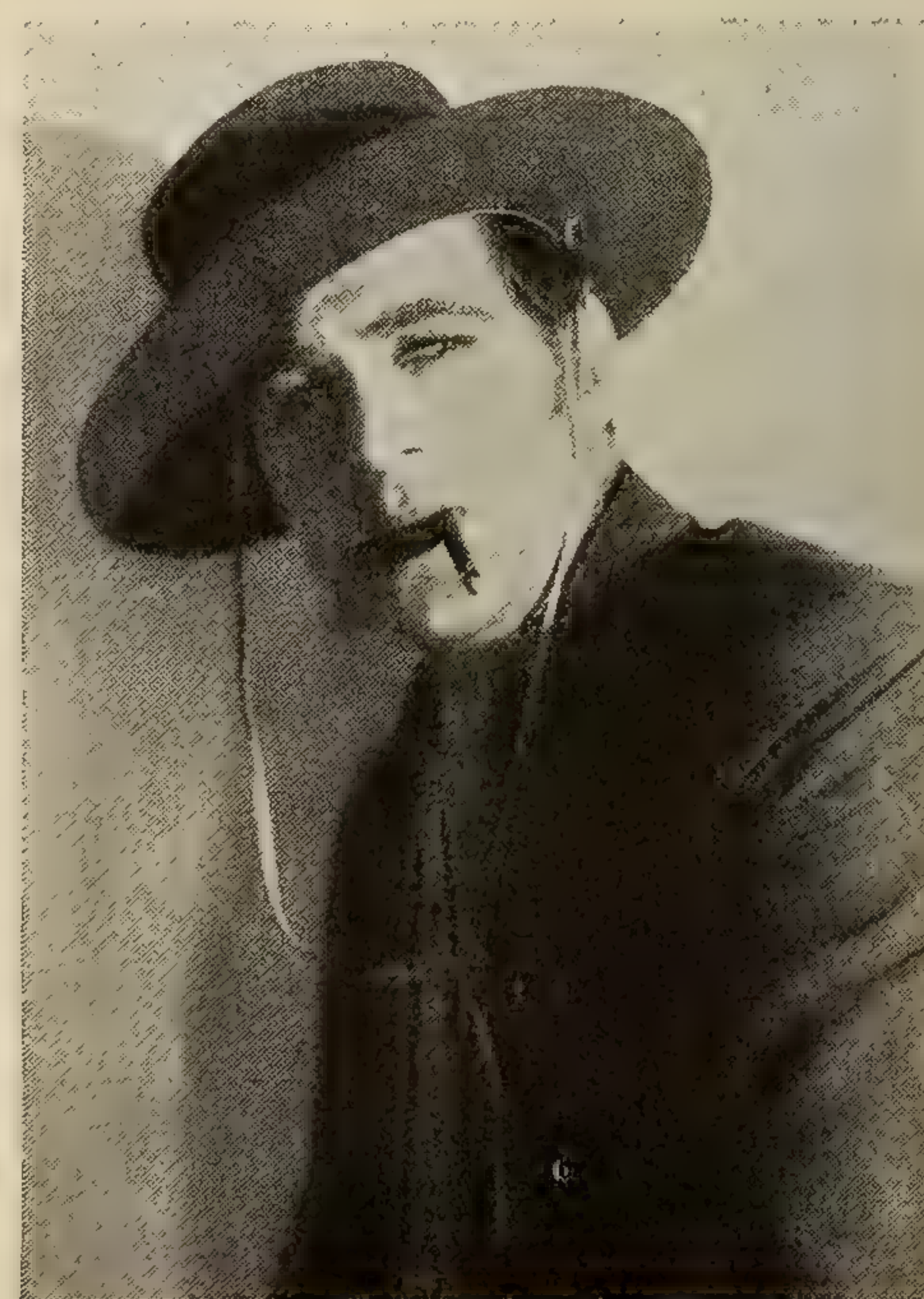
When Prince Leopold of Prussia (center), and Baron Cereini visited Hollywood they were made right at home by such representatives of true democracy as Polly Moran, Marion Davies, and Marie Dressler.

Ina Claire and Pathé have decided to call it a day. Meaning that her contract which had, at the time of this decision, only five more weeks to run, has terminated. There are no hard feelings, not at all. Miss Claire states that the Pathé Company have been wonderful to her and that she greatly enjoyed her first picture, "The Awful Truth," with them. But she is quite anxious for more diversified rôles than they have to offer at present; so they decided, in the friendliest way, to sever their relations.

* * *

Lawrence Tibbett is just as charming as you would imagine him to be after seeing and hearing "The Rogue Song." He has an enthusiastic personality and a gaiety of heart that sweeps all before it. It is possible that this bubbling joyfulness of spirit is as much the cause of his success as the magnificent voice that he has naturally, and the splendid technique he has worked so hard to acquire.

Nine years ago, Lawrence Tibbett was on the bill of the California Theater here in Los Angeles, getting fifty dollars a week. His teacher, Felix Hughes, urged him to go to New York and study with Frank La Forge, whom he knew could get Tibbett a hearing at the Metropolitan. All this came about, as the world knows. Mr. Tibbett talked of his first 'chance' at the opera house. He had been singing bits but owing to some illness or accident, he was offered the part of Valentine in Faust. It was a dangerous offer to accept and a dangerous offer to refuse. He felt that his future rested upon his decision. Of the two dangers he chose taking the part and he went into it with a sink or swim determination. He made a hit and from that time on rose steadily. He is the only player who ever rose to prominence from the ranks of the Metropolitan and he is the only player who ever stopped the show on that famous stage trod by the greatest singers of the last forty-odd years.



In days of old when knights were bold they must have looked just like Gary Cooper. And if fair ladies fluttered we frankly don't blame 'em.

How to be CAPTIVATING

BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.

How ALLURING in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential*!

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"THAT is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

"Lux Toilet Soap," she concluded, "is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth."

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who give their skin regular care with Lux Toilet Soap. Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . .

Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky

smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap. Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with their many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.



Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in her luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom in Hollywood.

"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin, have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bebe Daniels



BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "It keeps my skin superbly smooth."



ANNA Q. NILSSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "Leaves my skin like velvet."



SALLY BLANE, Radio Pictures' star, says: "It's a wonderful soap."

Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . .

10¢

ASK ME

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



Richard Arlen and two of his most adoring fans. Dick has many other admirers who write in to Miss Vee Dee about him.

VIOLET K. of Cleveland, Ohio. Is Colleen Moore 'high-hat?' I never noticed it. In fact, Colleen is one of the good little girl scouts of films, both on and off the screen. Colleen was born Aug. 19, 1902, in Port Huron, Mich. She has brown hair and eyes (one blue and one brown, if you must know); is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her real name was Kathleen Morrison before her marriage to John McCormick. Larry Kent, whose real name is Henri W. Trumbull, was born Sept. 15, 1900, on shipboard two days out of Liverpool, England. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes.

Sally from Fresno, Cal. I give special pains to all new questioners so where will you have yours? May McAvoy with her 4 feet 11 inches and Viola Dana's 4 feet 11½ inches are two of the shortest grown-ups in pictures. Alice White is 5 feet 2 inches and Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches tall. Write to Gilbert Roland at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "New York Nights."

Adelaide M. of Brooklyn. Don't you worry about the younger generation—worry makes the older generation older. Leatrice Joy's latest release is "A Most Immoral Lady" with Walter Pidgeon and Montagu Love in the cast. Leatrice was born Nov. 7, 1897, in New Orleans, La. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

A Fan in Hollywood. Seeing the stars as they are in real life, are you? No, don't tell me you saw several of my favorite actors with the same girl twice—that is too much for one pair of eyes; there should be two of you. Corinne Griffith was born Nov. 25, 1898, in Texarkana, Ark. She has brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Her latest release is "Lilies of the Field." Mary Astor and Gertrude Astor are not related. Cornelius Keefe was born July 13, 1902, in Boston, Mass. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 165 pounds.

Momosa from Liverpool, England. I'm terribly thrilled over your good wishes for my department—any time you want to unload another lot, I'm ready with hands across the sea. Pauline Frederick's latest picture is "The Sacred Flame" with Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee and Walter Byron, your fellow countryman. Esther Ralston is the wife of George Webb. You can write to her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., and they will forward your letter.

Mary B. P. of Fairmount, W. Va. What do I do in my off moments, if any? If any is right. It's a great secret so don't repeat it but my burning ambition is to write a short story—so far, the longer I write the shorter the story, if you follow me and I hope you won't. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is 45 years old. Conrad Nagel is 33. Adolphe Menjou is 40. Clive Brook is 38. Lon Chaney is 40. Harold Lloyd is 36. Ronald Colman is 39. Jack Duffy is 47. Oliver Hardy of the co-starring team of Laurel and Hardy is 38 and Stan Laurel is 34 years old.

Caril Louise of Fowler, Cal. We still have a few 'dream princes' in the movies unattached. There are Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, Walter Byron, Lane Chandler, Gary Cooper and Jackie Coogan. Go on and dream, don't let me wake you up. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Mo. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is the wife of James Regan of New York City. She appears in "Song o' My Heart" with John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, in a singing and talking Fox picture. Dolores and Helene Costello were born in New York City and not in Spain or Mexico.

Geraldine from Cross Cut, Texas. What is considered the best 'Western' film to date? I don't know, do you? The latest releases of the following stars as I write are: Clara Bow, "The Saturday Night Kid"; Billie Dove, "The Painted Angel"; John Gilbert, "His Glorious Night"; Colleen Moore, "Footlights and Fools"; Joan Crawford, "Untamed"; William Haines, "Navy

Blues," and Alice White, "The Girl from Woolworth's."

Santy and Friend of Worcester, Mass. You have been reading my department a long time, yet find it amusing. There's a real compliment and a couple of loud cheers for me but try and find 'em. Rudolph Valentino died in New York City on Aug. 23, 1926. Rex Lease was born Feb. 11, 1903, in Central City, Va. He has brown hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Matty Kemp was born in New York City on Sept. 10, 1907. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 162 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. John Mack Brown is 25, Richard Arlen is 30 and William Haines was 30 on Jan. 1, 1930.

Helen of Ottawa, Ont. So you're a poor wanderer out looking for addresses, are (Continued on page 113)

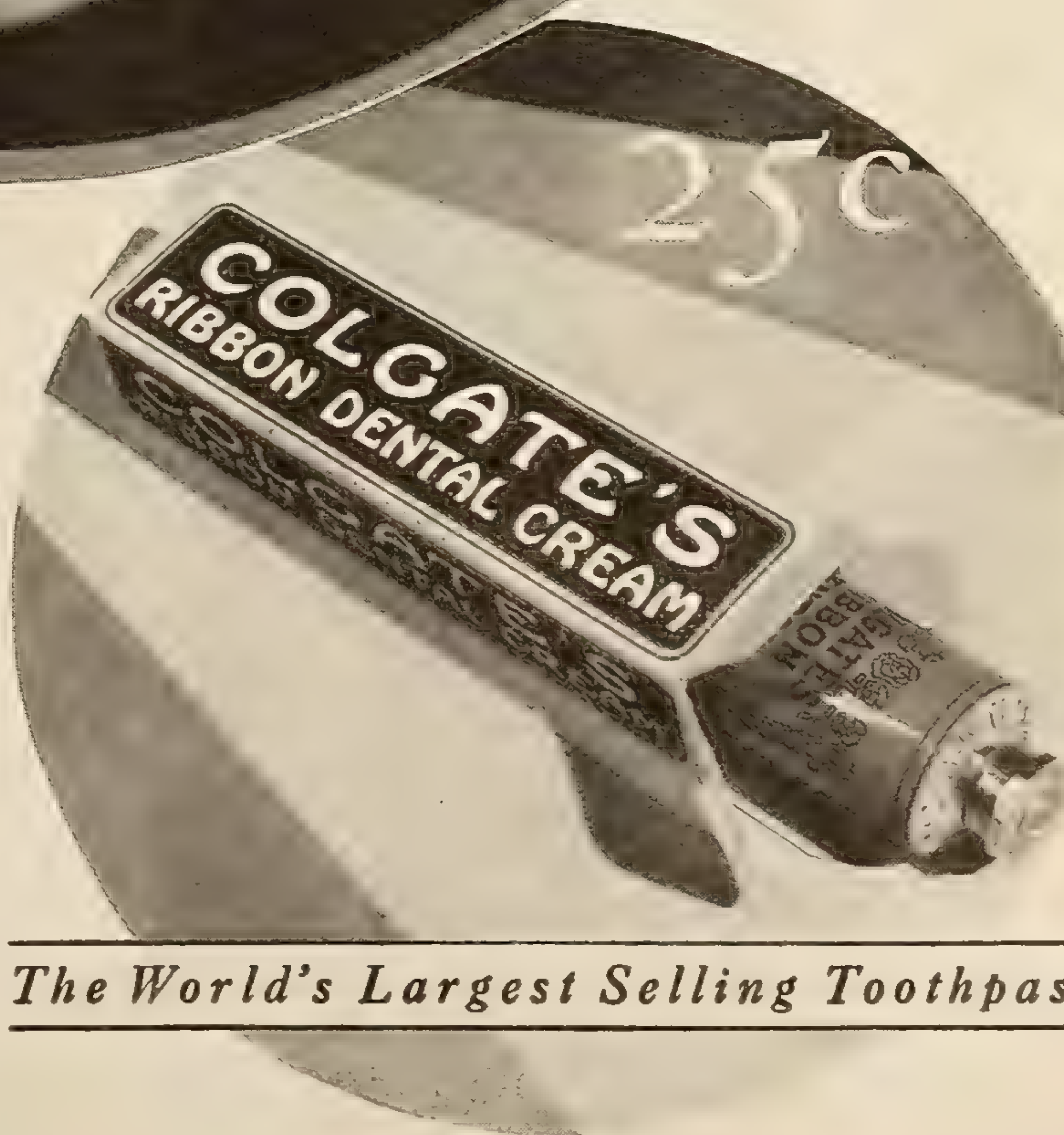


Clive Brook is so serious because he is trying to figure out when he'll have time to answer all his fan mail.



It cleans the crevices *between* teeth!

Between the teeth . . . in tiny crevices . . . there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's *floods* them out . . . its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go . . . Dissolving the deposits . . . *washing* them away . . . cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Try Colgate's . . . it is approved by more Dentists; *used* by more people, than any other toothpaste made.



The World's Largest Selling Toothpaste

Come Into the Kitchen with Alice White

Continued from page 93

the family, they turn out beautifully. The dish is perfect. But let me make it for guests! Then, no matter how carefully I work and measure, the things is a total failure.

I had some delicious Italian spaghetti at one of the Hollywood cafes. By much wheedling and pleading, I got the recipe from the chef. The next free day I tried it out. It was lovely. Sid was over for dinner and praised it generously. He declared it was better than at the restaurant.

The next time I had guests for dinner, I decided to make this dish. Foolishly, I had boasted about how I could cook Italian spaghetti to these people, and promised them this treat. Arriving home late, I started cooking immediately. Very carefully, I measured each thing and watched the clock so as to have each thing correct.

But all I had for my pains was the funniest tasting mess I had ever seen. I was heartsick. It was too late to try again. Besides, it was impossible because I had used all my ingredients. I called the restaurant and luck was with me. They were serving Italian spaghetti that night. The chef laughed at my predicament, but kindly sent enough spaghetti over to feed an army. This taught me one thing—never to try to cook for guests myself, unless I had time and materials enough to try, try again.

I suppose it depends upon how you have been raised, and what tastes have been developed as to what you like and don't

like. I like highly seasoned food. Unless the dish is well seasoned, or has a sauce, I can hardly eat it. We have always had a predominance of spicy and hot foods. We like sauces, touches of garlic in salad dressings, and meats cooked in olive oil and seasoned with pepper or tabasco sauce.

Chili and frijoles, tamales, enchiladas, raviolis, and dishes like that are my favorites. We try to have them at least once a week. Of course, I have to be careful about eating too much rich food. I'm not naturally fat, but I don't care to take chances.

I have given my favorite recipes and hope that the readers who try them have more luck with the Italian spaghetti than I did.

SPICE COOKIES

- 1½ cups brown sugar
- ¾ cup butter
- 1 cup raisin, seeded and chopped
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons milk
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- Enough flour to make a smooth dough.

Cream butter and sugar; add beaten yolk of eggs, then well-beaten whites. Add milk, soda and spices, then add flour gradually, mixing well in until mixture is stiff enough to roll. Bake in a slightly hotter than medium oven.

CHILI AND BEANS

- 2 lb. coarsely ground beef
- ½ lb. onions, chopped
- 1 oz. chili powder.

Fry the onions in fat enough to cover the bottom of the pan, put meat in, and add chili powder. Add 2 oz. of flour mixed with any kind of broth you happen to have. Add hot water until the mixture has the consistency of a stew. Cook slowly until the meat is almost done.

Cook 1 lb. of kidney beans until tender. Drain, mix with chili and meat and let simmer until mixture is well blended.

RAVIOLI

- 2 lb. fresh beef
- 1 lb. spinach (cooked)
- 1 medium sized onion
- 2 lb. flour
- 4 eggs
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- A pinch of salt.

Braise the beef until as done as a regular roast. Then grind through meat grinder. Grind the onion by itself and add to the meat. Mix in enough gravy to make a thick paste.

Mix the flour, eggs, and olive oil together and add enough water to make a solid paste. Add salt to taste. Roll this out flat and cut into portions with biscuit cutter.

Put a spoonful of meat paste on each portion and cover it with another portion, pressing edges together. Put in a pot of hot boiling salt water for 15 minutes over a slow fire. Pour hot tomato sauce over this and serve.

The Stage in Review—Continued from page 97

staircase Inez drags the thoroughly prancing, soused Danny.

Roger Pryor and Ethel Intropedi are the leads, Roger doing an exceptionally fine bit as the boy, and Maidel Turner and Jefferson de Angelis as the mother and lawyer piecing out perfectly.

A perfect evening's chortle. There's a quiet, comic little picture in it if the director will lay off the molasses.

Flying High

George White put on "Flying High," a musical mélange of aviation monkeyshines, containing Oscar Shaw, Grace Brinkley, Pearce Osgood and Russ Brown.

Forget all that—for there is one Bert Lahr in the show who is the craziest, funniest, nuttiest, daffiest, monkey-faced buffoon I have ever seen. This man is an original, a man who takes you back to primitive vulgarities that hew down our culture and civilization to the lowest strata. I say all this in praise, for a dose of Bert Lahring every once in a while is good for us.

For pure, brainless, wild, hysterical, belly-laughter go to see Bert Lahr in "Flying High." Here is vulgarity raised to an art.

Those We Love

Once in a while a play in New York makes a hit and goes in for an unexpected run. And sometimes the play deserves the luck. Such a play is "Those We Love," by George Abbott and S. K. Lauren.

George Abbott himself does the lead, and it is mainly due to him in his rôle as a husband who was literally pushed by a suspicious wife into letting his foot slip

on the rose-leaf of infidelity that the play gets over. It has also other things to recommend it: the characters are well limned, and while there are abysses of emptiness here and there, it is in the main a well-cobbled piece of work.

It all takes place in Westchester county. He is a writer. She writes songs down in the city. They are really in love, although married, and have a son. The vamp-woman shows up. Author shoos her away. Wife is convinced the thing has happened; leaves him. She repents, returns to him; but too late, for as he had the name, he really grabbed the game. The Family Idea, however, wins out at last, mainly because of the fine performance of Edwin Phillips as the son. Mamma and Daddy, you know!—and certainly papa had a right to slip. Another good piece of work was that of Armina Marshall as the wife.

"Those We Love" sounds real and is not flagrant. Solid middle-class food.

Love, Honor and Betray

"Love, Honor and Betray," a cynical satire by a Frenchman, might just as well be called "Love, Honor and Decay" because the whole action takes place in a cemetery with three picture flash-backs which tell us why three men who all loved one woman came to their death. They arise from their graves to Spoon River the matter over to the audience.

I am a most hardened sinner, a cynic and haven't a shred of delusion or illusion about the Unfair Sex; but the brutal and chilling cynicism of this play sent shivers down my spine and froze my gizzards. The only thing that redeemed it was the

all-conquering beauty of Alice Brady in her beautiful vampish rôle. No wonder one of these fellows committed suicide, another fell dead of apoplexy and the third died of depleted glands! She had It in the Einstein dimension.

There are some keen remarks in the dialogue. The idea of the three men walking out of their tombs and telling their stories to one another was frightfully laughable; but the finale, the vamp's daughter running off with the mother's chauffeur in the cemetery to the sardonic laughter of the three buried love-saps, made us put on our overcoats and furs in a hurry. A terrific assault on sex-love, truly; but is it Art?—as Ben Turpin once asked Buster Keaton.

But see, La Brady in her gowns! She can act better than she did in this clinic; but she can never dress better or look more glandular.

The Plutocrat

Arthur Goodrich took Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Plutocrat," a somewhat sly satire on an American millionaire abroad, and sold the idea to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn. In turn, some one is going to sell it to the pictures, and it will make, with good dialogue, much mon.

It is hardly a Coburn play. Anyhow, it's all about a Western one hundred and one percent Babbitt and his larynx-whistling wife and their amorous and social adventures abroad. It is farcical, almost Krazy Katish; but not without its ha-has and coos and gurgles.

How well all these plays are done now on Broadway! In "The Plutocrat" there isn't a cough in the carload of a cast.

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Can Stars' Voices Be Remodeled?—Continued from page 31

to learn to sing, perhaps on the screen, or would like to hear your screen stars speak or sing better, the first thing you should do is to disabuse your mind of the theory that any deficiency in talking pictures must be laid to the reproducing apparatus rather than to the voice of your favorite.

That is wrong. If the apparatus is good enough to reproduce musical instruments and orchestras, it is equally good to reproduce the talking or singing voice.

Only a few voices register well. The vast majority are not pleasant to hear. And that is due to the fact that the voice is improperly produced.

If people would only learn to sing in *their mouths*, instead of trying to sing behind their noses, and in other curious parts of their anatomy! The voice must be in *the mouth*. Here, with a clear and distinct articulation, its projection will be facilitated by the fact that the vibrations travel unhampered from the mouth to the microphone and it will register well.

But when the voice is produced in other parts of the vocal apparatus, such as behind the nose, in the throat, or in the chest, due to the fact that the vibrations have to travel a longer distance to reach the microphone and due to the interference created by the organs of the throat, tongue, palate, and so on, the vibrations must be forced

out by the breath. It is exactly this breath pressure which is responsible for the bad voice production and the muffled articulation of some of the players. May your favorite star not be among them!

Because I have proved my theory so many times, I am going to Hollywood with no misgivings but rather with gratitude that it will be my province to help build up the voices of the stars whose screen personalities have given pleasure and diversion to millions, month after month, and year after year.

I am sure of a fair amount of success because the stars themselves are showing such wonderful spirit. They are never satisfied! Gloria Swanson after her lovely performance in "The Trespasser" came to me for lessons. She was to sing over the radio, and even after her experience and great success was terrified. She had marvelous concentration; and in two weeks the difference in her voice was most marked. She made her radio debut with glowing success. But even then she wasn't satisfied. She is still intensely absorbed in her singing. Although she used to sing a little, she never had a big voice and she never regarded it seriously until talking pictures came along. Now, she wants to become a real artist. I should not be surprised to see her in opera one day. She has great possibilities. Her voice is a lyric soprano with a dark quality which is very rare.

And in addition, she has the mental and artistic qualifications so necessary to real singing success.

In Hollywood, I know I shall be happy for my time will be placed at the disposal of some of the greatest stars in the world. Just which individual players will need my attention I do not now know. But since Metro's stars include Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Joan Crawford, and many others, I feel that my work will be more interesting than ever before.

I shall teach the screen stars just as I have taught dozens of stage and operatic stars. The principles are well defined. Beautiful speaking and beautiful singing depend upon clarity. First, the attention must be centered on correct pronunciation. Second, no contortions can be performed with the body or the muscles. Third, the words alone must express the emotions, the real quality comes from the brain and the soul.

There can be no shifting from this ground. No changing of principles. One of the greatest musicians and composers who ever lived—Richard Wagner—said: "In art, he who compromises will soon disappear." That is the fibre of my belief. And that is the tenacious quality which I shall hand down to my pupils so long as I live and breathe.

Mrs. Oakie's Little Boy, Jack—Continued from page 51

William Jennings Bryan and heard a lecturer say that the uncrowned queens of America were the mothers of men. From that time until Jack was born, Ev thought it would be fine to have a boy and encourage him to become somebody.

So Jack Oakie, little Lewis Offield, was born. "I don't expect you to believe this," said Ev, the other day, "but Lewis never cried when he was a baby. He was just so good! Women used to stop me on the street and kiss him and love him." And Ev showed disgust for what she thought were silly old women.

Remember this, Ev is a very intelligent lady. She's a psychologist. She gave her children the happiest home any husky American children ever had.

"My husband," said Ev, "didn't care what Jack did. And I didn't. Jack was always happy. No matter what the children did, we thought it was grand. You know, we never whipped Jack. That's scientific training. And I never thought he was bad. No, he was a funny little kid with a lot of devil and mischief in him—but he wasn't bad."

In one of Jack's scrap books is an article written by one of the school girls about a party he attended. Part of the article reads: "And that little Lewis Offield (Jack) sang a song and you'd never think to hear him sing that he was so bad. He was just terrible. All the time he was singing, his mother, who accompanied him on the piano, watched him because you never knew what he would do. He was the boy who took several other boys to Mrs. McDonald's big new bathtub. He filled it to the top with water and then they all jumped in and began swimming. The water ran all over the floor."

Then Ev remembered Jack's circus. "When Jack was eight years old," she

said, "a circus came to town. From then on, nothing would do but Jack must have a circus. We had given his sister music lessons so we thought we'd give Jack a lot of fun and let him have a donkey and a \$50 tent, in which to hold the circus. Well, he had the donkey and clowns and seats and everything. On the night of the performance, all the parents around the neighborhood came. When we walked, we noticed that we were stepping into some white powder that was covering the ground. Here, Jack had taken our new barrel of soap powder from the cellar and covered the ground to make it look like sawdust. Land's sake, the stuff took all the color off my shoes and I slid all over the street going home! But I didn't care. Jack was happy. You see, his father and I never cared very much what the children did just so they were happy. We kept the donkey for several years. Four or five children could ride him at once."

"Jack was the most persistent boy I ever heard of. Once, I was invited to a woman's party. Jack asked if there was going to be any ice cream and cake. I told him yes, but that he couldn't come. When I arrived, I told all the women that Jack might try to come but for them not to let him in. Well, in the middle of the afternoon, here he comes—all dressed up in bow tie and everything. He just put his thumb on the doorbell and kept it there fifteen or twenty minutes until we had to let him in. The ladies took him out in the kitchen, gave him ice cream and he left immediately."

"On his tenth birthday we said Jack could have a birthday party. Some boy around the corner had his birthday the same day, so Jack and he were going to have a double party in our garden. I had two large cakes. The other boy's mother came with her maid. Each was carrying

one side of a huge clothes basket full of doughnuts. 'My lands,' I said, 'what are all those for? I'm sure we'll never use them!' 'Won't we?' said the boy's mother, 'Jack has asked all the boys his size in the town to the party.' And when the time came, the hill, where we lived, was covered with boys. There must have been 250 little boys, all of whom Jack had measured with his height and asked to his party. You never saw such a variety of boys in your life."

"On Sundays, Jack used to sing solos in the church. He had a beautiful soprano voice. One day, he was to sing *Onward Christian Soldiers*. At the last line, 'where duty calls or danger, be never wanting there,' Jack sang right out, 'be never waiting there' with a great big wink to the choir."

"When Jack was fourteen years old, his father died. I was given a position in Scudder's School for Girls in New York and, of course, I took the children with me. I was ambitious and learned about politics. My main idea was to make Jack a politician. I wanted him someday to be the Governor of New York State. 'If you only listen to me, Lewis,' I used to say, 'I know how to make you the Governor of New York.' One time, he and his chum, a member of the Walter Hagen family, went up to Albany on a trip to the state capitol. He remembered my wish for him to be Governor and wrote me a note while he was sitting in the Governor's chair. 'Dear Mother, I'm doing the best I can for you. I'm sitting in the Governor's chair.'"

"Lewis sang every Sunday for four years in the All Angels' Choir in New York City. He has a very good voice now. But he never sings out. After I saw 'Hit The Deck,' I said, 'Why didn't you sing good, when they let you?' 'Why, Ev,' he

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said, 'I was a gob. You didn't think I was going to be an opera singer. Just wait, they haven't given me Tibbett's part yet.'

"After his graduation from high school, Lewis was a telephone clerk in the stock exchange. They liked him there. He was promoted and before he left, Mr. Stearns offered to loan me \$80,000 to buy Jack a seat on the exchange. But Jack wanted to go on the stage. So he turned it down. The boy who took the seat paid back the \$80,000 in the first two years.

"You have read how Jack performed in amateur theatricals and went into vaudeville with Lulu McConnell. I really don't know exactly how he happened to go to Hollywood. Except he wrote me that he was going to take a boat ride to California. He was kept busy after he came west.

"Jack has a sister, Sally, Mrs. G. A.

Lindbergh, in New York. You know, he says hello to her every time he sings or talks over the radio. And she hears it, too. She's married to a tall Swede and they have two blonde children. Jack often used to go to their house in New York for dinner.

"When Jack's first big picture, 'The Fleet's In,' played at the Paramount Theater in New York, the girl at the window knew Sally was Jack's sister and let her take the two children to the press row. When the little girl saw Jack on the screen, she rose out of her seat and asked, 'Is Uncle Jack going home to dinner with us tonight?' 'No, sh!', said Sally, 'He's in the movies now.' 'Well,' said the little girl, 'when you're in the movies, how can you get out of the movies?' 'Listen, little girl,' said a reporter next to her, 'it's plenty easy to get

out of the movies.'"

Ev lives in her bungalow now and clips her papers. She goes down the boulevard each day and gets the new magazines. She laughed a lot about a theater advertisement for "Sweetie" in Portland. It read, "Jolson, go back in your corner, here comes Oakie." And Ev's eyes twinkled with amazement at the big lettering. "You see, it wasn't a friend who wrote the ad, because we haven't any friends in Portland."

Every evening Jack calls his mother at six o'clock on the telephone and tells her whether or not he has to work. Every free evening he takes her out to dinner.

Ev likes her Jack. And she's okay with him. The feeling is sort of mutual. She says he was never bad—just a boy. She thinks he is wise and lucky. And Mrs. Evelyn Offield, as usual, is right.

Elsie Janis Now—Continued from page 29

had seen an opportunity. She and Her Gang leased a theater and offered New York an unpretentious, intimate, gay, lilting, friendly 'little' show that was an immediate hit.

Why not the same idea for the screen?—she reasoned.

It was at that moment that "Paramount On Parade" was inceptioned.

For eight months, Elsie Janis gave supervision to the assembling of Paramount's distinctly new-type talking screen presentation.

In her work she had full command of every resource available in the great motion picture production plant. Writers, directors, composers, artists as well as players in almost any number were hers to build with. She built with the unerring shrewdness that years of experience in every branch of stagecraft had given her.

In addition to her work as general supervisor, working with Albert Kaufman, an experienced studio executive, Elsie Janis served as director, dialogue writer, song writer and set designer. Two of the numbers in "Paramount On Parade" (there will be twenty in all) were directed by her. She, with Jack King, a composer, wrote three of the ten new hit songs that are sung. She sketched in advance the plans for several of the sets against which the various action is played and from her suggestion the artists in the department of set design drew up finished plans.

It has been the most fascinating work of her life, she declares.

"Imagine the thrill of building a new-type revue with thirty-five famous stars as a cast!" she said. "On the stage, as the general rule, we have but a few box-office 'names' to work with. Likewise, in the theater, we retain one composer, one lyric writer, to prepare the musical score. Here at the Paramount studios we have the choice of the best works of several composers, and the privilege to choose from the best works of a score of trained writers. Making 'Paramount On Parade' has been a matter of careful selection rather than a matter of searching for material and talent."

Because of this, her first real experience in film production, Elsie Janis feels that the balance of her career will be devoted to Hollywood and its studios. Although she is repeatedly being urged to return to the stage, she finds in her new work the utmost satisfaction. To her, the real future of the theater is now in the field of talking, musical, films.

The truth of this is pointed out by her in the fact that in Hollywood now are

gathered some of the greatest figures of the theater. Maurice Chevalier, with whom she appeared in London in "Hello America," Chevalier's first appearance on the English-speaking stage, is prominently featured in "Paramount On Parade." Another great stage artist with whom Miss Janis once starred is Leon Errol. She played with him throughout the run of "The Century Girl" in New York. Errol, too, is in "Paramount On Parade."

Miss Janis feels that her work with Maurice Chevalier was the most interesting part of her new duties. He, to her, had always represented the epitome of perfection in the deft humor of musical comedy and the concert stage.

"Maurice Chevalier is a true artist," says Miss Janis. "He possesses, to the fullest possible extent, that spark of personality, ingratiating charm and friendly spirit which enables a player to reach his audience. That is the 'secret' of his success. He reaches across the footlights and gathers the audience into his arms; plays directly to them, and they love him for it."

It is this same spirit of intimacy and friendliness that Miss Janis attempted to capture throughout all of the many numbers in "Paramount On Parade." She arranged it so that Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, Skeet Gallagher, Harry Green, Helen Kane, Dennis King, Jack Oakie, Zelma O'Neal, William Powell, Charles Rogers and the more than thirty others in the imposing cast should be permitted to step off the screen, to get close to those 'out front' who came to be entertained.

It was 'Her Gang' again.

Elsie Janis' life as well as her present work has been interesting.

She was born in Columbus, Ohio, forty-one years ago. From earliest infancy, according to her mother, who now is with her in Hollywood, Elsie gave evidence of her genius for pantomime and mimicry which in later life carried her to the top in her profession.

One of her earliest recollections is mimicking a guest in her mother's home and receiving for her effort a resounding spanking. This guest was a woman always complaining of her ills in a thin, weak little voice that was annoying at least to the six-year-old Elsie. One afternoon, when this woman was at her home, Elsie retired to her bedroom, practised before the mirror for a short time, and returned

to the parlor with an impersonation that none could fail to mistake.

It was at the age of eight years that Elsie Janis made her first appearance on the stage. She played the part of a little boy in "The Charity Ball," a popular play of the day. When eleven years old, she made her New York debut as "Little Elsie" in vaudeville at the Casino Theater Roof Garden under the management of E. E. Rice. During the next three years, she toured all over the United States and became the best-known child actress of that period. Her work was to impersonate the famous stage stars of the day.

Her first great success came in New York in the summer of 1905, when she appeared in "When We Were Forty One" at the New York Theater Roof Garden. In this play, her specialty of impersonating the great contemporary stage stars created quite a furor and she became an established star.

During ensuing seasons, Elsie Janis was presented in: "The Vanderbilt Cup," "The Hoyden," "The Fair Co-Ed," "The Slim Princess," "A Star For A Night" (which was written by herself), "The Lady of the Slipper," "The Passing Show," "Miss Information," "The Century Girl," and many others. One of these 'many others' which perhaps should be mentioned was "It's All Wrong," of which she was part-author and composer. It was in September of 1918 that she appeared with Chevalier in "Hello America" in London; that being sometime following his discharge from the French army because of wounds which had left him incapacitated for further military service.

It was after the war that Miss Janis became producer of her own shows, a work she followed with such intensity of effort that it brought about her eventual breakdown and temporary retirement from the stage.

The stage, however, was never the extent of Elsie Janis' full activity. She has, in addition during her career, written almost one hundred published song successes, several plays, several librettos for musical shows, many short stories in collaboration with Gene Markey, and has played in motion pictures. She once was starred by the Hobart Bosworth company in a picture, "Betty In Search of a Thrill."

In appearance, the Elsie Janis of today is still the Elsie Janis of "The Slim Princess" and "The Century Girl," two of her greatest hits. The passing years have left little mark. Her smile is the smile of a youthful heart, her eyes flash with

ready wit; she is alert to the times and, above all, extremely happy. In her film work, she has carried through with the enthusiasm of a young girl attending her first party, and this enthusiasm has been transferred to everyone whom she contacted. She has the faculty for inspiring leadership and Hollywood is elated that she has chosen to remain.

Mei Lan-Fang

Continued from page 55

of China.

At seven, young Mei had mastered music and song. At twelve, he made his debut as a *tan*, or impersonator of female rôles. Since then he has become famed throughout the five hundred millions of people who inhabit China and Japan. He is the only actor in present-day China whose appearance on any stage in any part of the country at any season of the year is hailed invariably by a capacity audience.

For some years, Lan-Fang has borne the honor of being 'Foremost of the Pear Orchard'—which is equivalent to saying he is China's foremost actor. This name is derived from the fact that the Imperial Troupe during the golden age of Chinese art, under Emperor Ming Huang, were called 'Disciples of the Pear Orchard' because they performed in a palace surrounded by pear trees.

Mr. Mei is married and has four children, three boys and a girl. He married a young and beautiful actress formerly on the stage in Peking.

Mei is said to be fond of taking watches apart, playing American phonographs until his friends take the records away in self defense, and he likes to walk in his garden in the early morning hours.

This great Chinese actor is well-known as a painter of considerable ability, having a special section devoted to his pictures at a recent Japanese Art exhibition. Lan-Fang is extremely interested in biology, entomology, as well as electricity and machinery. His collection of ancient manuscripts and old treatises on music and the dance is probably the most extensive in China. He is also an intensely social person and at his beautiful home entertains many famous Europeans and Americans.

"I wish very much to learn your art and to take it back to China with me," Mr. Mei said in conclusion. "I love your energetic people, your excellent food, and the touching negro spirituals. But the speed—the speed makes me feel lost. When I go into a subway I feel as if the world were being destroyed about my helpless ears. I am afraid I could not remain permanently in such a hurrying city. I am used to the country, to gardens and quiet spots. And it is there in silence that I prepare myself best for my work."

Why I Spend \$250,000

Continued from page 34

With all these luxuries—which to a screen star are necessities—you can very well see how she can easily budget her personal appearance at the two hundred and fifty thousand dollar a year mark without overdoing it.

But even to me, a quarter of a million dollars for clothing in one year for any one woman seems wanton extravagance. Yet, if that woman is a motion picture star who is trying to bring romance to one hundred million people every seven days, do you think the cost is too much?



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The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Louis Bromfield's Hollywood Impressions

Continued from page 27

movies. Yes! And I would have no feeling about making changes in them. I realize this would be necessary. If they were to be made into plays for the stage, changes would be made. That would be expected because they are different mediums. But I think that in the end the best pictures will be made not from adaptations but from original stories written for the screen. Because then you are writing directly for your medium and can take into consideration the technique of that medium.

I am now working on a story for Evelyn Laye. This young English actress should be a sensation in the talkies. She has everything! She is beautiful, has a lovely voice, and is a splendid actress. Of course, it has been difficult to determine on just the right story for her—but we hope to have it finished soon, so that she can begin work on it as soon as she returns from her vacation in England which will be about the first of July. Rudolph Friml will do the music.

After that, I'll probably do a story for Ronald Colman.

I expect to help with the direction of the pictures. Not the technical part, of course. But it is one of the policies here and a very fair one, because, after all, an author knows better than anyone else the

effect he has imagined. I understand Fannie Hurst was pleased with the way they handled "Lummox" and she worked closely with Herbert Brenon, the director.

They say the movies were still in their infancy when the talking pictures came along. Now, I believe they will virtually have to begin all over again. Everything changes so rapidly. In two years more, great strides will have been made in the technical side of the talkies.

It's quite true that America leads the field in the film world. The influence of American pictures abroad is colossal. There are practically no stars of importance in foreign films, that is, with any great following. They produce some excellent films in Germany, but they have no stars who are as popular as ours. Even in the tiny French villages you will find old chapels converted into movie houses, showing films of Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson!

So many have criticized the architecture here; but I find it charming and quite in keeping with the climate and the mood of the land. It is much like old Spain: the Spanish, the Basque, and the Provençal houses are quite right for Hollywood.

The west, and particularly the southwest, however, is an entirely new country; a new civilization really. The east is different,

and Europe is decidedly different—they are as far apart as the poles.

I don't know much about the night life of Hollywood, if any. I haven't seen much of that. I have been to a few dinner parties, but it was much the same as it would be anywhere else! Familiar faces, familiar talk. I have met some of the moving picture actresses whom I did not know on the stage. I found Eleanor Boardman and Colleen Moore charming; and Kay Francis. And June Collyer is, I believe, the prettiest girl I have ever seen!

To get back to the beauties of California, and you may judge me a booster if you wish—but I consider Beverly Hills one of the most beautiful, in fact, the most beautiful suburb to a large city anywhere. And I can think of few things that can quite compare with the ride along Sunset Boulevard out toward Beverly overlooking the vista of all Los Angeles and down to the sea, particularly at sunset, and then later when it becomes a sea of lights.

Perhaps I've been too busy to encounter any real orgies—I may catch up with a few yet, I've only been here three weeks, after all!

But certainly, although this is my first trip west, I am already completely sold on Hollywood!

In New York

Continued from page 91

most important occasion of his life. Incidentally, Mrs. Whiting and her daughter-in-law Joan are great pals.

* * *

Claire Luce, who tells us she is considering offers to make talking pictures, is one of the most glamorous personalities I have ever met.

You know that the golden-haired Claire used to be a Follies girl. But she is far above the average type. Despite the fact that she is married to an exceedingly wealthy young New Yorker, Miss Luce has kept persistently at her career. Only last year she scored a tremendous success in "Burlesque" in London, and returned to America where she played in "Scarlet Pages," receiving fine notices from many of our hard-boiled New York critics.

Miss Luce is an unusual woman in many ways. Born in extremely humble circumstances, she has worked her way to the top. And now with the world at her feet, she still looks ahead.

Strictly speaking, Claire Luce is piquant rather than beautiful, but she has a distinction of appearance worthy of an empress. She is a fine conversationalist, a good linguist, and possesses a more than surface knowledge of music, politics, art, and architecture. It seems to me that both socially and professionally, there are few heights to which her talent, her appearance, and her personality do not entitle her to aspire.

* * *

Is Adolphe Menjou going to stay on this side or will he return to France? This is the question which is agitating all the fans who love his sophisticated, man-of-the-world personality. We hope he stays

here—for many reasons. But foremost among them is the fact that it would be exceedingly difficult to find anybody to fill just the niche that he has filled so admirably for a number of years.

We have all heard that it is easier to recruit women for the movies than it is men. Most girls' natural inclination is toward the dramatic, whereas, most young men's fancies turn to business. And it is extraordinarily difficult to find male stars who possess the suave charm which has brought Menjou fame. Because of this, we hope we have not lost him to the foreign films.

When Menjou returned from Paris the other day, he reported that all Europe is much excited over talking pictures. He claims that one single American film made four hundred thousand dollars in France alone last year. Try that out on your wallet and remember that every Frenchman thinks three times before he parts with a centime!

"In three years," says Menjou, "I believe our Hollywood producers will be making sixty percent of the European talkies. Naturally, they will either have to import foreign artists or establish studios in Europe. I intend to stay three weeks in New York to negotiate for a very successful play to make a talking picture of it in French, German, and English. Then I am going to Hollywood."

Menjou said that his own picture, lately completed, was the first all-talking picture made in the French language in France. He also made an English version which will soon be released in London.

* * *

Lucile Gleason, wife of Jimmy, mother

of Russell, dean of feminine vaudevillians, came to town. She brought her charming mother with her. Russell's grandma is spry and snappy.

One of the first legitimate players to go to Hollywood, Lucile alternates between stage and screen, spending more and more of her time in Hollywood where she can stretch out in her chaise longue, kick off her shoes, and lie down to quiet sleep without any thought of trains to be caught, new acts to be tried out, or lumpy hotel beds and stringy roast beef.

Lucile has always been one of my pets. Her jolly personality, her fine stable character, and her really excellent artistic interpretations have been great contributions to our variable talking picture industry. She was to have returned to vaudeville at the Palace here in a new act with husband Jimmy, but instead she was called back to the Coast by Jimmy's illness. Nothing serious, but the vaudeville act has been postponed.

* * *

My dear, she actually did, that is, I mean, Ruth Taylor was married! Yes, the blonde Lorelei Lee, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is honeymooning with her nice, new husband. Paul S. Zuckerman is the lucky man. He is a wealthy New York stock broker—which means blonde stock is preferred right now. They were married in Phyllis Haver's Greenwich Village pent house by none other than Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York City. Billy Seaman, Phyllis' husband, is the Mayor's best boy-friend. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, were at the ceremony. Best wishes to you, Mr. and Mrs. Zuckerman!

Ask Me

Continued from page 104

you? Won't even your best friends help you? Irene Rich appeared with Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" for Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. You can reach Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and John Gilbert at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Rod La Rocque at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Bebe Daniels and Sally O'Neil at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Nancy Carroll, Esther Ralston and Jack Luden at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. John Barrymore at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and Our Gang at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

G. F. S. from Raleigh, N. C. Why should I settle down and take my time about it? Much laughter and many a heigh-ho is my line and I'm going to hang on to it. It would take too much space to give all of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures since 1914 when he made his first appearance for David Wark Griffith for Triangle-Fine Arts. Since that time he has made 36 or more pictures. Among his first were "The Lamb," "Double Trouble," "Reggie Mixes In," and "His Picture in the Paper." Ramon Novarro's first pictures were "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Scaramouche" in 1922; "The Midshipman" in 1925; "Ben Hur," "The Student Prince," and "The Road to Romance" in 1927.

Lucile from Portland, Ore. I'm looking for a double. Have you a little double in your home? Broadcast from my department and get results and what results! Inez Johns, are you there? They say you doubled for Nazimova a few years ago so come across with your number. Little David Durand appears with Belle Baker of stage fame, in "Song of Love." Ralph Graves and Arthur Houseman are in the cast. Jack Oakie in "Hit the Deck" is making every fan sit up and beg for more. You remember Jack with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll in "Close Harmony," don't you? Jack is reported engaged to the blonde and lovely Gwen Lee.

Richard Dix Psycho-Analyzed

Continued from page 59

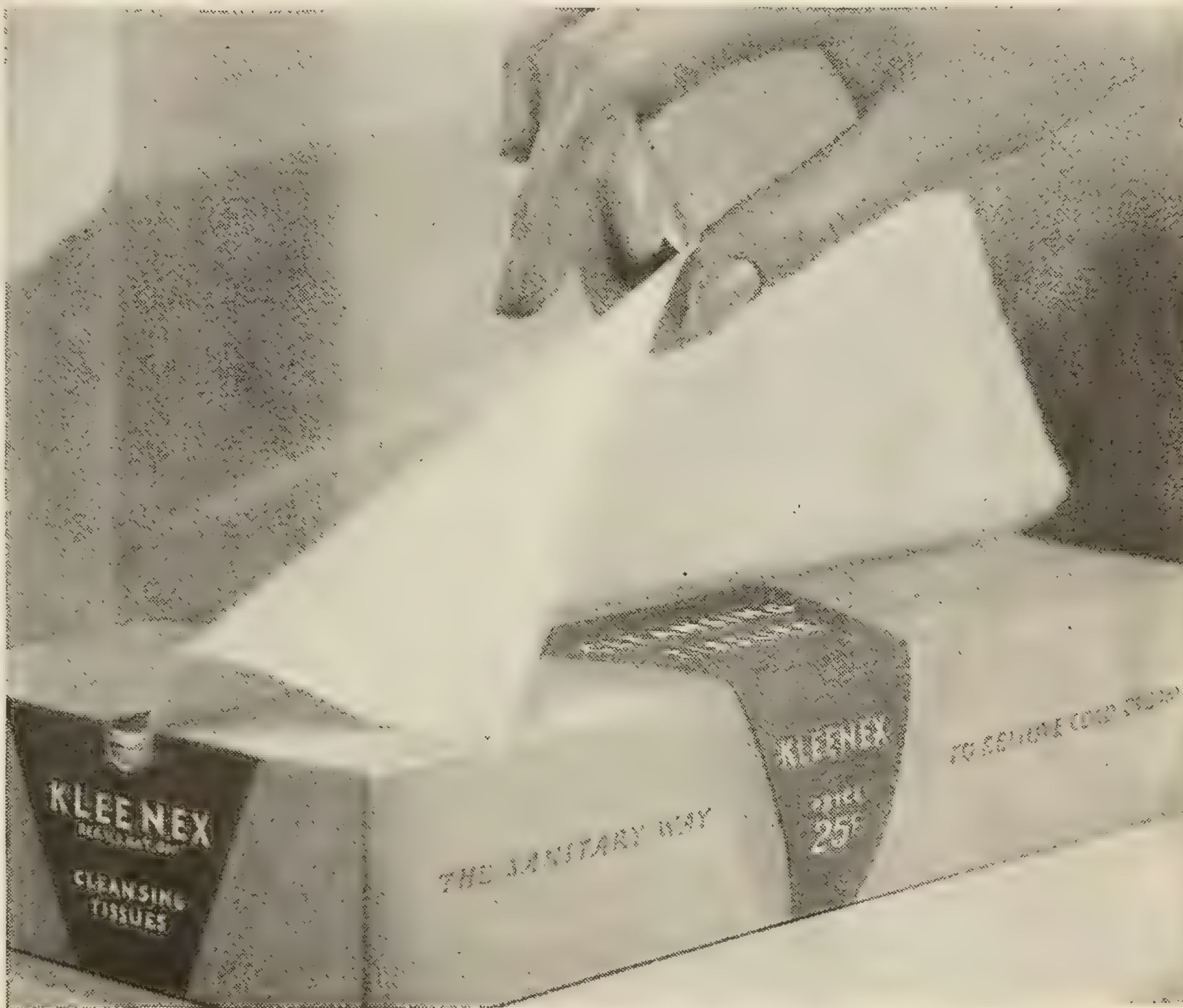
Well, the ratio of introvert to extravert is about 14 to 42.

I should say that Richard Dix is a well-extraverted sensation type, with much of feeling and thinking as assistants to sensation. Sensation is earthy, masculine. It is realistic, getting the dope through the senses, through seeing, hearing, touching, and so on. Insofar as feeling steps in, the type becomes emotional; but where thinking plays a part (thinking being highly masculine also) the type becomes hard-hitting, with an awful wallop. The American doughboy was, in general, just about like that—emotional, sociable, good-natured until it came to fighting. Only Dix does more thinking than most of them.

An Americano, ladies and gentlemen, a big boy from St. Paul, Minnesota, but with the difference that he is an actor and a good one at that. Men like him; women are charmed. He appears to enjoy life, and the rest of us enjoy him. We should miss him if the screen lost him.

The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded



Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are

the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually blot up the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to: SL-6

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: "I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."

Sally Eilers

The Beauty of Daintiness—Continued from page 95

There is no more important detail of good-grooming than vibrant, live, shinningly clean hair becomingly worn. It's so easy, too, to have nice hair—scalp massage, daily brushing, a shampoo that suits the individual need—and there you are. Hair never before has cost as much in dollars and cents—but it's worth it. Each head, spun-gold, red-brown or coal black, may demonstrate the beauty of daintiness.

And clean faces! You can't be dainty unless your face is clean, and this isn't always such an easy matter, especially in cities. I believe thoroughly in the merits of cleansing cream and I believe also in good old soap and water, intelligently used. The relation of clean faces to permanent skin beauty is a close one. Study your skin and find out what soap and creams best agree with it. Treat your skin with watchful care and you'll not need to mourn the passing of extreme youth. If you're clever, you can be better looking at thirty, at thirty-five, than you ever were before!

Well-cared for hands contribute largely to the effect of daintiness. Don't make the mistake of using harsh soaps on the hands, and avoid hard water without a softening agent. Don't let the hands become, or at least remain, stained. Keep a cut lemon at hand to remove any stains that appear. Have hand creams and lotions always within reach. Have one on your dressing-table, one in the bathroom cabinet, and one near the kitchen sink and use it after each washing and drying of the hands. Shape your nails prettily and give them some attention every day.

Add to your beauty care each day a brisk walk, good posture, plenty of fresh air and food—and you ought to keep moderately fit.

Now don't ask, young brides and older brides, when you are to find time to acquire the effect of daintiness morning, noon and night. You can easily do it if you make your beauty rites a part of the daily routine.

Your new home keeps you busy, of course. You thought you were busy before, with business or professional cares, never a minute to call your own. But now—well—what with jumping out of bed early in the morning to let in the ice man and start the coffee and order the groceries, with meals to plan and prepare, shopping to do, and a few social occasions with 'the girls'—you've hardly time to breathe before it's time to slick up your hair, powder your

nose and wait for John's return. You don't want to 'slump' or grow unattractive, yet as for spending a lot of time beautifying before retiring—

No, girls, you don't. You know a man's beauty habits are comparatively simple. He has had no experience with going to bed encased in cold cream, waving combs and bob caps or wearing gloves to keep hand lotions off the bed linen. He has no understanding of why it's necessary to spend a lot of time in beautifying, particularly just

harmonies, as most of us are. Did you ever spend a luxurious hour in a bathroom with green walls and tiles, violet and white checked curtains at the windows, violet and white towels on the racks, a generous supply of violet soap, green bath salts in a violet glass container and violet-scented dusting powder in a green glass bowl with a luscious violet puff? If so, then you know the part that lovely surroundings may play in the beauty of daintiness.

When you are ready to bathe, drop a handful of spicy and fragrant bath salts into your tub of warm water. Have a clean wash cloth and a cake of your favorite soap. Today, there is a soap for every skin—olive oil, almond oil, glycerine, oatmeal, lemon, cucumber, castile, plain unscented soaps if you prefer them, and there are many exquisite scented soaps from which to choose.

After the soap and water cleansing rinse with a quick shower or spray, dry well, and dust the body with fragrant powder.

Speaking of soap, we are reminded of a unique bath accessory in the form of a goodly sized wooden bowl with a cake of soap that just fits. This is placed in the tub for the length of the bath, then taken out and set aside for next time. This lasts several months, it is said, one thing greatly in its favor—no starting to take a bath and

finding at the last minute that we're all out of soap! It is put out by an English firm which specializes in powders and perfumes of quality, and is now bringing out a new cream especially lauded for its protective qualities. An interesting feature is that the design on this jar was copied from a jar discovered in the tomb of an Egyptian Queen, thus revealing woman's vanity 5,000 years ago!

If the water in which you bathe is inclined to be hard, use a prepared water softener or a hard water soap. An old-fashioned method of softening water and whitening the skin was to place in the tub a small bag of cheese-cloth filled with oatmeal.

A salt bath is tonic, as everybody knows who enjoys salt water bathing. Sea salt may be purchased for this purpose; rubbed vigorously over the body, followed by a shower and a brisk rub with a coarse towel, this bath is a marvelous stimulant in the morning upon rising, or at the end of a tiring day.

Our grandmothers knew the soothing quality of starch as a dusting powder and



Countess Rina de Liguoro, Italian screen star, demonstrates the beauty of daintiness in smoothness of skin and dazzling perfection of well-kept teeth. Countess de Liguoro lends charm to Cecil B. De Mille's new picture, "Madame Satan."

before retiring. He probably expects you to 'prink' before going out just as you did before you were married; but he won't be able to understand why you must begin all over again when you get home!

Of course, certain things such as brushing the teeth and cleansing the skin must be done at night. But your real beauty rites may be performed in the morning after your work is done or in the afternoon after your rest period. In fact, you can do your special cold creaming while doing the dishes or taking your bath or reading the paper. Do all your beauty stunts when most convenient, but without publicity. The main thing is, do them.

Baths play an important part in the beauty schedule, and what about your bathroom? Is it a place where you love to linger? A place where you can revel in freshness of color, the charm of colored towels, exquisitely colored bath mats, delicately colored cleansing tissues, jars, bottles and containers topped or painted in exotic or pastel colors to suit your fancy?

What has all this to do with beauty? A great deal if you are susceptible to color

"Such priceless zip!"

says JUNE COLLYER,

charming young favorite of the silver screen.

"It's the first time in all my days I've known a perfume that could keep step with a whiz of a sport frock . . . and a love of a dance frock, too . . .

"Seventeen is mine . . . All around the clock I wear it . . . I tell people that I think it was just made for me!"



If you're a modern . . .

SEVENTEEN is for you

A perfume . . . newer than the newest small talk! More modern than your swiftest motor car. More daring than your latest thought.

Yet subtle too . . . naive . . . and elfin . . . Like a dryad's darting shyness . . . springtime . . . April . . . taken in crystal draughts.

SEVENTEEN is you . . . a whisper of your own verve and personality . . . the accent for your modern, sparkling different charms.

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toilettries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen*! The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder*, so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brillantine* . . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!



REMOVES .. HAIR as if by Magic

IMAGINE BEING ABLE TO WASH AWAY UNWANTED HAIR WITH A LIQUID! Just sponge the unsightly growth with DeMiracle and rinse with clear, warm water. You actually see the hairs dissolve.

It sounds like magic! Yet that is exactly what happens.

No razor, no pastes, no waxes, no powders to mix. Instead, you just wash away unwanted hair with this delicately perfumed liquid which retards the reappearance of hair, and positively will not coarsen the growth.

With DeMiracle it is so easy to have delicate white skin, free from the blemish of hair—Satin-smooth under sheer silk stockings. Quick—Safe—Dainty, it is the "only" liquid depilatory you can buy, and it is a necessity for the sophisticated woman.

Sold everywhere: 60c. \$1.00 and \$2.00. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from us, enclosing \$1.00. DeMiracle, Dept. D-1, 138 W. 14th St. New York City.

DeMiracle

WASHES AWAY HAIR

used it in the bath for the satiny smoothness it gave the skin. Today, this ingredient, perfected by science, comes in convenient form; a portion of it dissolved in the bath gives the water a pleasant smoothness, and after you bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, your skin will reveal the smoothness of a baby. This beauty bath is within reach of everyone and is delightful in effect.

There are other vastly important details of personal daintiness, among them the problem of superfluous hair. Clothes are more feminine this season, meaning that skirts are longer. But this doesn't solve the problem at all. We still have the decolette evening gown, sleeveless afternoon frocks; hosiery is sheer as ever, the vogue for socks or no stockings will continue for country wear; sports frocks are short and some of them sleeveless and the one-piece bathing suit we have always with us. So the need for getting rid of unwanted hair is greater than ever.

Scientific authorities today recognize superfluous hair to be an unnatural condition or growth with women, but believe it can be eliminated through treatment which destroys or devitalizes the hair root below the surface of the skin.

There are ways to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but many of these are open to serious criticism. For instance, the use of the razor which removes hair only at the surface and strengthens and coarsens the hair exactly as it does a man's beard.

The modern woman rebels against clumsy old-fashioned methods of removing the offending growth of hair. They are glad to learn about and to adopt scientific modern methods which removes superfluous hair from under-arms, arms, and legs quickly and efficiently and with the assurance that it will not grow back heavier than ever before. As this process attacks the hair below the surface of the skin the result is

comparatively lasting and by robbing the hair of vitality it gradually becomes finer until its growth is retarded.

This is no day to be patient with fuzz; off it must come. No woman should be expected to endure a bad superfluous hair condition. Be patient and persistent and you may acquire the charm of a perfection of daintiness which means freedom from blemish.

There's another foe to daintiness. I mean the troublesome problem of excessive perspiration which many girls, otherwise fastidiously dainty, do not know how to meet. Perspiration is Nature's way of disposing of waste matter from the system. But while perspiration is Nature's method, cleanliness is man's. When Nature throws to the surface these secretions they should be removed by bathing; and to complete the effect of daintiness, any garment that goes next the skin should be changed daily.

It is true that some cases, due to some irregularity of the system are so extreme that they need medical attention. If this is the case, it should be attended to without delay. But usually it can be remedied locally without harm by frequent bathing and by the use of a reliable deodorant.

And so to the brides of today, tomorrow and yesterday—I commend the beauty of daintiness! To my mind, a meal not ready, a sock not mended, a table undusted are not so serious as a grimy face, neglected hair, ill-cared for hands, a generally unkempt appearance. Remember that while the other member of your family may not always notice or comment if you are fresh and dainty for his home-coming, he surely will if you are not!

If you have individual beauty problems, write to me and let me help you solve them. Address Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

The Stars' Latest Craze

Continued from page 57

Arlen. Richard, like Buddy, has \$25.00 a week to use. He signs no checks. Joby invests the money in very safe bonds or in building and loan.

Harry Eddington, executive at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, looks after the income and principal business affairs of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. He makes them a small spending-money allowance and okays every purchase, banking the bulk of their money. They can hardly blame Harry if either of them ever get to the 'hungry' stage! He keeps them on a regular budget and has survived the job for nearly four years now.

Then there are Rebecca and Sifton, who take charge of the incomes of Helen Twelvetrees and James Hall. Rebecca, however, insists very strongly she is no mean old tyrant, but on the contrary, lets her two well-known clients spend their money pretty nearly as much as they like. Her main duty consists in keeping a sharp lookout to see that her stars aren't 'gyped' or cheated by any smart salesmen or tradespeople.

Bogart Rogers used to manage Clara Bow's income and fortune, but now Clara's secretary and companion, Daisy De Voe, does the job very wisely and nicely.

Rod La Rocque has been 'incorporated' for quite a while now, and is 'run' by a regular board of stern-faced directors!

One of the first steps in a concern of

the above mentioned order is in the nature of a questionnaire; which must be filled out truthfully by the applicant. The form goes something like this:

How much are you earning each week?

Do you own or rent your home?

If you own it, is it clear? If not, how much do you owe on it?

If you rent, what do you pay?

How many cars have you and what make?

How many people do you support?

How much do you owe?

How much is owed you, and by whom?

How many people do you employ and in what capacity?

What do you spend for clothes?

How much do you spend for entertaining?

Do you gamble or invest in liquor?

What are your legitimate investments?

How much insurance do you carry?

How much do you give to charities?

After the player has filled out the blank spaces, he is requested to sign a contract to leave everything in the hands of the agent, to co-operate in every possible way, and to make the allowance allotted him (or her) do—or when it is exceeded, to go short the next week.

The player usually receives twenty-five dollars weekly for spending change, or in some cases it may be fifty dollars. The remainder of the weekly income is placed in the bank in a joint account. All bills

are paid by the firm, the client and agent both signing the checks. Of course, it is the client's money and the contract can be discontinued at any time, since it is really only a 'gentleman's agreement.'

Most of the agents discourage the employment of valets. And, too, many personal maids are frowned upon, too. Also, bootleg liquor is looked upon with great disfavor.

A certain well-known star admitted he paid out \$3,000 for liquor during the past year. "You did!" exclaimed his newly-appointed agent. "And what for?"

"Well, I have my position to keep up. I'm expected to entertain and lots of the boys won't come unless liquor is served."

"Aha, so that's it, eh?" replied the agent, putting on his great scowl. "Now I'll ask you some questions! Does entertaining and passing around free drinks make your work any better? Does it make your job any more secure? Does it make your employer respect you more? No? Well, this year we will set down two hundred dollars for your thirsty pals—and even that's too much!"

Racing and various other forms of gambling are mostly out, too. And frequent and expensive pleasure trips to Agua Caliente and Tia Juana are scowled at.

"Regarding our clients, we hardly ever advise them to buy expensive homes, but rather to rent," declares Mr. Cole of the Equitable, "of course, if they can buy a nice home cheap, that's different. We recommend, for the most part, only a few necessary clubs, but we are very liberal where charities are concerned. We think it is very good for people who acquire large sums of money suddenly to be generous in this manner. As a rule, we never interfere with our clients' choice of doctors

or lawyers, although we do once in a while point out that \$1500 is too much for an appendix when \$500 is the Hollywood market price for movie stars. Lawyers, too, sometimes send in frightfully huge bills, greatly overcharging certain prominent stars. However, when they learn we do the checking and paying, they quickly drop their prices down to normal!"

Most of these finance firms reckon the screen life of their clients to be about five or six years. It is their chief aim to see that their stars save as much of their money as they possibly can, so when their five or six years are up, they will still be able to live in comfort and without any debts to worry them.

All of these agents recommend good sound investments and they are very strong for endowment insurance.

One of their greatest problems, they aver, is the 'relative' question.

"When our clients begin to get famous," they exclaim, "he or she discovers all kinds of relations scattered about that they never even dreamed about! We don't object to our clients helping out the more worthy of these relations, but we do say they shouldn't shower money on 'fifty-second' cousins or such, who never noticed them until they reached the heights of fame! We have to watch out, too, for people who claim to be related to our clients, but aren't related to them at all!"

The wave of thrift was bound to come. Stars of the talkies earn such enormous salaries, live their lives in the fierce glare of publicity, enjoy all the privacy of a pet goldfish in a bowl of water, that consequently, they are vulnerable to all sorts of schemes and shysters. It is a fact that with many of them a financial agent is not a mere luxury but an absolute necessity.

Movies in the Air—Continued from page 8

him a more than comfortable income.

But the criterion of his waning or increasing favor will be seen in the reports of his record sales for the coming six months. They will tell a story that no one can refute or excuse. And the same is true of many other artists.

Harry Richman went from a Seventh Avenue cellar to a United Artists special because his particular talent fitted into the entertainment chain that leads a singer from cabaret shouting through national radio hookups, through lucrative phonograph seasons and into the big money of starring movie engagements. Richman was nobody when a kind fate arranged a radio tie-up with the club where he was earning a small salary for singing the latest song hits. One station carried his voice for months, but it had that peculiar quality that made listeners neglect the larger stations when Harry was doing his stuff. He sang *No Hot Water in the Bronx* until a million radio fans knew every word of it, and then his salary started rising as his technique improved. From radio he went into the list of phonograph artists and with the good luck of such songs as *Muddy Waters* he started smashing the sales totals that others in the business for years had reached. George White took advantage of his popularity, and United Artists, after making over his nose and doing alterations to his disposition, too, found him good material for one of its flicker successes of the season, "Puttin' On The Ritz."

Every form of entertainment which depends upon mass patronage has its slumps. There was the time when radio first came

into vogue when the phonograph manufacturers were ready to declare bankruptcy. For months during that crucial time, few talking machines were sold and the records sales fell off at an alarming rate. The Victor people tied up with the Radio Corporation of America and the result was a combination Victrola and radio receiver. Columbia followed step but even co-operation in the distribution of the implements wasn't sufficient. The phonograph manufacturers had to buy time on the air to plug their products. The business started recovering and is now in a most flourishing condition.

The movies were in an unhealthy state when along came talking equipment at a most opportune moment. The film makers had applied some of the mechanics of radio to their own business with the result that they made their silent tintypes audible. When radio interest was slightly waning and the source of new, novel talent was being exhausted, the broadcasters turned to the movies for their magnet names.

Before the trio had learned the value of co-operation a movie star looked upon radio broadcasting as good publicity and was glad to offer his or her services. Now the value of the tie-up is still recognized but the celebrity gets negotiable lucre for the service.

Maurice Chevalier gets \$5,000 for singing a few songs on the air. Fannie Brice adds a thousand dollars to her income by a bit of fun-making for a few minutes. And the most fitting example of all is Will Rogers, who is fulfilling a thirteen week contract which nets the homely philosopher a hundred dollars a month.

BEAUTY FROM THE PINES



SPICY aroma—tang—ozone that clears the head and soothes the nerves—invigorating, woodsy air that makes your eyes sparkle—that's the new Swiss Pine Bath!

Distilled essence of pine needles from the heights of the Alps, Swiss Pine Bath possesses the beautifying qualities of the pines in concentrated form. A few drops of this emerald liquid in your bath transforms your skin into soft satin with that warm, glowing health that no amount of cosmetics can achieve. And how you will sleep—to awake with the freshness of youth in your eyes!

Incidentally, Swiss Pine Bath is famous in Europe as a treatment for catarrhal, rheumatic and toxic conditions.

Swiss Pine Bath is one of those little luxuries that those who love Beauty cannot afford to miss. Ideal for gifts or prizes. Mail the coupon for a real thrill!



Swiss
PINE BATH
BALNEO PRODUCTS CO., Inc.

Balneo Products Co., Inc.
254-6 West 31st St., New York.

Enclosed find \$1 for which please send me, postpaid, one trial-size box containing five single-bath vials of imported Swiss Pine Bath (Lacpinin-Balsam).

Name

Address

On Location "Under Western Skies"

Continued from page 61

has a chance to sleep late they always greet the rest as 'slaves.'

"When did you get here?" Lila asked me. "We waited up for awhile and then remembering how late we were in arriving and our early call we decided we'd better go to bed. Isn't it gorgeous up here? How are the puppies?" she asked Irma, the script clerk, who was wearing soft little slippers with socks over woolen stockings.

"Where are the puppies?" I asked. Lila laughed. "Meaning feet," she said. "Irma's heavy boots gave her a terrible blister yesterday."

"We'll be up to you in a minute, Lila, are you all set?" asked John Daumery, assistant director.

"Excuse me, Helen. I must prepare for my great moment," and Lila, Alma, the hairdresser, and Harry De More, the make-up man, went into a huddle.

Mr. Badger, who is one of the gentlest people in the world, welcomed me kindly and asked me to make myself at home. He has a beautiful home up in this country about ten miles from the location and nearer the Nevada range which he built several years ago. Mrs. Badger had come with him this time and also three or four house guests so she wouldn't be lonely while her husband was engaged in the business of making motion pictures with sound. This is the first time, however, that he has had the luck to take a company on the location in California he likes best.

It was a swell troupe. Farrell Macdonald in an absurd make-up as *Buzzard*, with a very red nose and funny peaked cap; Tom Dugan in mustache, strange clothes, watch chains and so forth, but the priceless thing about his wardrobe was his shoes. It is a good thing this picture is to be one hundred percent Technicolor and I hope they give a close-up of Tom's shoes. High, shiny black toes, pink buttons and terra cotta tops. After being made up at the shriek of dawn for three days all he did while I was there was one scene in which he ran up a hill back to the camera, and that was a long shot! He grasped *Buzzard's* hand and wrung it. This being a silent shot the actors could *ad lib*. They did, and how! The mildest of the speeches was Tom saying all breathless-like: "There are twenty women following me up the path," and *Buzzard's* cutting reply, "well, what's it to yuh?"

There is a very amusing scene between *Buzzard* and J. W. Johnson, who is an old though not much exploited favorite. You have seen him in dozens of pictures. When the scene was over, I told Lila I had just caught myself from giggling in time to save the sound picture. "So did Lou," laughed Lila. Louis Marlowe, second assistant director, was sitting just back of us at his director's stand which was balanced on a rock beside him. "I sure did," he grinned, "doesn't Johnson look like Lewis Stone, though?" He does, too.

The director's stand is an interesting contraption. It has three electric bulbs enclosed in a wire netting, used to signal from the set to the sound trucks about a city block away. There is a telephone connection, too. One light is yellow, one green and one red. When the yellow light flashes it signifies that the scene has been given the "A. C.," alternating current,

meaning that the sound track and camera track are locked. Green light means that the motors are turning over and red light means their speed is up to normal and everything is ready to shoot. An assistant blows a whistle and the dialogue and action of the scene begins. Then, if someone sneezes or something funny like that happens Mr. Warner is out quite a bunch of dough, the amount being governed by the length of footage run. Once a scene that had run for two minutes was spoiled because an actor forgot a line. "Breakdown due to talent," reported Lou Marlowe to the sound truck. The reason for everything has to be recorded. Lila had never heard that phrase before and was much amused by it.

Not that anyone should have the nerve to blame an actor for not knowing his lines on account of the crazy way most of them have to learn them. Sometimes the dialogue is so stilted the director has to change it all, not only to make it clear but to keep the audience from going into hysterics at the wrong moment. Sometimes this changing is done at the last minute just before the scene is taken. Is it any wonder the actor trips up? And the microphone is as merciless as the camera. When such things were done on the stage an actor could 'fake' his lines and slur over a word or two and the audience was none the wiser. But a sound picture audience would know, all right. Some system will be worked into this business one of these days by some smart guy because millions of dollars are lost in this absurd way. It is so inconsistent. All sorts of comforts are ordered for the leading players, comfortable transportation, the best accommodations a place affords, yet they are not allowed the time and necessary rehearsals to make them sure of doing the work they are capable of doing. This isn't true of all companies, but it is true of most.

"My, how my public—all two of them—are going to hate me!" wailed Lila after the scene had been taken in which she still high-hatted her husband who was doing his darndest to make everything right between them. "Hard-hearted Hannah over here, that's what I am!"

Sidney's brother, Luke, had visited him for several days and to make them interesting Sid had arranged to have him play a very small bit in the picture. He was standing next an old extra man who has been forty years on the stage and screen and who hadn't a line to say in this picture. "I don't remember ever having seen you before," he said to Luke. "How long have you been in the business?"

"Oh, about twenty-four hours," replied Luke.

Olive Tell, Kenneth Thompson and David Newell, a new-comer to pictures whom you are going to like and who has just signed a contract with Paramount, hove into view. "Oh, I do hope we work," said Olive. "You know, they made a mistake at the studio and sent us up here two or three days before Mr. Badger was ready for us. We felt so foolish. Everyone shouted, 'Well, for goodness' sake, what are you doing up here?'"

"What do you do with your time, sloths?" Lila wanted to know.

"We went shooting, and I was a terrible shot this morning," said Olive, "those tin cans just would not stay still."

"How do you make your eyelashes stay on, Lila?" asked Olive. "Mine didn't behave so well the last time." And the two girls went into a heart to heart discussion of the best way to put on eyelashes. Lila's way was to let Harry De More or Roy Pringle do the job for her.

Max Julian, the still man for the unit, asked us to pose for pictures. "Oh, I can't," said Lila. "My hair is still in combs."

"Never mind," Sidney and I chaffed, "you're good-looking enough as you are."

"Well, I don't know what all of my two public will think," laughed Lila, who hasn't a vain bone in her body.

And just a word for the still man. It's no joke to be one on an outfit like this. I'll bet there wasn't a boulder within sight of the location that Max didn't scale, his camera on his back, to look for the best 'shots.'

I should think Lone Pine would be swarming with artists. Talk about the color in the Cape Cod country—it can't be mentioned in the same breath with the beauty of these hidden valleys. And it has the same sandy barrenness in places. Here and there, but miles apart, are little farm houses, and at this time of the year the sap is bright green in the willows and sage. I didn't know there were so many shades of green and gray and lavender in the world. They were all mixed up in a riot of color and above them towered the majestic peaks of the snow-clad Sierras. We stood on one of the promontories and looking through the binoculars let them rest at first on the farm house, then sweep out toward the rock-strewn valley, then up the vast sweep of the mountains. The little houses, everything stood out crystal clear. Even the horses added a spot of glory in their brown and white coats against the tender green.

That night there was an entertainment in town, a performance of one-act plays given by the young people of Lone Pine. Almost the whole company attended and the house was packed. It was very interesting, too. Some of the costumes came from the city but others were home-made and very charming. There was a sincerity and eagerness about the players that made a hit with all of us. Sidney was asked to make a speech and they gave him his cue just before the last act, but he had hardly reached the aisle when one of those funny misunderstandings that happen sometimes in the best of theaters took place—lack of coordination between the front of the house and back-stage. The players didn't know Sidney was going to make his speech at that time and the curtains opened, displaying a bevy of South Sea Island beauties as a background for the actor. Well, poor Sidney! He got out of it very gracefully; that boy knows his stuff, all right. With a bow and a smile and a gesture of abdication in favor of beauty he changed the situation from an embarrassing to an amusing one. But it was too much for Lila and me. We were reduced to tears of laughter by the time he got back to us. Later, the director of the plays told us how terribly disappointed they all were because they had been looking forward to the speeches.

When we got back to the hotel Farrell Macdonald put up his telescope in the back yard and we all looked at the stars and the moon. The moon looked like a piece of putty with bubbles in it. Some of the stars were lovely, brilliant like diamonds.

This is the first location upon which I played lazy in the morning—I must be feeling my age. The third morning I managed to pull myself out at six-thirty but Lila beat me by an hour and a half. The second evening of my stay, Mr. and Mrs. Badger invited Lila, Sidney and myself to their home for dinner. I was terribly thrilled because I had heard a lot about it and I wasn't a bit disappointed. It has the most livable looking living room I've seen for a long time. Very large, plenty of windows and tables and enormous leather lounging chairs that one can rest in, not merely sit upon. The windows at the west end of the room are placed in such a way as to frame the view of the mountains as though it was a picture. One large one in the center and two smaller ones. At night the effect is extraordinary. There was a moon and the snow reflected the pale cold light. The mantelpiece was noteworthy in that it was made of lava and over the top bits of it were twisted like elephant's tusks. And there were five gorgeous Angora cats, live ones, the pride of Mrs. Badger's heart. There was an astounding cake in two tiers made by the Badger chef, beautifully decorated with pink roses, and five little brown quail that looked as though they were about to fly away. Lila was given the job of cutting into them which nearly broke her heart. Another cake was shown us to be used the next night which had a perfect duplicate of the house and grounds painted upon it in colored icing. Even the mountains in the background and the sky were there and across it one read, "Under Western Skies" in honor of the picture. It looked like an oil painting so exquisitely was it done.

After a tour of inspection in which we were shown Mr. Badger's den which is a perfect workroom, we tried to solve a few of the dozens of puzzles Mrs. Badger has gradually accumulated, fascinating things.

The next morning, Sol Polito, the camera expert, was looking anxiously at the sun through a dark glass which he wore on a cord around his neck. John Daumery, first assistant director, called him Abdul because, until he said the word, no scene was given the "A.C." which is the signal to start.

"Well, you may be the last word with the light, but if the wind whistles, no matter how hard the sun shines, we don't go," laughed Joe Kane, the mixer. "So that evens up our importance."

Clarence Badger smiled. A director just has to be a double for Patience on a Monument these hectic days.

Next morning, it was Sid who had the late call while poor Lila was up before dawn. Farrell asked where Sid was. Lila answered with spirit, "He's probably asleep. I'll bet he is in a warm room this minute with the heat on and the windows down—yes, and the kitten asleep on his pillow!" referring to a stray kitten Sid had taken to his heart. It was very cold that day and the wind blew terribly, making work an almost impossible thing. David Newell and Lila were the only ones at it during the morning and the others gathered round Farrell's telescope to see what the stars looked like in the day time.

David plays the young man whom Lila would have married if she hadn't met Sid. Sand blew in their eyes and mouth and

sent Lila's skimpy muslin dress whipping about her. I couldn't help wondering whether the gooseflesh on her pretty little arms was going to pick up in the camera. The weather was no help to histrionic art that day, but no one grumbled—much! There is that schedule to meet and everyone knows that it doesn't matter how, just so it is met.

In case you don't know it, I must tell you that Lila Lee is an adorable kid. One of the most beautiful girls on the screen to my mind, and one who has made a great come-back. Like a little mouse she was last year, quiet, with a bewildered look in her eyes that went straight to your heart. How different now! She decided to go back to work in earnest, no half measures. She became interested, too, in a certain young man, which may account some for the radiance that shines about her. In the last year she has risen to one of our most sought-after leading women. Just shows what setting your mind to do a thing will accomplish, and she looks as happy as a child.

Luncheon each day was served in the cars. "Our private dining room," said Lila, bowing me into it. Sidney ate with us, too. After luncheon he read one paper while Lila worked on the cross-word puzzle in another and I caught up in my notes. Edna, Lila's maid, saw to it that we had plenty of hot coffee. The William Anderson outfit was catering. They used a rough board shanty not far from the hotel and we all tramped there for meals, except the lunches that were brought to us, and how good the sandwiches were!

There is lots more to tell about the location, but no more space to tell it in. Out of one hundred people only eight or ten were acting. The other ninety were camera men, technical men, 'grips', electricians and drivers. How different from the old days. Now it's like moving the world to take a company on location. Close to half a million dollars lay scattered over those rocks. That may sound fanciful but let's look into it. There were five Technicolor cameras and each one of them cost ten thousand dollars. There goes fifty thousand dollars. There were about twenty sound trucks averaging about fifteen thousand each. There were ten Cadillac limousines and several touring cars and there were the sound booths, 'mike' booms and a hundred other necessities. In the old days all they needed were the cameras, the film, reflectors, props for the scene, chairs and the commissary.

The gang was a good-natured one, always cracking jokes and turning trouble into fun. When a sound booth weighing eight or nine hundred pounds had to be moved in the sand on top the promontory and into and over ridges of rock a shout went up: "Hey! All the minute men! Come, or we'll be defeated. The light is going!" And every available man came running. Once they had one of the unwieldy things on a rope and all hove to like seamen to get it swung into place.

John Daumery had been clambering over the rocks looking for angles. He returned to find everything at a standstill and demanded jokingly, "Now, what is the situation?" He was a comical sight in his blue overalls, heavy fleece-lined driving gauntlets, sweater, muffler, but never a hat. The situation was that the talent was waiting for the sound which had broken down because of the gale that was blowing.

What can you do with such a business? You just take it as you find it—and thank heaven you've got it!

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Unsung Stars of Hollywood—Continued from page 23

myself I do not require more. For my family—" he stopped a moment and then completed the sentence, "for my family I could wish that I knew better what to do." His wife, two children and two nieces are in a European country, making the brave fight for existence that so many of their countrymen are making.

When Emil Jannings appeared in "The Last Command" and the story got about that it was from life, hard-boiled New York laughed the idea to scorn. Why, noble men and women don't earn their living. They live in palaces and are waited upon by servants! According to mass psychology that is the way it is. Survivors are imposters—oh, they may survive, all right, but we don't want to meet them in the subway! They don't belong there. And if they were nobles they wouldn't be there, they'd be in a palace. How we love our dreams—never mind whether they are true or not. We will believe them, until something happens to us to wake us up!

You'd be surprised how many doors of limousines are opened to you, how many trays of food are carried to you by men and women born to the manor if not the purple. Not only in Hollywood, but all over the country.

"The Last Command" was in reality the story of Theodore Lodijensky, a former General attached to the Czar's private bodyguard. He has become well-known in pictures, his screen name being Theodore Lodi. He was the high-priced Grand Duke that Will Rogers makes such a hit with in "They Had To See Paris." (Do you remember how they both chuckled Irene Rich's dull party and staged a private one of their own?) Lodijensky told his story to Ernst Lubitsch just as he told it to me. Lubitsch got the idea that it would make a great screen story. He told Jannings who thought so, too, and Von Sternberg also became enthusiastic and directed Jannings in it.

It happened to be Lodijensky's story, but it is also the story of many of the Russians here. It is Savitsky's story, too. With their former material power swept suddenly from under their feet they are as helpless as new-born children. The greater their former power the more helpless they are now. They have to begin all over again and with other weapons. That is the difficult thing. They don't know what other weapons or how to begin.

Lodijensky's story, briefly, is this. He had held Moscow against the Revolutionists for six or seven days, then finding that the whole city would be slaughtered unless they surrendered they did so, on condition that all lives would be spared. This was promised, but in three weeks Lodijensky and many of his companions were thrown into jail. They were asked to give the names of others but they refused. Three times Lodijensky was taken out to be shot and kept standing while a dozen others paid the death penalty. This was to break down his spirit. Lodijensky had some money sewn in his clothes which had escaped the guards. With some of it he bribed a jailor to take a note to a friend who was still at liberty. The friend was allowed to see him, also, through bribery. He brought a loaf of bread and told him that it concealed something that he would know how to use. "I shall wait for you all night outside the wall," he said. A steel saw was in the bread. It had no handle

and Lodijensky's hands were torn and bleeding before he was able to saw two bars of his window which gave a space wide enough for him to crawl through. It was nearly dawn when he finished and with one leg over the ledge he discovered another dilemma. He was many feet from the ground—far enough to cause death, or at least broken bones. Desperately, he reached on both sides of the window for something to catch to and then one of those miracles happened that reads like a fairy tale. There was a rain pipe running from roof to ground just within reach. A shorter armed person could not have made it. He slid down the pipe, the buttons on his coat making a fearful racket, the metal further mangling his hands. His friend had a Mercedes all ready to go and although the noise he had made aroused the guards, the car at a speed of a hundred miles an hour bore him to safety. With his wife, he escaped to France and later at the advice of and with the cooperation of John Gay, an American university professor, he came to America.

He and Mrs. Lodijensky landed with fifty dollars in their pockets. He didn't know where to get work for he didn't speak English at that time, but finally he landed a job as riveter that paid him twenty-three dollars a week. In time, he saved four hundred dollars of which he was very proud. He and his wife decided to open a millinery shop. She had learned something about the trade in Paris, because she liked to do such things for herself. The shop was their home, too. It was a front parlor on the corner of Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street in New York. Trade was very bad, however, until the General happened to meet Karl Kitchen who wrote an article for his paper called "The Russian General who turned his Sword into a Needle."

"If I had had capital then I should have made a lot of money, for trade boomed overnight," General Lodijensky told me. "We moved to more fashionable quarters and looked very prosperous on the outside but lack of backing defeated us." Borrowing from a friend they started the well-known Russian Eagle on Fifty-seventh street, a restaurant that became very prosperous. Gradually, his story got about to the habitues of the place of which Gloria Swanson was one. She asked him to do the technical work on her picture which Allan Dwan was to direct. Dwan gave him a part in the picture. The next with them was "The Coast of Folly."

Hollywood was inevitable now that he was in the picture business. He has served on many sets as technical advisor and actor. Among them was "The Cossacks," "Love," "The Midnight Sun," "General Crack" and "They Had To See Paris." He started the Russian Eagle restaurant out here on Sunset Boulevard and it became the hit of the town, for the food was excellent, the music extraordinary and the atmosphere fascinating. One night when the place was packed and more than a dozen film stars present—I remember Charlie Chaplin and Lily Damita were two of them—there was an explosion and everyone barely escaped with their lives. A man who owned a shop next door had moved everything out and set fire to the place to collect insurance. He is now in San Quentin. Lodijensky was taken to the hospital and for days was not expected to live. It wiped him out financially, down

to his last dollar. A wealthy man whose name I have been asked not to mention, gave him enough to start over again, and on another site the new Double-Headed Russian Eagle was opened, and soon became a success. But again fate steps in. The city is widening Sunset Boulevard. The new line will cut the restaurant directly in half. Once more Lodijensky will have to move.

But as Natalie Golitzin says, "We Russians are so used to wandering about that another move doesn't mean very much." Natalie or Natasha Golitzin, as she is called on the screen, is one of the fortunate refugees, in that she and her family are together. It took years for them to find each other but they are happy now, and live in a charming home on Hollywood Boulevard. All but one sister who married a multi-millionaire and is living in London. Her husband was eager to toss a couple of millions to his wife's family or have them all under his roof but the Golitzins wouldn't hear of it. "We couldn't do that, you know," said Marina earnestly. She is Natasha's older sister. "My father is now a physician, you see, and he has a good practice. My mother has a little business. She does all sorts of embroidery and I help her. An agent sells them for us. My younger brother is going to school here and Natalie does some work in pictures now and then."

That gentle though firm independence showed their blood, as proud as any that ever flowed in Russia. Both princesses, and having a strain of Tartar blood, none of the family will have their title recognized now. "It is too foolish," Natasha smiled.

I remember an afternoon spent on the "General Crack" set when Natasha was pointed out to me. In the coronation scene she was right in the foreground of the scenes taken facing the altar. Not every girl who is a princess looks like one, but Natasha does. She had on, that day, a very beautiful ruby velvet gown with a coronet, necklace and bracelets of brilliant stones. She was dressed as she would have been dressed had not misfortune overtaken her family. It is a sentimental reference, but several people spoke of it that day. Natasha herself seemed quite unaware of it, and she never mentions her 'family' to strangers and politely changes the subject if they try to lead her into conversation about it. "Being a prince or a princess is a business, really, and we are no longer in the business of being princes and princesses," one of them said.

David Mir feels the same way about it. He has even changed his name and few people, even the Russians, know who he really is. There are a few who knew him in Russia but they are as secretive as he is about disclosing his identity, which he declares does not matter. "I am an American citizen," he told me. "My life in Russia is past—wiped out. It does not matter who my father was. It only matters what I can make of myself now, how I can adjust myself to the new conditions."

As David Mir you have seen him in many pictures. He played with Bessie Love in "The Idol Breakers" just before she did "Broadway Melody." He played the lead with Baclanova in "The Secrets of the Czarina" and in "Bringing Up Father." He did the technical work on "His Hour" starring John Gilbert and on "Four Flaming Days" in which he also designed the costumes and played the part

of the crown prince. Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Boardman played the leads. He went abroad awhile ago and returned to find a new technique in vogue—the talking pictures. Fortunately, he is a singer. He speaks English beautifully and several other languages perfectly. He and his two friends, Serge Malavsky, a pianist, and Serge Temov, a dancer, form part of a program that is given every Saturday night at the Russian American Club on Harold Way. This charming place gives entertainments on Wednesday and Saturday evenings similar to the *Chauve Souris* introduced to America by Balieff. On the entertainment nights, one sees more Americans and motion picture folk than Russians. Michael Vavitch is its president. The Russians call him 'Little Uncle.' And when they are hard up he sees to it that they do not starve.

"Has he money?" I asked.

"Oh, no, very little. But he has a restaurant," smiled my informant. "And while the food lasts he is glad to give it." Luckily the food is so good that wealthier patrons are regular attendants.

David Mir and his two friends started a movement to build the little Russian Church which is on Michael Torreno Street. They gave their earnings, and urged those who could, to do likewise.

You see, they have their own church, their own club, their own paper, their own bookshop; but anyone is welcome and made to feel at home. They cling together, because many of them can't speak English, but they are learning. The waiters, musicians and managers of the Club were all soldiers during the revolution. They are all friends. Life placed some of them as actors and some as waiters but that doesn't matter.

To return a moment to General Savitsky. When he was engaged to play a part in "The Last Command" life looked rosy to him. For five weeks he was paid seventy-five dollars a week and he began to think his fortune was coming back to him. A strange twist of fate, this, that a Russian General should be playing at being one in a picture in which a seven thousand dollar a week star was playing the part he played in real life.

Later, Von Sternberg, who seems to be a pretty fine guy, sold Savitsky the idea of playing the part of the charlatan in "The Case of Lena Smith." At first he wouldn't play it. "I am not an actor," he protested, "I am a soldier. I can play soldier parts because I won't be acting, but I can't play comedy." "Oh, yes, you can," said Von Sternberg. "I have been in this business a long time, and I know when people fit certain parts. You do as I say and you will be all right."

"Well," said Savitsky. "I trusted Von Sternberg. He is a European. He has background and he has brains. I tried very hard to do what he told me to do and when I saw it on the screen I was surprised that I am pretty good!" But Von Sternberg went abroad and the talkies came to America. Lean days followed.

Corinne Griffith did "Prisoners" and Savitsky was called to do an extra bit. Beulah Livingstone, who directed the publicity for Corinne Griffith productions, heard about the General and questioned him. "There is no reason why I should deny who I am," he said. "But I am not interesting. What I used to be is not interesting. I am now an extra."

There are always the scoffers, and some of them did not believe the facts of his

life that he had not wished or thought it unimportant to mention. The scoffing, however, hurt. It happened that he saw in the window of a Hollywood store a picture postcard of Czar Nicholas reviewing the Cossack troops in which Savitsky was standing by the Czar's side in full military uniform. There was only the one in the store but he bought it, and placing it in Miss Livingstone's hands said quietly and with a dignity that brought tears to her eyes: "You see, Madame, I do not lie!" Corinne Griffith saw to it that he was given a part that ran through the picture.

He would do anything and is capable of doing many things, but he doesn't know how to go about it. He has been in every famous restaurant in the world, is familiar with the sort of things they spend thousands of dollars in research to get, and would be tremendously valuable in any technical department. He has also a fund of stories that would make marvelous pictures.

When General Lodijensky's authenticity was repudiated by a man in Ivan Lebedeff's hearing, Ivan said: "Do you know that he is not a General or is it that you just don't think that he is?" "Well," blustered the man, "So-and-so told me that a friend told him—"

"Well," said Ivan evenly, "what would you say if I told you that on October 25, 1916, I had been given leave from duty on the Roumanian front and had stopped off at Reni to see my Uncle, General Maklakoff. The Emperor had come to review the troops and with him was General Lodijensky. My uncle entertained the Emperor at dinner. Lodijensky sat next the Emperor and I sat across the table from them."

Well, there was no answer to that. "How can you dare," went on Ivan, "assail a man's reputation when you know nothing of the facts?"

Ivan Lebedeff seems at last to have reached the glory of the heights. I have heard about him for years and of his popularity; and it does seem that when he goes anywhere in public the young girls have no eyes for anyone but Ivan, yet his rise has been slow. Knowing something of his history, his executive ability and coolness in time of danger, his courage and clearness of thought, I asked him why he chose pictures as a career. He laughed. "The life I led during the first years of the Revolution unfitted me for any normal work. The business of politics in time of war, escapes from prisons and severe government of people are things one cannot toss off like a cocktail. When I got to Constantinople I busied myself in the financial world. There was some of the excitement I needed to be had from the uncertainty of the stock market. I made and lost two fortunes and was making a third when I was offered a job in UFA productions. 'Why not,' I thought to myself. An actor's life is one of dreams. Success is always just around the corner. It interests me to try and get inside the mind of a man and act as he would act, not as I would act, in his place."

Ivan is the son of Basil I. Lebedeff, Privy Councilor to the Russian Empire. Ivan himself was decorated for distinguished service with St. George Crosses, 4th, 3rd and 2nd class, and St. George Medals, 4th, 3rd and 1st class and promoted to the first officer's rank.

There is the story of Alexander Ikonikof who thought his family were dead. He worked his way to Hollywood by cleaning cars, washing dishes and catching fish. Shortly after he came here he was given a part in a Bebe Daniels picture. A year



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later he was working at Paramount with Von Sternberg when a letter came to him from his sister who was in Bulgaria. She had seen the Bebe Daniels picture, recognized him, and her letter contained news of his family. His mother, eighty nine years old, was in prison. By that time, Alexander had become a citizen of the United States. He sent the ransom money required for his mother's release and heard that it had been received but his mother had died very soon afterwards. Her sufferings had been too great for her advanced years to bear.

And then there is Winifred Laurance, now enjoying the distinction of being the first woman to become an assistant director. She is assisting Fred Zelnik in the foreign version of "The Case of Sergeant Grisha." Winifred was born in Japan but her mother was Russian and her father English. When war broke out in Japan, Winifred's mother escaped with the child to her own country and got there just in time for the outbreak of the Revolution. They escaped to France. When Winifred grew old enough she learned shorthand but declares she was very bad at it. She has a very positive and earnest personality which inspires confidence, so she was always able to get good jobs. She was working for an executive from First National in Paris for a short time, and he was so impressed with her ability that he told her if she ever came to America and wanted a job, to look him up. Now Winifred had had her eye on America for a long time but she wasn't worrying about it. She believes that one cannot want anything very badly and not get it; so she was thrilled but not surprised when a friend booked passage for the States and asked Winifred to be her guest. If she

could get a job she was to stay in America; if not she was to return with her friend. But the First National executive was as good as his word and twelve days after landing in this country Winifred was working at the studio.

"I am so glad I was not born in this country," she told me, "because then I would not have had the thrill of coming here. I don't think Americans realize what we feel when we embark for this country. America is like heaven to us. Standing on the deck of the Berengaria as we pulled out I heard a mighty wave of song pour from the throats of the third-cabin passengers. Members of every nation in Europe were joining in that hymn of thanksgiving. It happened that I was a guest of a wealthy woman and was on the top deck, but I belonged down there with those countrymen of mine who had suffered as my mother and I had. I could hardly bear to be up there where men and women appeared so bored with life that even getting up in the morning was irksome. What did they know of crushed hopes and crushed hearts and bitter striving? There they sat, mannequins, faintly amused by the enthusiasm of the immigrants. But I wanted to be down there with them. I wanted to sing with them, and I did."

So here they are, not bitter, not revengeful, not boastful, not proud. Eagerly looking for a chance to be themselves, having it in their power to give richly to the country they have so proudly adopted. So when you see those I have mentioned or any others that space forbids mention of, give them a hand, for both the men and the women are true soldiers on the battleground of life, and they are our countrymen now.

The Girl With the Turned-Up Nose

Continued from page 83

work, repeated successes and an astonishing personality she has built tremendous success.

The firm determination that carried her from her place as a stage-struck society girl to one of the few big favorites of the screen is shown in every decision she ever has formed.

If Ruth Chatterton were a man, she would be the head of a great business corporation. Being a woman, she is at the head of her chosen career. She is one of those fortunate few who can accomplish anything they want to do. She wins at every point. She is a born leader.

Miss Chatterton's closest friend is Lois Wilson, who, although she hates to have it said, has intelligence far beyond the average degree. During her years in Hollywood, she has known everybody. According to Miss Wilson, of all the women she knows, Miss Chatterton is the most interesting.

Aloofness is Ruth Chatterton's predominant characteristic. 'Ritzy,' according to many who don't understand her. But her 'Ritzy' air is just the working of a definite, sincere mind. She walks very swiftly toward her destination with the business of her next appointment always on her mind. She is formal to everyone in public. Certain property men and certain other persons from every walk of life are classified by Ruth Chatterton as her friends. Honesty is held above everything else in her mind. She hates the obvious. She selects her friends by their sincerity and honesty. And she helps them in every way she can. She is very frank. She will tell you without hesitation if she likes

or dislikes you. And she tells you why.

People are interesting to Ruth Chatterton. At the first meeting, she studies everyone with whom she comes in contact. The knowledge from this course in human character she uses in her screen work and in selecting her friends.

At present, one of Ruth Chatterton's friends is a young Los Angeles newspaper writer, eighteen years old. His inexperience and youth rob him of the importance other dramatic writers are given by officials and stars of the studios. But to Ruth Chatterton, his sincerity has made him one of her personal friends. Frankness first attracted Miss Chatterton's attention to him. He came to interview her last June. She could plainly see that he was a little uneasy in her presence. He told her so. Openly, he asked her if she were 'Ritzy.' She joked with him to make him lose his embarrassment, gave him the best interview he ever had and asked him to come to her beach house the next Sunday. And he spent every Sunday of that summer at her beach house. In him, she sees possibilities and realizes that he is now at the turning point in his life. With encouragement, she says he will develop into a great success.

As with this young man, so to all people climbing upward, personal contact with Ruth Chatterton is a shock of inspiration. She fires people with an ambition because she is a great person. Immediately, she gives one confidence that he can be as great as she.

Into her social life, Ruth Chatterton carries her definite personality. Among the stage stars who have come to Hollywood

for talking pictures, Miss Chatterton is the leader. She knows everybody. One look at Ruth Chatterton's dressing room on the Paramount 'lot' and Francis Starr wanted to remain in Hollywood forever. Some of Miss Chatterton's friends from the stage who have come to Hollywood are Fay Bainter, Katherine Cornell, Elsie Janis, and Helen Hayes.

Ruth Chatterton's group not only includes stage celebrities. For years she has been the center of a group of noted columnists, authors and artists. The Chatterton home in Beverly Hills is the rendezvous for the intelligentsia. The clique of friends to which Miss Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, her husband, belong, include Florence Vidor, Jascha Heifetz, Ronald Colman, Lois Wilson, William Powell, John Colton, the author of "Rain" and "The Shanghai Gesture," Richard Barthelmess and his wife. When he is on the west coast, Maurice Chevalier and his wife are included in the gatherings. Every Sunday during the summer, this group congregates at the Chatterton-Forbes Malibu beach house. The entire day is spent informally. Each guest does what he wants. For the greater portion of the time, the hostess lies reading in the sands. She keeps herself well posted in the current novels and plays. In this manner, Ruth Chatterton 'loafs' wholeheartedly.

When she works, she works intensely. There are no in-between moments on the set. She either is working out the present scene with the director or preparing for the following sequences. She gives sincere concentration to her rôle and a great deal of assistance to her director.

The remarkable power of Ruth Chatterton's determination benefits her many times each day. Last summer, she decided upon a tan and the result was the most perfect tan in Hollywood. One actress tried desperately to equal her tan but emerged with only a burn. During some of her vacations, she writes plays, one of which has been accepted by the New York Theater Guild. She also composes music. She is an enthusiastic patroness of the Hollywood Bowl concerts. Jack King, who has the song *How Am I To Know?* to his credit, is a great friend of the star. It is said that his famous piece was dedicated to her. Another of the Chatterton accomplishments is a lovely soprano voice, which will be heard from the screen in "Sarah and Son," her new vehicle.

A keen insight into the good sportsmanship of Ruth Chatterton is a story Guy Bates Post enjoys telling. A number of stage stars were attending a benefit given in Chicago a number of years ago. Each star was throwing a fit because he couldn't appear first and go home. While all the other stars were bothering the stage manager about the promptness of their appearance, Post noticed a girl sitting very quietly to one side. Inquiring, he found her name was Ruth Chatterton. He went over to where she was sitting and remarked that it was too bad that she had to wait so long. He was astonished by her answer: "It's a benefit for charity and I can wait while anybody takes my place. I can go on whenever they are ready for me."

All through her life, the power of Ruth Chatterton's personality has made a smooth

path to her success. This schoolgirl, who accepted a dare, was thrown immediately in the midst of well-seasoned theatrical folks. She had many lessons to learn during the long hours of fatiguing rehearsals. But she stuck it out through a long, tedious winter and spring of a musical stock company's wanderings.

One year later, she decided to break away from musical shows and applied for small parts in a stock company with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric. With these players, she learned the technique of the drama, a priceless apprenticeship for an untutored girl of fifteen.

Even in the overcrowded atmosphere of the Broadway legitimate shows, ability is quickly singled out. Ruth Chatterton's rise was meteoric. She was starred at eighteen. Her outstanding rôle was as leading woman for Henry Miller in "Daddy-Long-Legs." Her first starring vehicle was "Come Out Of The Kitchen," which has been made into the all-dialogue musical romance with Nancy Carroll called "Honey."

Miss Chatterton made a perfect heroine for such plays as Sir James M. Barrie's "Mary Rose" and "The Little Minister."

Cleverly, Ruth did not let Broadway see too much of her. She often vacationed in Europe; many months were spent in France where she studied the language seriously. This fluent knowledge of French led to her own translation of "La Tendre," which she, herself, produced and played the starring rôle.

After a number of successes in New York, the star came to Los Angeles to appear in "The Green Hat" and "The Devil's Plum Tree." In the meantime, she had married Ralph Forbes, the handsome young English actor, who was appearing in motion pictures in Hollywood.

While both she and her husband were playing the leading rôles in "The Green Hat," they bought a home in Beverly Hills. Frequent trips back to the New York stage kept Miss Chatterton from her new home, but her recent affiliation with Paramount has made it possible for her to enjoy its luxury. At present, she is supervising the redecoration of the interior of this home.

Towards the end of the engagement of "The Devil's Plum Tree" in Los Angeles, Emil Jannings was an interested member of the audience. He asked Paramount to sign the star of the play for the leading rôle in "Sins of the Fathers." Following her entry into motion pictures, John Colton refused to have his play, "The Devil's Plum Tree," produced in New York without Miss Chatterton playing the leading rôle.

The success of this actress has shown just how well she adapted herself to the screen. She has used her lovely voice in "The Doctor's Secret," "Madame X," "Charming Sinners," "The Laughing Lady" and, now, "Sarah and Son."

She says the hardest picture of all was "Sins of the Fathers" because it was silent. She is very much interested in talking pictures.

According to present indications, Ruth Chatterton's versatility will make her stay on the talking screens for quite some future years. She is definite and real—an actress first, a personality second.

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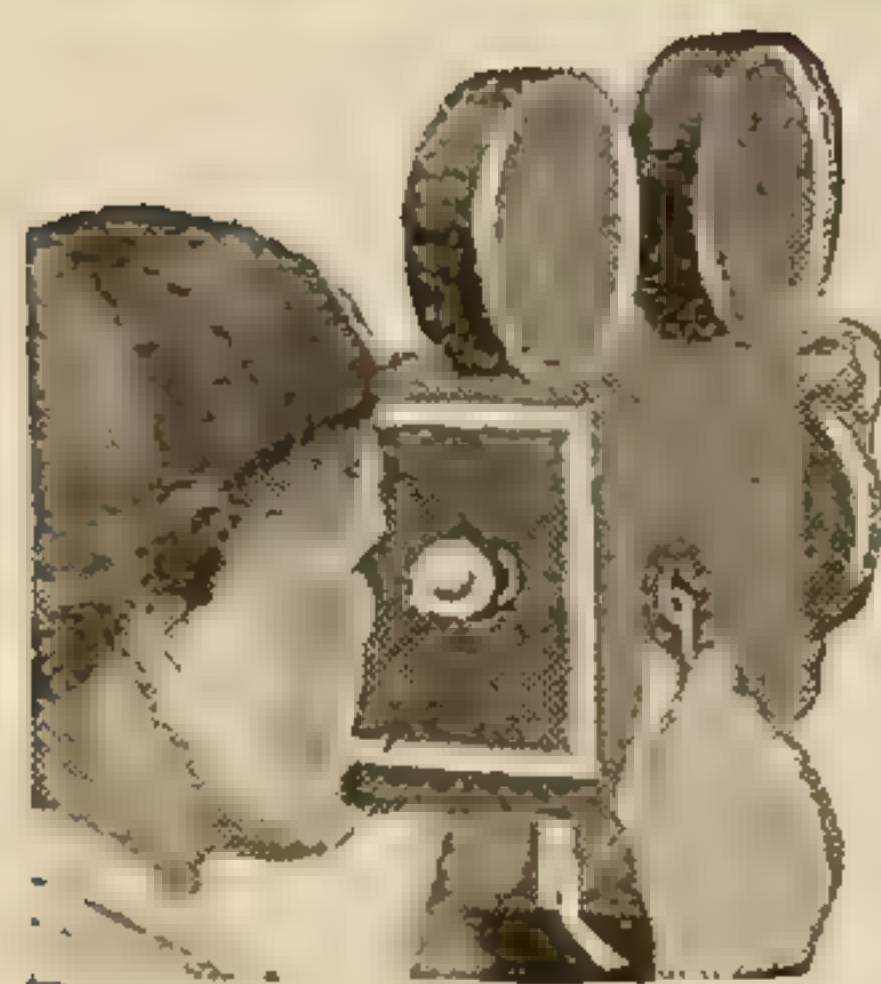
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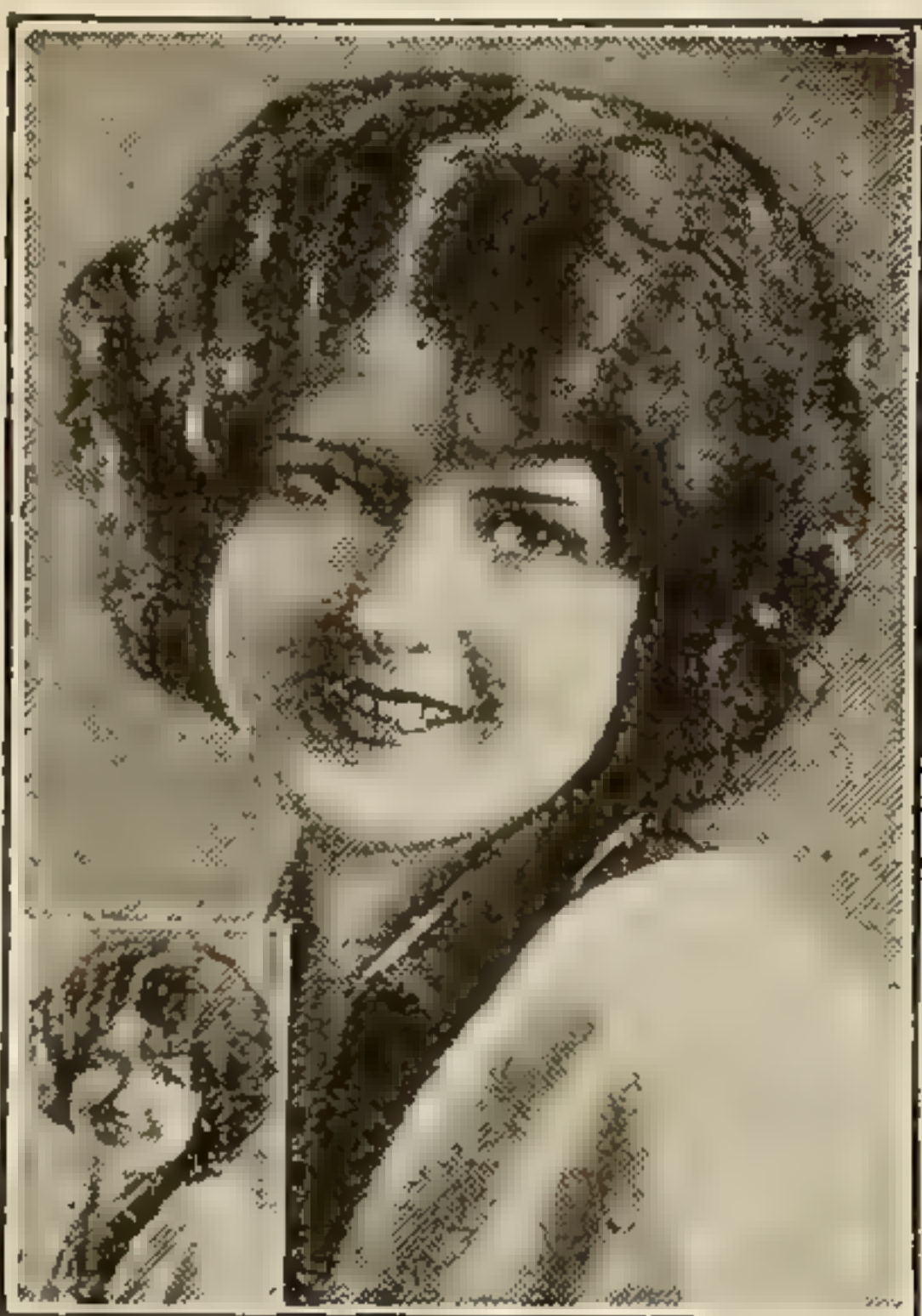
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We Want Buddy!—Continued from page 21

had started.

But it hadn't. Two girls, more daring than the rest, had started to climb up the fire escape which they hoped led to Buddy's room. As they got pretty far up the side of the tall building, one of the girls looked down. The distance to the ground frightened her—and she fainted! The other one lost her head and started screaming.

Oh, it was a great week for the doorman at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater!

"What makes the women that way about Buddy?" is the question everybody is asking.

I had seen him on the screen and thought he was a likeable enough young man. But so are William Haines, Gary Cooper, Ramon Novarro, and a dozen others. Yet no single male screen star since Wally Reid and Valentino has so emotionally upset the femininity of the country as this twenty-five year old boy.

There's nothing of the Don Juan-Casanova quality about Buddy. He's as far from a lady-killer as it's possible for any man to be. He doesn't quote poetry, ply you with liquor, stare you in the eyes passionately, drop into poses, or do anything in any way to enmesh your interest. He isn't a marvelous raconteur, he doesn't magnetize with his personality, his voice isn't glamorous—but once you see him, it's all off.

Yes. I fell, too. Hard! I went there prepared not to like the boy. I expected to find a mentally narrow-gauged, ham actor. I came away thinking Buddy was the finest boy I had ever met. And I don't care what he does, tomorrow, next week, or twenty years from now. Nobody and no occurrence can change that opinion. For Buddy is fundamentally right. That's why the crowd falls for him!

You can dress up a gigolo. You can put striped trousers on his legs, a morning coat on his back, a silk hat on his head and patent leather shoes on his feet. You can stick a hundred dollar bill in his pocket and force light fawn-colored gloves on his hands. But even thrusting real pearl studs into the starched shirt front of a gigolo won't change him into a gentleman. He won't be real. And he won't be able to make a screen audience accept him as real.

The secret of Buddy's screen success is his realness, his fundamental honesty. Girls know that Rogers is a man they can stake their last card on. I would trust that boy with my pocket book, my honor, and my little sister—if I had one!

Buddy is loyal, decent, kind, with fine susceptibilities. Buddy is the sort of man who never lets a woman down. The sort you can absolutely depend on. He's not urbane. He never will be urbane. He is of small town frame and fibre, thank goodness. He's the sort of boy every normal girl who knows her onions wants to marry.

If Buddy had stayed in Olathe and not gone into pictures, he would still have been a success. Back in that small town he would by now own the leading newspaper, or dry-goods store, or garage. He would have plenty of insurance on his life. He would be an usher in the church and he would never be behind on his pew rent. He'd own a nice home, probably with both mortgages paid off by now. He'd own a good car—and he wouldn't have bought it on instalments. He'd belong to a good country club. He'd play a good game of

golf, a good game of tennis, a good game of bridge and poker. He'd take maybe one cocktail, maybe two. But he would know where to stop. He wouldn't be a genius at anything but he would be a good all-around guy at nearly everything.

He's the kind of man who would become engaged to one girl, marry her, love her even when she was the fat mother of five children, and no matter how prosperous he got, he wouldn't be ashamed to sit on the front porch on a hot summer's evening with his feet on the rail and his coat off.

"What about this marriage business?" I asked Buddy in his dressing room, after his act was finished.

"Why—why, I don't know," he answered, somewhat flustered, with his cheeks going a little pink. "I never got married because I've never been in love—yet."

"Didn't you ever even think you were in love?" I asked again.

"Honest—I never did," he replied, looking me straight in the eyes. "Of course," he amended, "when I went to school, to the University of Kansas, I met a lot of nice girls and maybe there were one or two I liked better than the rest, but—it wasn't love," he added significantly. "I'll know that when I meet it."

Then he changed the tenor of the conversation as if he were a little ashamed of being so serious:

"Aw, shucks, I don't want to think about getting married for five or six years now. Papa has given up his business and come out to California to be my business manager, mother keeps house for me, my kid brother lives with me, and every now and then my married sister and her two kids come out to visit. We're so happy now, I don't like to think of anything changing—until something really big knocks me over."

"What kind of girls do you like best?" I persisted.

"All kinds," he came back quickly. "Out in Hollywood, there's a bunch of girls I like to go around with: June Collyer, Mary Brian—but I can't say what type of girl I like best. I don't really know."

"Well, what kind would you like to marry?" I kept on.

"I'll tell you. I don't know if I'd like to marry a blonde or a brunette or a red-haired girl, but I'd like to marry a girl who was musical, for the first thing. I'm crazy about music. I'd like her to be a working girl for the second, on the screen, or the stage, or in business—so she'd know what this business of making a living is all about. And third, I'd like my wife to ride horseback and play tennis and swim. I'd like just a regular girl."

The strange thing about Buddy is that men like him almost as well as women. When he was here, Milton Schrekinger, a Western Union telegraph boy, number one thousand and fifty-four to be exact, was one of the many hundreds who wanted to meet Buddy.

He tried every way he could think of—to no avail. Finally he hit on a fool-proof idea. He sent Buddy a telegram and delivered it himself!

When he walked into Buddy's dressing room he was so fussed he couldn't say a word—just stood there.

Buddy gave him a tip and then read the

telegram, which of course didn't mean anything to him.

Still the boy stood around: "Ain't there any answer, sir?"

"Why—no, there isn't. I can't quite make the message out."

Then seeing how kind Buddy really looked, the messenger boy explained. Buddy was pleased and touched, gave the boy an autographed picture, and sent him away happy. Making Milton Schrekinger the umpty-umth thousandth person in New York who finds life a pleasanter thing just because one Buddy Rogers, a boy from Olathe, Kansas, came to town!

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 53

That one with the down-on-the-farm head is Marc Connolly. Good, old Marc! He's got a hit—"The Green Pastures." Of course, you simply must see that, honey. That funny, little one—that's Aleck Woollcott. So amusing. But you can keep this up far into the night, for the celebs seem under contract to stay until all the customers get a look.

Then there's the Theater. Always with a capital T. That's the excuse for coming to New York. We all miss the Theater so in Hollywood, don't we? Anyway, it's part of the game to see at least two shows a day. And if one closes another opens, so there's generally enough to go 'round. Right now the stars are publicly praising and privately panning "June Moon," "Strictly Dishonorable," "The Last Mile," "The Green Pastures," "Sons o' Guns"—and—well, there's three days' work, right there.

So after the matinée, there's just time for tea at the Ritz. Good old Ritz! So different from the Brown Derby. So *sans culotte*, as the French say. The chef d'ouvre or head-waiter, doesn't quite recall you? But you say, "Has dear Vincent been (pronounce it bean) in yet?" and maybe he'll think you really know Mr. Astor and put you among the Who's Who, instead of over there with the Here's How. Or maybe you'd rather be over there. You would!

After several hours trying to get back home in a cab, you have just time for a 'tub' and to dress for dinner, at the Crillon, say, or the Caviar, depending on the mood of the moment. And after that a night club, of course. The place where Jimmy Durante works but can't pronounce is a spot. Then there's always Harlem. If you want to be real low-down, and sing If-The-Folks-Back-Home-Could-Only-See-Me-Now, there's the Clam House and the Jungle Club, very vodeodopee. Or if you want to take it in small doses until you get used to it, try the Cotton Club, or The Nest. Many have, and we've had no complaints.

This, of course, can go on until morning. Not only can—but does. If you run short of addresses, just ring any bell in the basement of a brown-stone house between Forty-third and Fifty-ninth. A pleasant game is for one group to play one side of the street, and another the other. Recently the south side of the street totalled more spots to the mile—but the bacardi was better on the north side. There's one house with a sign reading "This is a Private Residence." But don't pay any attention. The owner is just having his fun.

You'll probably end up at Dave's Blue Room for Virginia ham and eggs. Just

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"WELL, Jim, I told you I had a surprise for you!"

Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before.

"When did you find time to practice?" I asked. "Who is your teacher?"

"I have no teacher" she explained. "That is, no private teacher. I learned to play the piano an entirely new simplified way. You see, some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how half a million people had learned to play their favorite musical instrument during their spare time without a teacher. And so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," I said.

"You know I've always wanted to play," she answered. "And I thought I'd surprise you."

"Well, you've certainly succeeded," I had to admit. "And to think that only a short time ago you couldn't play a note! What a surprise it will be to all your friends!"

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mention my name to Dave or Joe, the headwaiter, and he'll give you an extra egg. Dave, himself, typifies Broadway from the spats to the cigar. And the Blue Room is the rendezvous for all those who stay out in the Big City after ten P.M. You'll see the Glorified Girls after the show, with either millionaires or mothers or both. You'll hear Joe Frisco stutter, and see Walter Winchell making colyum notes left-handed. The entire Main Stem congregates at Dave's just as the lights in Edison Alley are dimmed by dawn.

Maybe you'll wake up a bit weak. But don't give in. Remember this is your vacation from Hollywood. Soon you'll be back in that terrible sunshine among those awful flowers, with nothing to do for ever so long except count up your salary and see if they slipped in an extra thousand dollar bill by mistake or on purpose. Probably by mistake.

You'll be feeling better by noon, and the short walk to Sardi's will do you good. Better 'phone Mario for a table, otherwise you'll find yourself way over in a corner under George Jessel's picture. Here you'll surely meet some so-called souls from Hollywood. For Sardi's is the checking-in place. Ask Rene, the red-headed hat bandit, who's here. She knows 'em all.

A minor pastime at Sardi's is to check the mugs against the pictures. The hospitable walls are what may be called adorned by oodles of caricatures done by Gard, the Russian artist, who hasn't paid for a meal in three years. He has a contract with Senor Sardi by which he swops art for artichokes. It stipulates that the pictures must be acceptable to Sardi—and the food to Gard. Neither have kicked so far.

On the walls, then, are drawings—some cruel, some kind, some merely amusing—of every character on Broadway from the old gray Mayor to Tammany Young. And

if you look closely, you'll recognize most of the pictures in the flesh, for the patrons come in regularly to see that their caricatures retain preferred space. On your way out, tip Rene liberally and ask to see her autograph album. But don't look at the page devoted to Peter Arno!

You won't have to watch your Bulova for matinée time. You'll see Dorothy Hall and all the theater stars running along in time for the curtain, and all the theaters are right handy. Afterward, unless you want to ring door-bells or re-visit some of last night's discoveries to find whose coat you wore home, you'll get tea and things at the Ambassador or the Plaza, maybe. Good old Plaza. So different from Henry's. So *pasta fagiolo*, as the dear Italians say. And speaking about Italy, a good place for dinner would be one of the many spaghetti places. Red wine, you know—and plenty wopee.

Of course, there are other things to see in New York. The Flea Circus, and the Aquarium. But there are plenty of fish in Hollywood. In fact, there are plenty of fleas, too. There are just as good fleas in Hollywood as any caught on Forty-second Street. Or is that adage about fish? I forget.

But, as a rule, that's about all the visiting stars see of New York. Grand Central—first and last; the hotel, theater, tea, dinner, night-club, hotel, headache. Of course, some play the police stations. One actor put on such a good act in an uptown station-house that they wanted to book him down at Forty-seventh street. However, most of 'em are like the guy who digga da ditch to getta da mon' to buya da grub to getta da strength to digga da ditch. They get on the good old merry-go-round when they hit town, and when they board the Century for back home, they take along happy memories, and a lot of brass rings entitling them to another ride.

Hard Work—That's All

Continued from page 65

of the day is breakfast—often served at seven o'clock so she will not be late to the studio. Breakfast includes fruit juice, a small steak, hot buttered toast and warm milk. For luncheon—usually eaten at the studio—she prefers a fruit or a vegetable salad with an oil dressing. Dinner at night is a modest repast. Billie demands a soup, a chop, a salad and a fruit of some kind. The star's cook has no worries when it comes to concocting a tasty sweet. Billie Dove refuses to eat pastries. (Part of the upkeep, stranger!)

While we are spying on the star's domestic life, a glimpse into the privacy of her mansion might be interesting. One of the most amusing rooms is humorously dubbed the *Ego Chamber*. It is so-called because of the numerous portraits of Billie and the scenes from her screen successes which adorn the walls. Another room of interest is the red room on the second floor, exquisitely appointed, and which has the appearance of the private sanctum of a Chinese mandarin. Here our spy beholds red elephants, a Buddha shrine, exotic incense burners, Chinese prints, gay pillows and a comfortable divan. Billie calls it her *Yes Room* because it was here that she answered the phone when an executive of First National Pictures called to ask her if she would sign her first starring contract. Billie answered, "Yes!"

To return to the subject of this mono-

graph: *Drudge or Drone?* one will observe that Billie Dove drudged through no end of discouragements since her early days in New York when she began posing for commercial photographers, illustrators and artists, went to school between poses and specialized in dancing. Came a day when someone connected with Professor Ziegfeld's "Follies" saw a photograph of her in an advertisement. She gave up her course in secretarialship and in dancing and joined the "Follies," only to be snapped up by a motion picture producer.

To be signed for the movies and to be a box-office success are two widely different things. And that is what brings us to our chosen subject: drudgery. At the beginning, Billie Dove was what is known in the parlance of the movies as a more or less complete 'flop.' She was released from her contract. An abandoned beauty, to give it a Byronic touch. She freelanced at various studios and made some 'horse operas' with Tom Mix. Then came "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," the first successful color picture, but which failed to make a success of Billie. She received no offers when it was released.

The star's next opportunity came when Douglas Fairbanks selected her as his leading lady in "The Black Pirate." Well, she looked very beautiful. One could not deny that. But no studio seemed to cry for her. They said she could not act.

Evidently, Billie overheard them, took the hint, and began acting before the privacy of her mirror. (Drudgery?)

Came a day in 1926 when that ol' devil sun came out for the heroine of this scholarly rhapsody. Billie finished a picture called "The Marriage Clause," and almost every company in Hollywood wanted her. Billie blinked her lustrous orbs and signed a contract with First National as a featured player—not a star—and made "An Affair of the Follies." After seeing her fine performance in that picture, the company clapped its hands, tore up the old contract, and made her a star with all of the trimmings. It has been said that this came about through the demand of exhibitors all over the country. And when exhibitors demand things—well, they usually get what they want.

Before she knew it, Billie Dove graduated from being a Small-Time Drudge to a Big-Time Drudge. She's been in the big

money ever since. When the talking pictures came and caused more consternation in California than did the San Francisco fire, Billie Dove retired to her Yes Room and went into conference with her vowels, the a-e-i-o-u terrors. And when that was done, she went for the consonants, put them over her knee and gave them what is now known as a Dove Larruping.

Today, as history states, things seem to be all right. Billie has made such a careful study of Drudgery and its relation to Dronery, that no one is surprised any more, no matter what happens. Miss Dove has carefully regulated systems which run like clockwork, unless some old meanie at the studio says, "Miss Dove, your company is working until midnight tonight." When that happens, Billie laughs it off with a gesture of gayety, hies herself to a corner and thinks wistfully of that European vacation she has long been promising herself but has not yet enjoyed. Secretly she may have ambitions to become a Drone!

The Most Famous Movie Fan in the World

Continued from page 19

to the North Country where Eskimos worship welcoming the coming of the sun, of life, of whatever to them is God!

"In the political aspect of the film we get the same terrifying closeness of every person in the world. First, we see a Japanese, giving a political talk on the streets of Tokio. Next, we are switched to Leningrad where a spellbinder hands out a new Soviet prophecy. Immediately, we are carried to England where in a leafy garden Bernard Shaw carries on a political argument with a friend.

"From this we realize how many people in the world are heated up over political issues and none of them is getting anywhere at all. Such things are superb for international release. It gives you a breadth of vision which you cannot possibly obtain in university classes. You derive a certain kind of human comedy which you can never discover in text books. There are no comments in the pictures, no editorials. The world is laid bare before your eyes, in its strength, in its weakness. And it is impossible for any thinking person not to get a tremendous titillation out of it.

"Nor is this true only of what one might call serious pictures. One of the most infinitely touching films I ever saw was a German two-reel comedy made also by Taubus, called 'Wenn Nelson Spielt,' or 'When Nelson Plays.' Nelson is the Irving Berlin of Germany, the most popular song writer in that country.

"Now here in America for the same sort of picture we should probably open up with an actor sitting in front of a telephone singing 'I'm All Alone by the Telephone.' But in Germany, they use the sound as the backbone of the picture, weaving around it poetry, love, color, struggle, by the use of simile and metaphor. It sounds confusing but it isn't. For the sound centers your interest. The sound gives cohesion. The sound opens up your imagination absolutely to limitless worlds.

"'Wenn Nelson Spielt' has more new

technical ideas in it than any picture that has ever been produced. Photographically it is terribly good. The camera angles are splendid and its elasticity is amazing. The camera never stands still, neither the action camera nor the sound camera. For instance, they will start singing a chorus of one of Nelson's popular songs. The first three words will be sung by a woman in a butcher shop. The next three by a paper hanger, hanging his paper. The next by a milk boy, delivering his milk. The sound acts as the medium. The sound is the thread that draws everything together. The sound is the element that makes the picture fourth dimensional.

"First we will see the City of Cologne—shots showing the modern industry of the city. Then without regard to time we are swung back five centuries, where the camera will be placed before an old baronial castle on the Rhine. Immediately, we see footmen in the costume of the fifteenth century. We see a woman sit down and play a delicate air on an old spinet, obsolete these many years. At the same instant, almost, we cut back to something absolutely modern but the melody ties the whole structure together. And instead of confusion we have a poetic thread of continuity and beauty which is infinitely touching.

"But no matter what good pictures are made in Europe, they will always love our pictures best. Our pictures have a childlike appeal that is very attractive to old civilizations. It's like a tired man of the world looking at a Christmas tree. The tree has a half-forgotten, childlike appeal to him—even when he laughs at it. Our pictures rest the tired brains of Europe. I think they are marvelous. There is a strength in their prettiness that is stronger and more necessary to human nature than the morbidity of the Russians and Germans; and it is because of this strength that I have become a passionate talking picture fan!"

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Happy Milestones—Continued from page 89

home!" kidded Allan.

Marie Prevost was present with Buster Collier. She was looking gorgeously pretty.

Supper was served at little square tables or in your lap, as you preferred, since it was buffet.

"I like taking my plate and running to a corner where there are people I like, and where people who like me can find me," remarked Patsy.

A colored orchestra played wonderful dance music, and there was some entertainment by colored singers and dancers, so that we had a chance to rest between dances.

Ben Lyon arrived, very late, and, of course, went straight over to Bebe and kissed her. Then he told her that he had a present outside for her, but couldn't bring it in.

"Must be a horse," suggested Bebe.

It wasn't, though, but Bebe just couldn't wait to find out—had to run outdoors and see her gift. It turned out to be a Ford town car, all too cute and snug for anything, and Bebe was delighted.

Marie Mosquini suggested that Ben give Bebe a chauffeur next Christmas, but Bebe said she already had a chauffeur—all she really needed was a car!

Everybody lingered as long as there was any excuse, but finally we all had to say goodnight, somebody calling out, "Hurrah for Bebe! Bebe Daniels forever!"

"I should say not—Bebe Daniels forever!" exclaimed Ben, putting his arm around Bebe and the accent on the "Daniels."

PATSY and I heard that Ruth Roland and Ben Bard were planning a party to be given in the very same room at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel where they were married. It was to be an anniversary party—their first anniversary—and as nearly as possible the same guests were to be present as looked on at their wedding.

We were delighted at receiving our invitations, therefore, and when we heard from Georgie Stone, and heard that he wished to be our escort, we were more pleased than ever.

"Georgie isn't a romantic figure," Patsy remarked, "but he's heaps of fun, and as for this party, he must be hankering to have a little romantic relief injected into his comedy life!"

Ruth and Ben, we found, had taken over the whole mezzanine floor for their party, so that we had private dressing rooms, a large drawing room, and, of course, the lovely Gold Room, in which Ben and Ruth were married, and which was now to serve as the ball room and dining room.

Our host and hostess met us and greeted us with warm hospitality, there in the drawing room, and there we found a lot of people already ahead of us.

"I think that Ben and Ruth are very happy," Patsy whispered. "And isn't Ruth looking blooming these days!"

We said hello to Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred, and asked Harold if, as we had heard, he meant to make an aviation picture.

"I should say not!" Mildred spoke up anxiously.

We asked about little Gloria, their daughter, and Mildred said she meant to send her to school next year—to the public school.

We chatted next with Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, and Mrs. Edwards told us

how Lila Lee had prophesied that Mildred would be famous in pictures.

"We were at the Orpheum one afternoon," she said, "and saw a very pretty girl sitting opposite us. That was before Mildred had played in pictures. Lila exclaimed: 'oh, see that pretty girl! She'll be in pictures some day!'"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford were there, and danced together all evening, seeming quite as passionately devoted to each other as ever. I don't think either danced with anybody else, and I must say they stepped beautifully.

Kay Hammond, who is to play Mrs. Lincoln in Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln," was among the guests, having arrived with her nice husband, Henry Weatherby, of the old California family of Weatherbys. Miss Hammond is well known as an actress in Los Angeles and Hollywood, where she has played many leading rôles.

Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead were there, and Connie Keefe, who had brought Dorothy Phillips, Helen Ferguson, Lois Weber and Capt. Gantz, Jack White and Pauline Starke, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach, Billie Dove, William K. Howard and his wife, Gloria Hope and Lloyd Hughes, and many others.

The supper tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, and the orchestra played many of the same airs they had played at Ruth and Ben's wedding.

We sat near Gus Edwards and his wife at dinner, and when the fish course arrived, Gus said that we were "eating Noah Beery's little protégées!" Noah owns a big ranch with fishing streams, you know.

Georgie Stone got the orchestra to play "School Days," and all the dancers joined hands in a circle and danced around like kids.

There was some entertainment afterward by the talented hostess and her guests, Ruth singing charmingly for us, and Gus Edwards doing a comic number or two.

A lot of amusing fooling took place when, as dinner progressed, somebody suggested that Gus Edwards act as master of ceremonies. Gus Edwards arose, but passed the honor on to Ben Bard, who in turn gravely wished it onto Lew Cody, who rose with great dignity—and nominated W. K. Howard. Howard made a delightful little speech, prefacing it with the remark that he would "now tell a slight story!"

One of the most interesting guests was an elderly actor, eighty-three years old, but so charming and lively that one would have thought him many years younger. His name is Andrew Waldron, and Ruth calls him her protégé! It seems that, when Ruth was a tiny child on the stage, after her mother passed away, Waldron and his wife took her under their wing when she had to go out on the road. She never forgot this kindness, and has kept in touch with her benefactors ever since.

It was ever so much o'clock when Georgie looked at his watch.

"The wee, sma' hours will soon be large hours!" he remarked. And we left along with most of the other guests, after drinking to the health of Ben and Ruth, who are as blooming and happy a couple, I'm sure, as Hollywood has ever seen. "Have an anniversary party every year!" sang out Doug, Jr., "I'll come and bring you a present even when you have your diamond anniversary!"

"If YOU have your movie telescope out, you know that there is a new movie star

arising on the horizon!" exclaimed Patsy. "She is Judith Barrie, who did so nicely in 'Party Girl,' and who is going to be starred by the Halperins for Inspiration Pictures."

"Well, I'm pleased to hear it," I answered, "but, after all, what has that to do with us?"

"We're invited to a nice party given for her tonight by the Halperins, this being her birthday, and she being just twenty-one."

Victor Halperin dwells in a picturesque Spanish house in a fashionable part of Los Angeles, and it was there the festivities were to occur.

Judith is a lovely blonde with a lot of personality, and with ways that win you completely, and she greeted us so sweetly that we instantly decided that, so far as we were concerned, she was a star already.

Harry Langdon and his beautiful wife were there, and Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elmer Harris, the playwright, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, and many others.

Harry Langdon is always a tremendous lot of fun at a party. It isn't only that he does amusing stunts, like singing and doing his funny ventriloquial act, but he has a line of quaint humor that is like nobody else's.

"Most comedians in real life are inclined to be so dead serious or so high-brow," commented Joan Crawford, "but Harry's humor just bubbles."

Harry told us about the studio buying some pigs for a picture, and how they had to buy more before the picture was finished because the pigs grew so fast.

"That worried one official terribly," related Harry, "so that he bought up one of the big pigs, thinking he could rent him for a picture. But he didn't have any luck, so it got so that after a while every story we'd write he'd come and listen to it, and exclaim, every once in a while, 'Oh, there's a fine spot for a pig!'"

Mrs. Langdon was a widow with two little daughters when Harry married her recently, and she told us that her children simply adored Harry—that his home-coming at night was always the signal for a romp.

"Are you ever serious?" we asked him.

"Oh, yeah, and dignified, too, when I'm alone. But if I try to be dignified before people, I always fall over a chair or something," he explained with a grin.

Dinner was served at little square tables, set in the drawing room, and we had a lot of chance to chat quietly with pretty Judith. We find that she is a very cultured young person, a musician and acquainted with languages, so that it looks as though she has a bright future.

We played a game while we ate. For on our tables were little fortune-telling dolls in the shape of gypsy women with wide skirts, the skirts being made up of printed leaves on which answers to questions were printed. You read the questions from little slips, and then turned the doll around to your astrological birth-sign, which was printed on the paste-board pedestal, and read the answers to them.

Mrs. Wyatt Brewster, one of the guests, is Victor Schertzinger's sister, and looks exactly like him, by the way. She plays the harp beautifully, and when dinner was over, she obligingly played the instrument, which

had been trundled over that afternoon.

Harry Langdon sang some amusing songs, among them a weird burlesque comic one called "Murder," after which he did a funny ventriloquial stunt, using one of Victor's child's dolls, as he hadn't his celebrated dummy, 'Mike,' with him.

He told us about kidding with his ventriloquism in a hotel—how he had left his door open for the benefit of the Irish chambermaid who was working across the hall, pretending he was kissing a girl and she was trying to get away.

"But the joke was on me," said Harry, "since she called the house detective, who insisted on searching my room!"

Mr. and Mrs. Halperin proved ideal hosts, and we spent a most delightful evening.

"ONA BROWN is giving Doris Arbuckle, Roscoe's divorced wife, a birthday party," Patsy told me, "and just everybody will be there. It's to be tomorrow night, so don't forget to do your hair in curl papers tonight!"

The party was held in the private suite at the Roosevelt, in Hollywood, and special maids and waiters had been engaged for the occasion.

Ona greeted us, looking pretty in a green evening gown, made long, with a swirling skirt, and Doris herself was prettier than ever in a white beaded silk gown. Al Hall had been her escort. In fact, Al seems to be her favored admirer these days.

Al was in the throes of being assistant host, and Doris said: "He's working so hard that I almost cry every time I look at him!"

Kathryn Crawford was there with her fiancé, Wesley Ruggles, and we asked Kathryn about her long lost mamma, recently found.

"Oh, I'm trying to make mamma go Hollywood and accept invitations out to parties," said Kathryn, "but she likes to stay at home."

Crushes of guests arrived, including Norman Kerry, Skeets Gallagher and his wife, Frank Mayo and his wife, Margaret; Sally Eilers, who, of course, came with Hoot Gibson; Sally Blane, whose escort I did not see; Harvey Barnes, Tom and Mrs. Miranda, William Haines, Roger Davis, Priscilla Dean and Lieut. Leslie Arnold, Charles and Hazel Dorian; Felix Hughes and his wife, Ruth Stonehouse; Natalie Kingston and her husband, George Andersch, the banker; Loris and Finis Fox, and a score of others.

Buster Collier brought Marie Prevost.

"You know they are together all the time," whispered Patsy. "I think it's really a case."

Nearly all the feminine guests wore gardenias, and presently a gardenia contest was inaugurated. It was found that Doris was wearing the most, but that Natalie Kingston's flowers were the largest.

"One nice thing about gardenias," said Priscilla Dean thriftily, "—if you wear them, you don't have to use any perfume!"

We dined, buffet, in the big drawing room of the suite, and went down stairs to the Rose Room to dance, or stopped cosily in the party room to chat.

"Altogether," said Norman Kerry (to Doris, as he took his leave, "we wish you a long life—especially if you have a party every year!")

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OF course we are all proud of our own home towns, but few of us want to be called provincial. The good things of life come only to those of us who are ambitious enough to want them, and such folks, you will note, are usually world-minded, world-conscious. They want to know what's going on across the street, around the corner, in our neighboring countries and over the seas. Nothing can get by them!

☞ And nothing is so challenging as the tremendous progress that the motion picture screen has made in its influence upon the lives of humanity's millions. It is the one thing that can always be talked about in terms of millions, millions of dollars weekly for a hundred million paid admissions.

☞ But in this vast audience there's a tremendous class of people that stops to realize the real greatness and the real power of the screen.

☞ This, we feel, is the state of mind of SCREENLAND's readers.

☞ They are motion picture fans because they are also fans of other good magazines, good books, good music, good radio entertainment. They can converse about current events as readily as they can discuss Greta Garbo's first talking film. They are interested in the screen because it is so comprehensive, because it gives them everything—fiction, drama, comedy, and the visual and vocal news of the world.

☞ In other words, SCREENLAND readers go to the pictures not only because they admire Garbo and Colman and adore Buddy Rogers and Alice White. They go as well to see the biggest bridge being built, to hear President Hoover's latest speech or that of some other country's President or King. They want to see and hear what's happening in the great wide world around them, and to these intelligent people the screen means not only amusing entertainment, but education, instruction and culture, painlessly applied.

☞ Have you noticed that SCREENLAND is the one screen magazine that pays its readers the compliment of *taking for granted* that they are intelligent and alert?

☞ We follow every event of the film world—not only of the interesting, exciting, and colorful personalities who know only the world of Hollywood and make pictures about it; but also those other people, world celebrities in many cases, who bring their genius to Hollywood so that it can be turned into picture material. If a world-famous author is signed to write original stories for the screen, this wide-awake audience wants to be told all about it. What is this celebrity's reaction to Hollywood? What does he with his interesting mind and far-flung imagination, think of cinema city and its inhabitants? Of course you want to know!



And still they come, celebrities from other fields to enrich the screen. Mary Lewis, famous singer, is welcomed to the Pathé Studios by E. B. Derr and Laura Hope Crews.

☞ We told you what the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia thinks of the screen as an incentive to world peace; we reported, exclusively, the picture opinions of Edgar Wallace; we gave you Captain Edward Molyneux's reactions on screen stars' wardrobes; we first gave you J. P. McEvoy's observations on the screen colony; we discovered Cecil Beaton's selection of the six most beautiful women in Hollywood, passed it on to you and then followed it with his superb gallery of stars' portraits. Oscar Straus, world-famous composer, became a SCREENLAND contributor; and in this issue Louis Bromfield, distinguished author, gives you his Hollywood impressions.

☞ This, then, is our belief: that the superior type of motion picture devotees are SCREENLAND readers; that they are interested not only in the love affairs of their favorite stars, but in the really worthwhile events that are quickly and surely shaping the screen into one of the finest arts. To preserve this interest, we must give you a broader and truer picture of the picture industry while the stars are turning out pictures and the world's great minds are transmuting their talents into screen stories, sets and scores.

☞ We said you are cordially invited. In this issue, and in our next and in all to follow, you'll meet more important people, people who will snap you up out of your daily routine and make you want to continue your world-tour of the mind. Join SCREENLAND in our Spring cruise: you'll visit many countries, meet fascinating new faces and feel like a new person yourself. Come along!

THE PUBLISHERS.



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MAURICE CHEVALIER — whose personality wooed and won the whole United States in his sensational Paramount successes — stars again in "Paramount on Parade." Maurice Chevalier was a sensation in the drab black-and-grays. But in TECHNICOLOR . . . he steals your heart for keeps! For it is the *real* Maurice who carries you along on the crest of many emotions . . . talking, laughing, dancing . . . singing his newest hit, "Sweeping the Clouds Away," from "Paramount on Parade." Technicolor, too, you realize, has "swept the clouds away." The dim shadows of yesterday's "movie" today glow with *life*. Scenery, costumes, the characters, all seem to awaken as Technicolor imparts a personality that is fresh, life-like, enchanting.

★ Technicolor *is* natural color